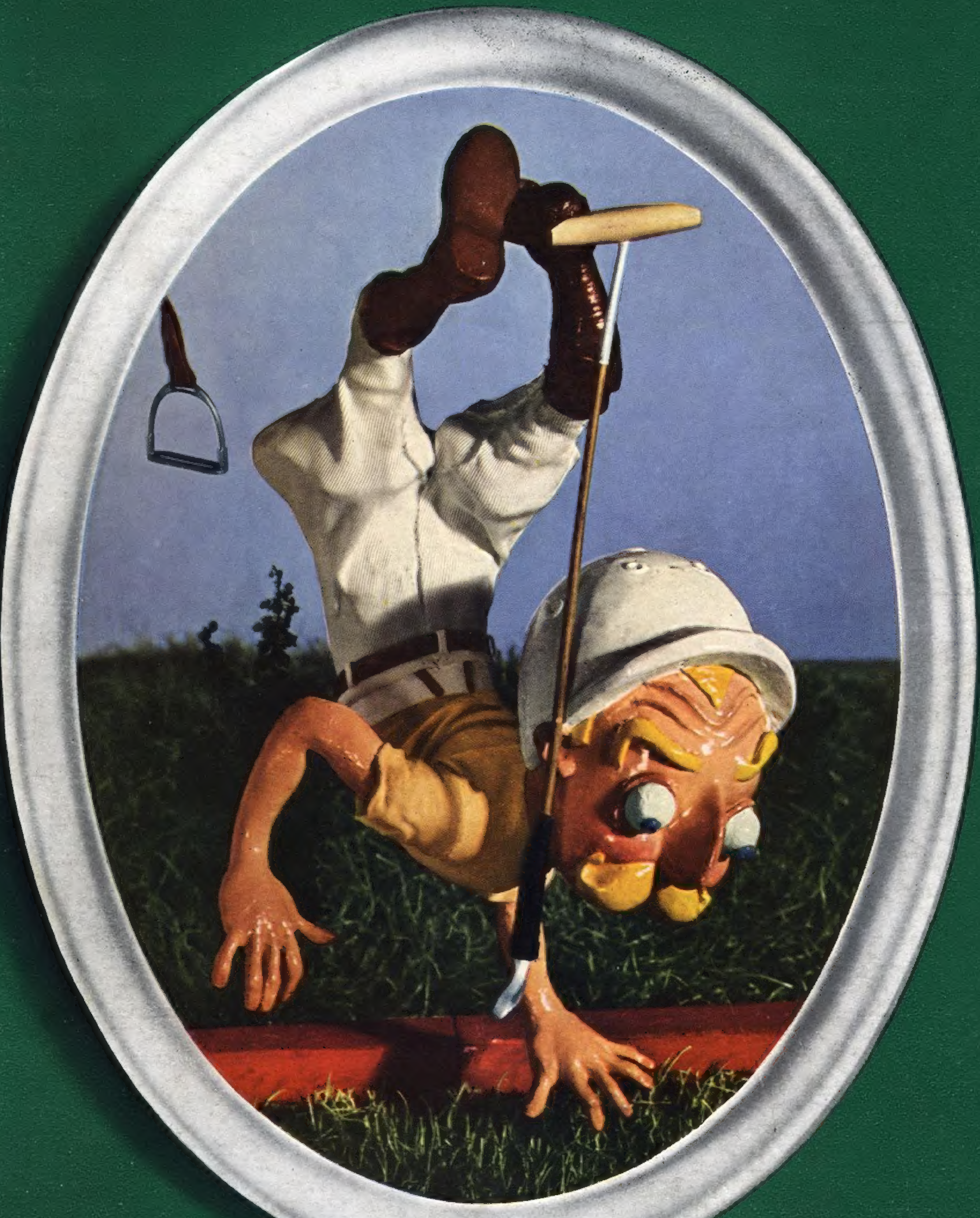
SEPTEMBER

A. N. C.

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
THEODORE DREISER
JOHN DOS PASSOS
FRANK SCULLY
HOMER CROY
FRANK C. HANIGHEN
MAXWELL MALTZ, M. D.
JOHANNES STEEL
JOHN J. McCARTHY
H. M. ROBINSON
HARRY SALPETER
LAWTON MACKALL

FICTION

MANUEL KOMROFF
OLIVER LA FARGE
ROARK BRADFORD
FRANCIS BRETT-YOUNG
ROBERT M. COATES
C. S. FORESTER
NORMAN MATSON
ROBERT BUCKNER
MICHAEL FESSIER
GEORGES SURDEZ
FREDERICK SCRIBNER
CHARLES COOKE

POETRY

JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

SATIRE

RUBE GOLDBERG
JAY FRANKLIN CARTER
FRED S. TOBEY
E. B. WEIR

SPORTS

FIDEL LA BARBA
PARKE CUMMINGS
CLARK SHAUGHNESSY
HERB GRAFFIS
CHARLES B. PALMER

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
FRANK BLACK
MEYER LEVIN

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
R. VAN BUREN
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
RODNEY de SARRO
PAUL WEBB
GEORGE PETTY
GEORGE LICHTY
ABNER DEAN
SAM BERMAN
(COVER)

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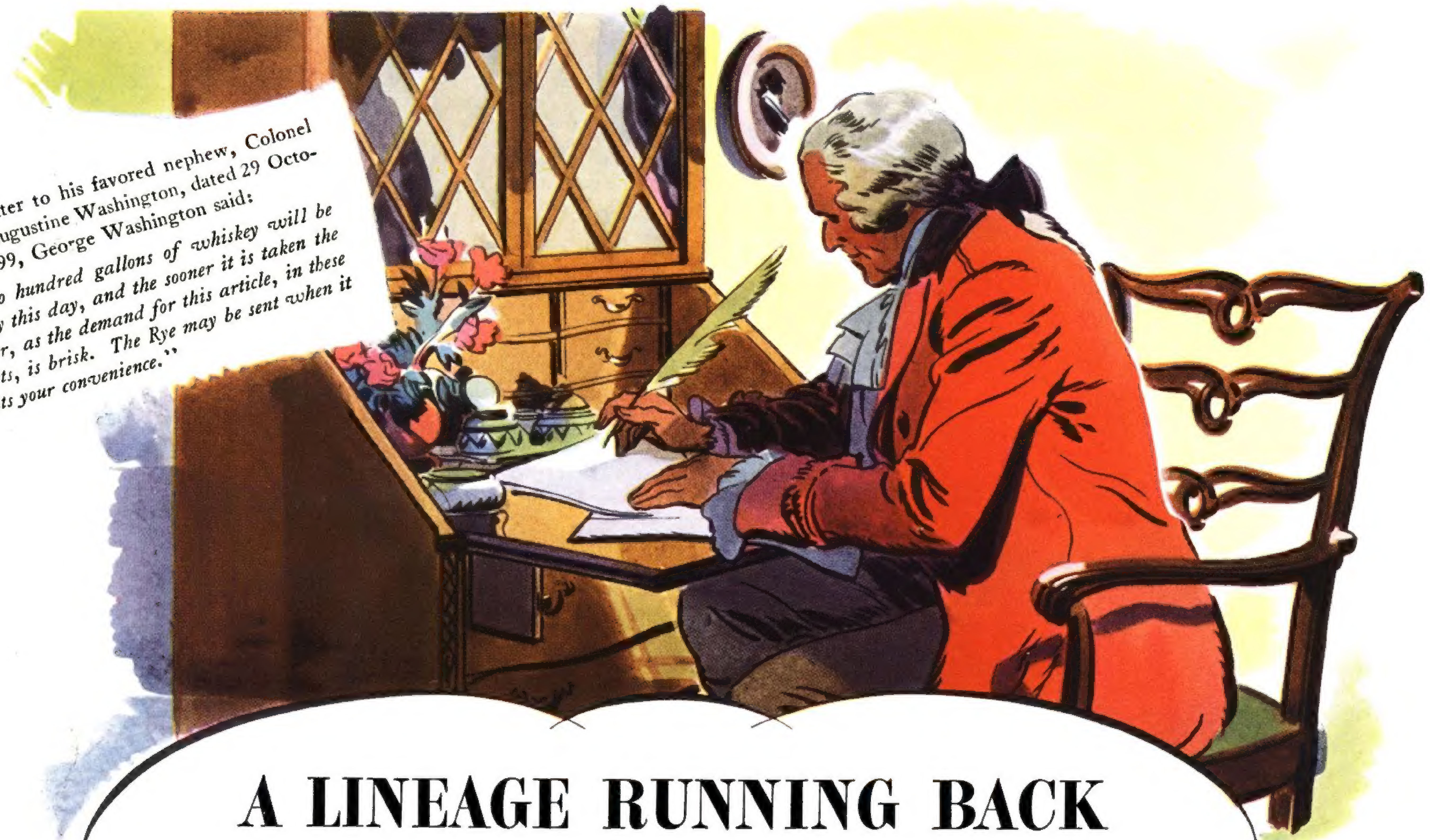
FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE CENTS



In a letter to his favored nephew, Colonel John Augustine Washington, dated 29 October 1799, George Washington said: *"Two hundred gallons of whiskey will be ready this day, and the sooner it is taken the better, as the demand for this article, in these parts, is brisk. The Rye may be sent when it suits your convenience."*

A LINEAGE RUNNING BACK TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

and a Rye whose reputation for excellence spread overseas even in those early days

Mount Vernon
Straight Rye
Whiskey

Almost a hundred years ago the Mount Vernon distillery was moved to Baltimore.

But it was no young enterprise that settled there, and guarded the formula for its product and its method of distilling with such scrupulous care.

Long, long before, when George Washington retired from the Presidency to his estate in Virginia, it had its beginning.

On his Dogue Creek Farm, where he carried on his experiments in agriculture, it was found that the soil was especially favorable to the growth of rye.

In those days every gentleman needed a stock of good whiskey, so it was natural for Washington's overseer, a Scot by the name of Anderson, to make this suggestion:

Why not set up a distillery at Mount Vernon and thus make use of the grain produced on the land?

So it was that guests and travelers who chanced that way enjoyed the hospitality of a Rye soon famed for its smoothness and flavor.

And so it was that the surplus of this Rye found its way into neighboring states and even to England, where, to this day, it remains one of the few American whiskies enjoying favor there.

You will look far to find a whiskey of more distinguished lineage than Mount Vernon, and equally far to find one of comparable mellow delight.

Mount Vernon

Straight Rye Whiskey—Bottled in Bond

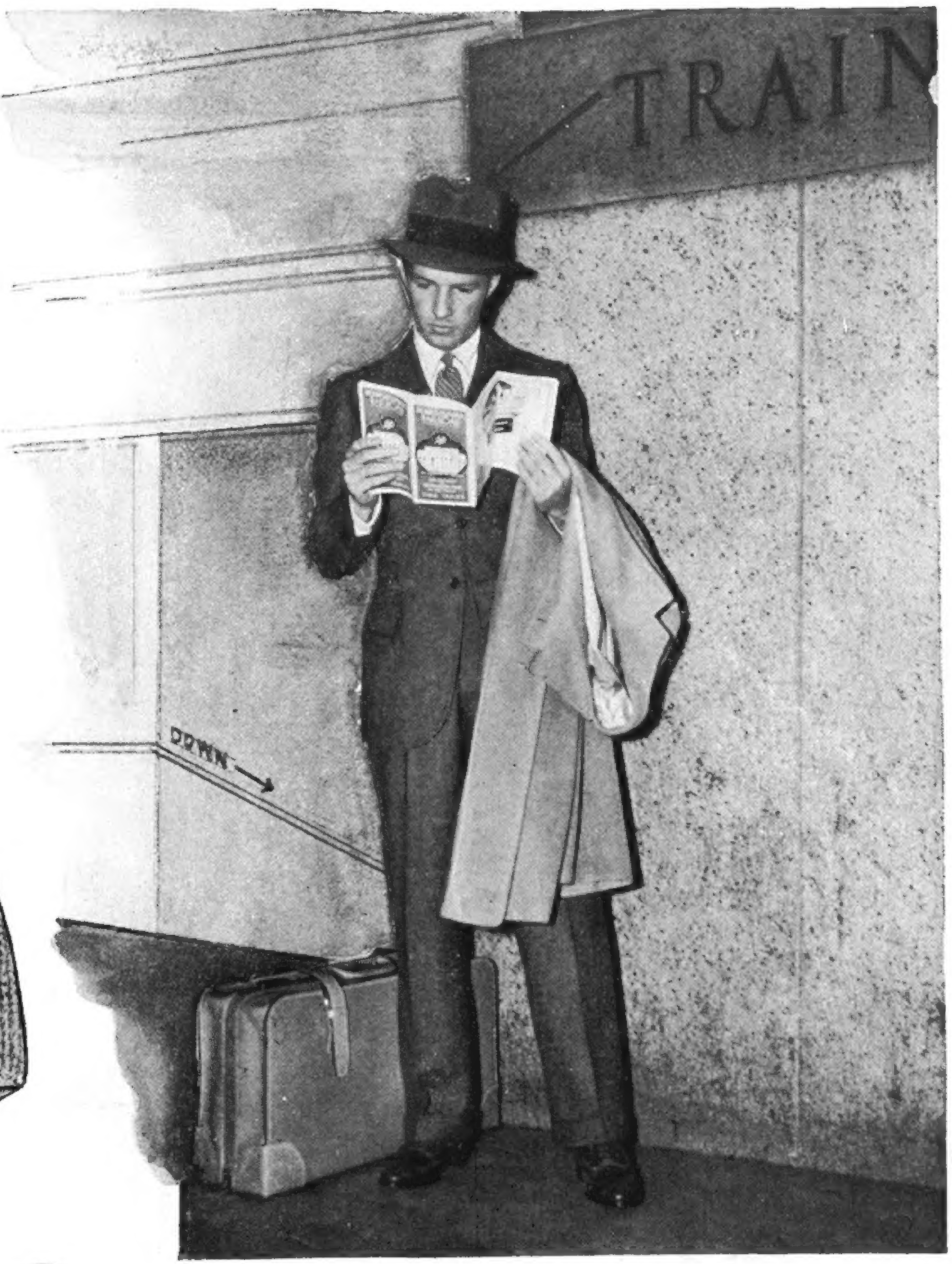
Under U. S. Government supervision

A Good Guide NATIONAL DISTILLERS *to Good Whiskey*

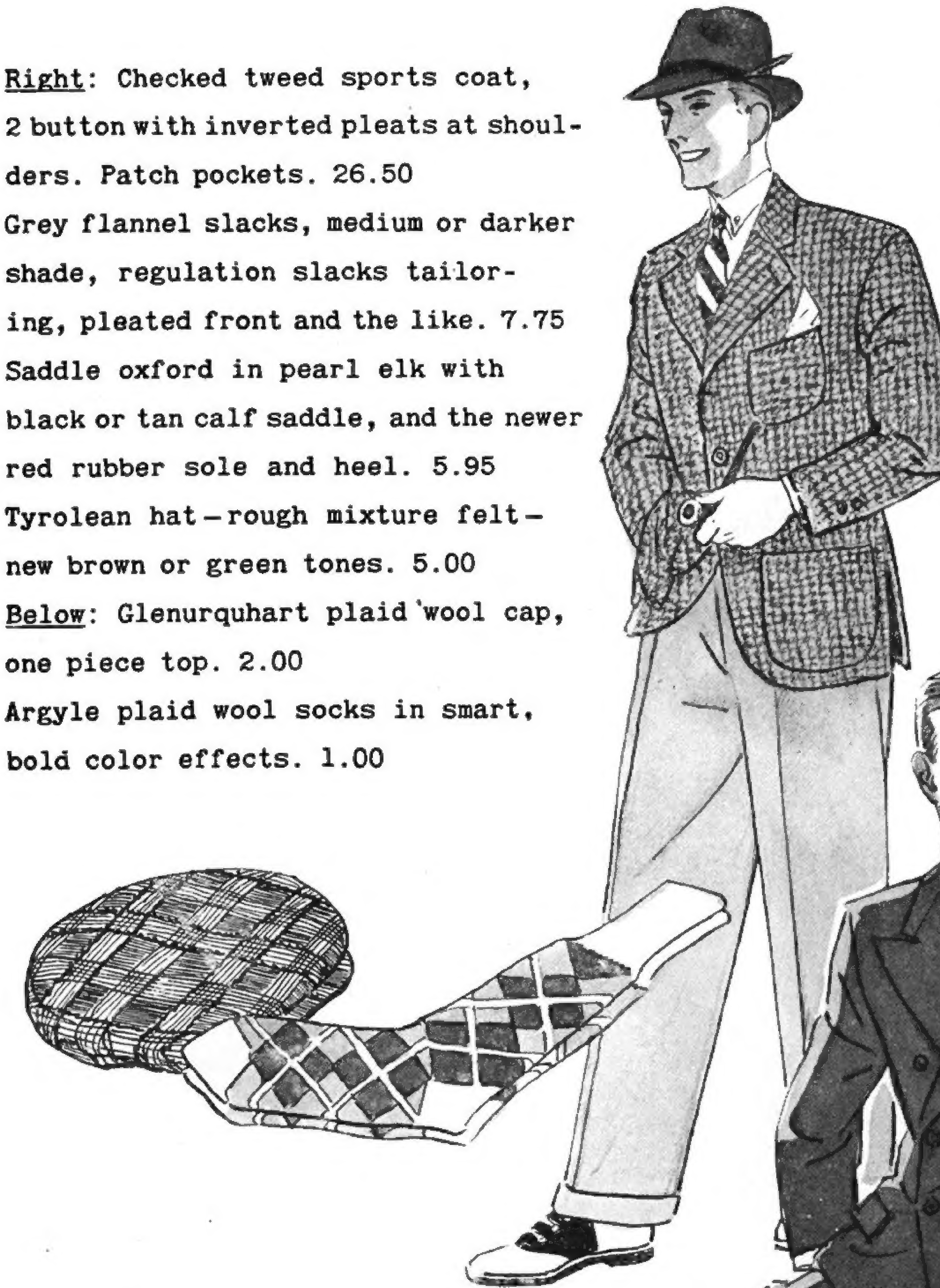
© 1935 The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Baltimore, Md.

Returning to learning..

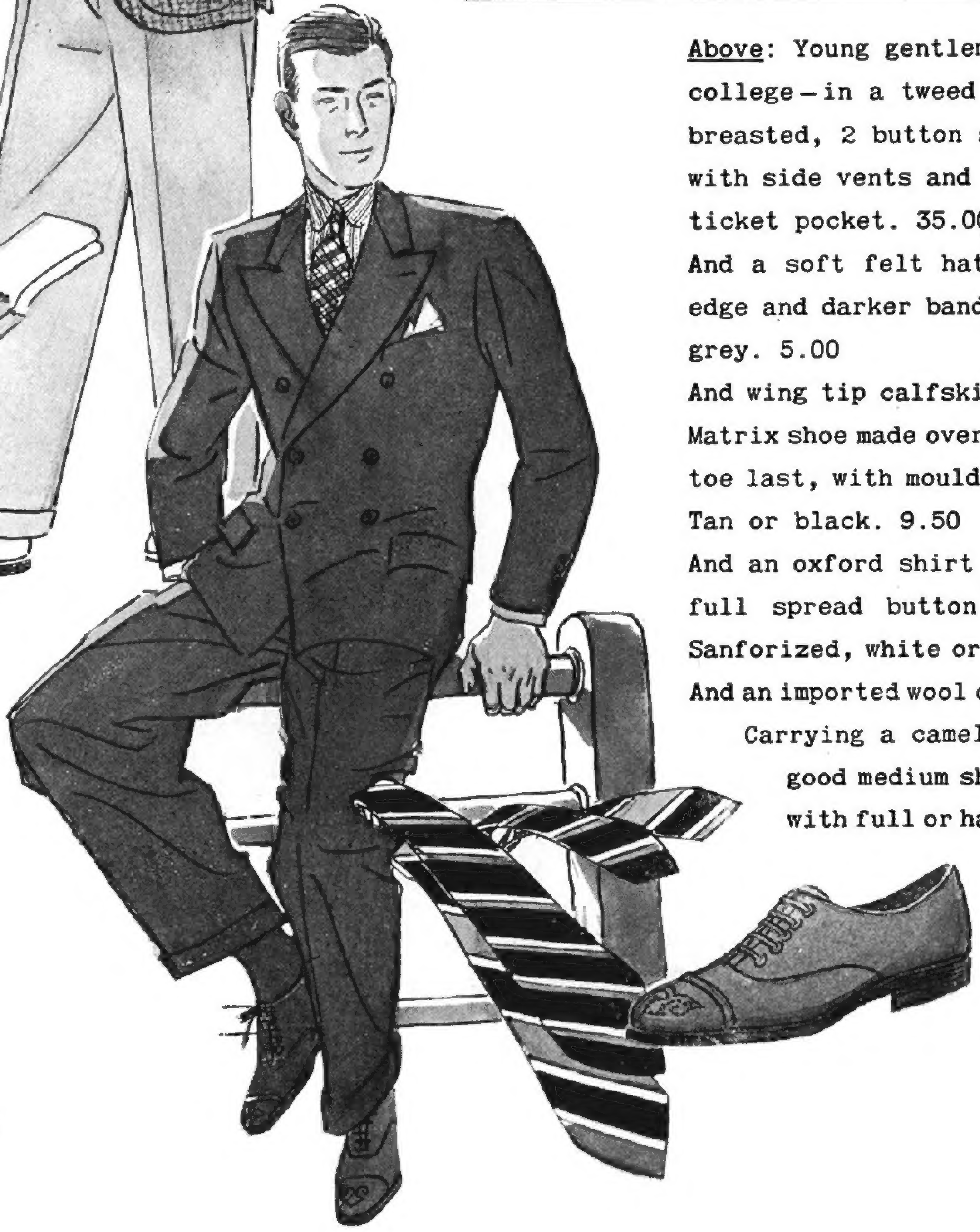
Lord & Taylor



Right: Checked tweed sports coat, 2 button with inverted pleats at shoulders. Patch pockets. 26.50
Grey flannel slacks, medium or darker shade, regulation slacks tailoring, pleated front and the like. 7.75
Saddle oxford in pearl elk with black or tan calf saddle, and the newer red rubber sole and heel. 5.95
Tyrolean hat—rough mixture felt—new brown or green tones. 5.00
Below: Glenurquhart plaid wool cap, one piece top. 2.00
Argyle plaid wool socks in smart, bold color effects. 1.00



Above: Young gentleman returning to college—in a tweed suit, single breasted, 2 button semi-draped model with side vents and the outside ticket pocket. 35.00
And a soft felt hat, with bound edge and darker band on dark brown or grey. 5.00
And wing tip calfskin oxfords, our Matrix shoe made over a modified custom toe last, with moulded innersole. Tan or black. 9.50
And an oxford shirt with rather full spread button down collar. Sanforized, white or blue. 2.65
And an imported wool challis tie. 1.50
Carrying a camel hair coat in a good medium shade—polo style with full or half belt. 32.50

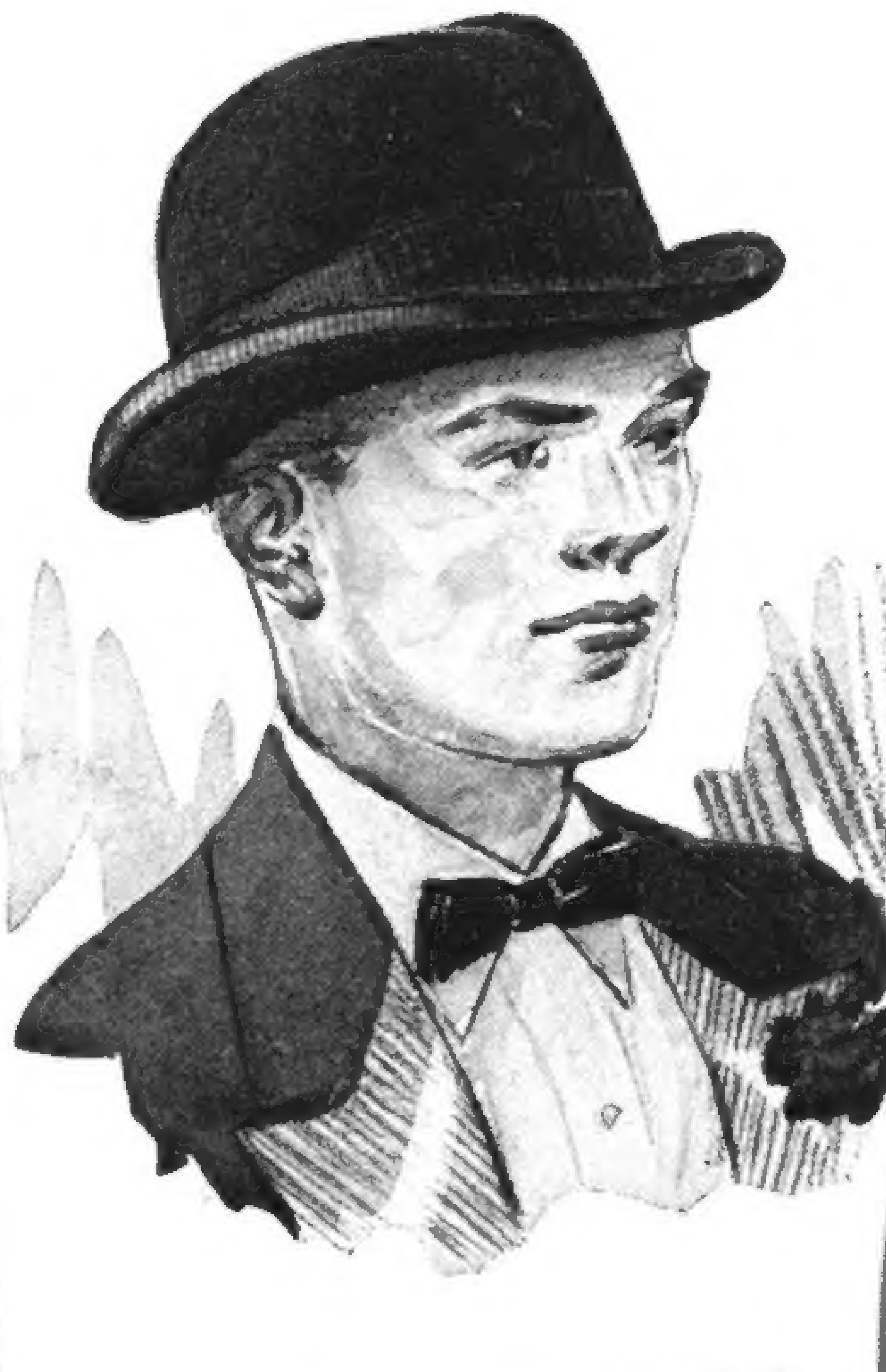


Right: Sharkskin suit in brown, blue grey or grey with an overplaid. Hand tailored, quarter lined. Single or double breasted. 45.00
Shirt of imported cheviot with round collar. 4.00
Silk rep ties in regimental stripes—authentic British regiment colors on heavy all silk. 1.00
Oxford in brown reverse calf, leather sole and heel, made over a straight English type rocker last. 7.85

THE MAN'S SHOP Express elevators from Street Floor **LORD & TAYLOR** Fifth Avenue—New York

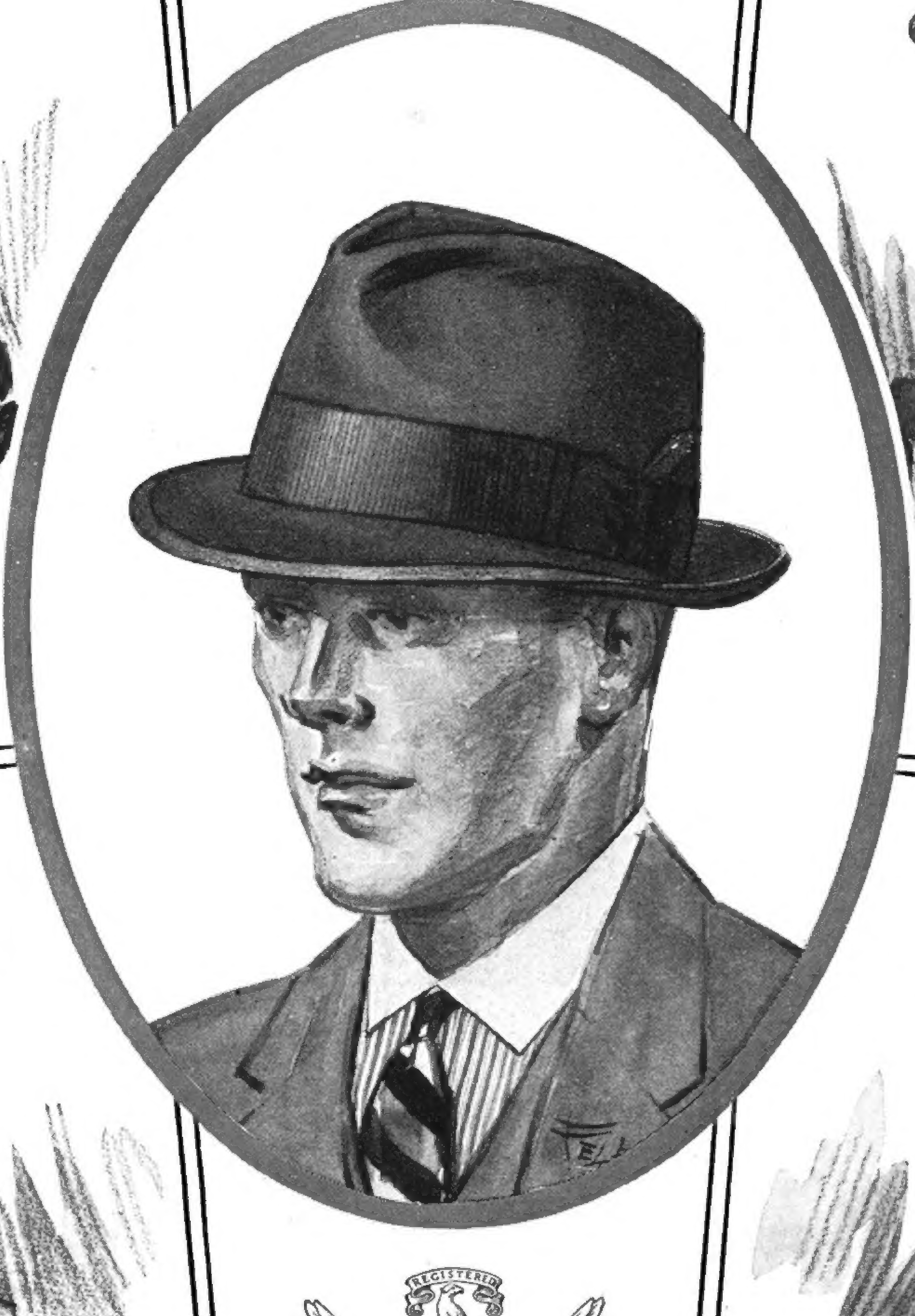
"So you're Going Back to School—"

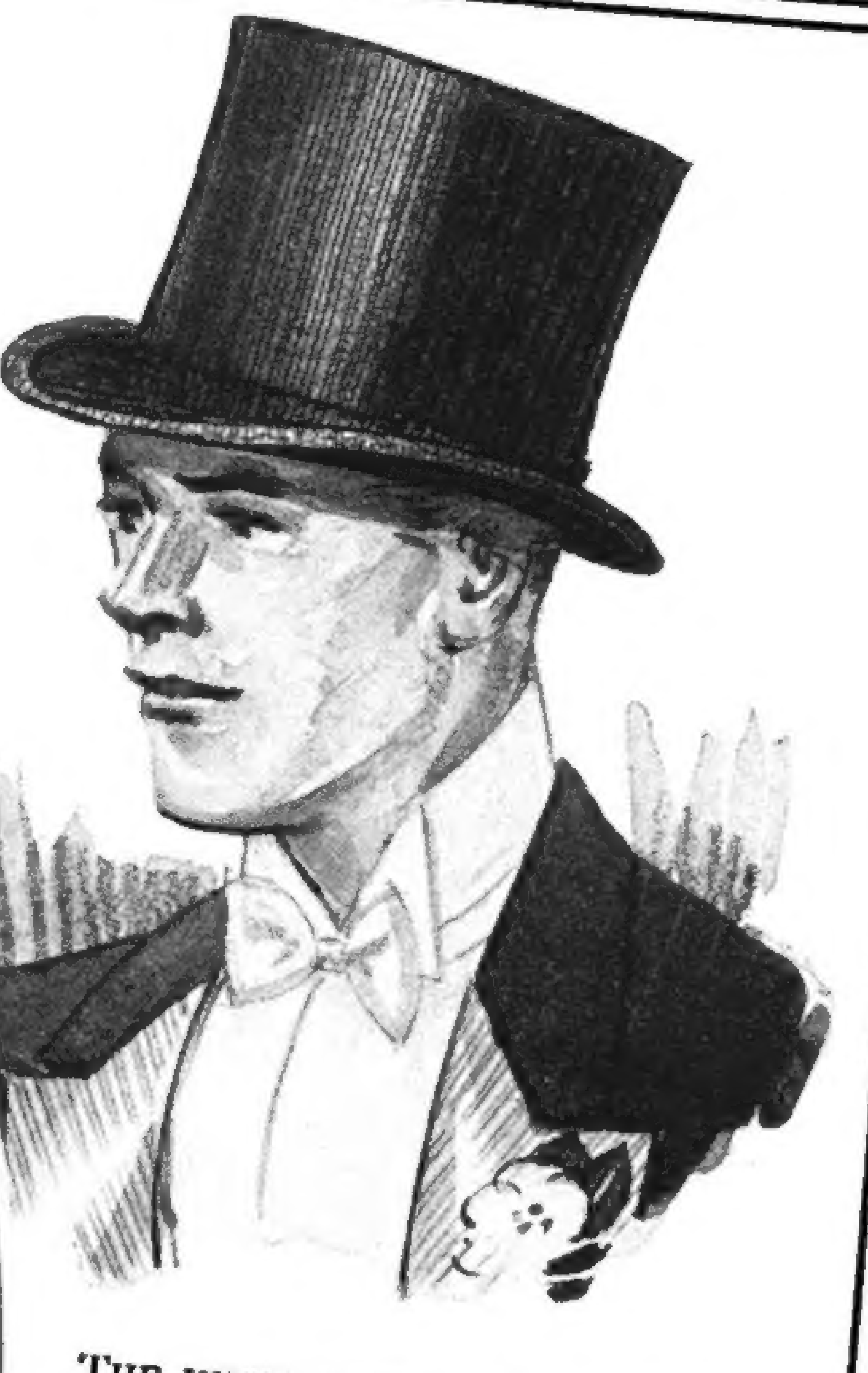
● THEN here are the hats you'll need to meet all the sartorial requirements of the Fall and Winter term...the Knox wardrobe for the active student. Choose from this Knox quintet and you'll be correctly hatted for every event, from the most pompous of Proms to the more leisurely hours about the campus and countryside.



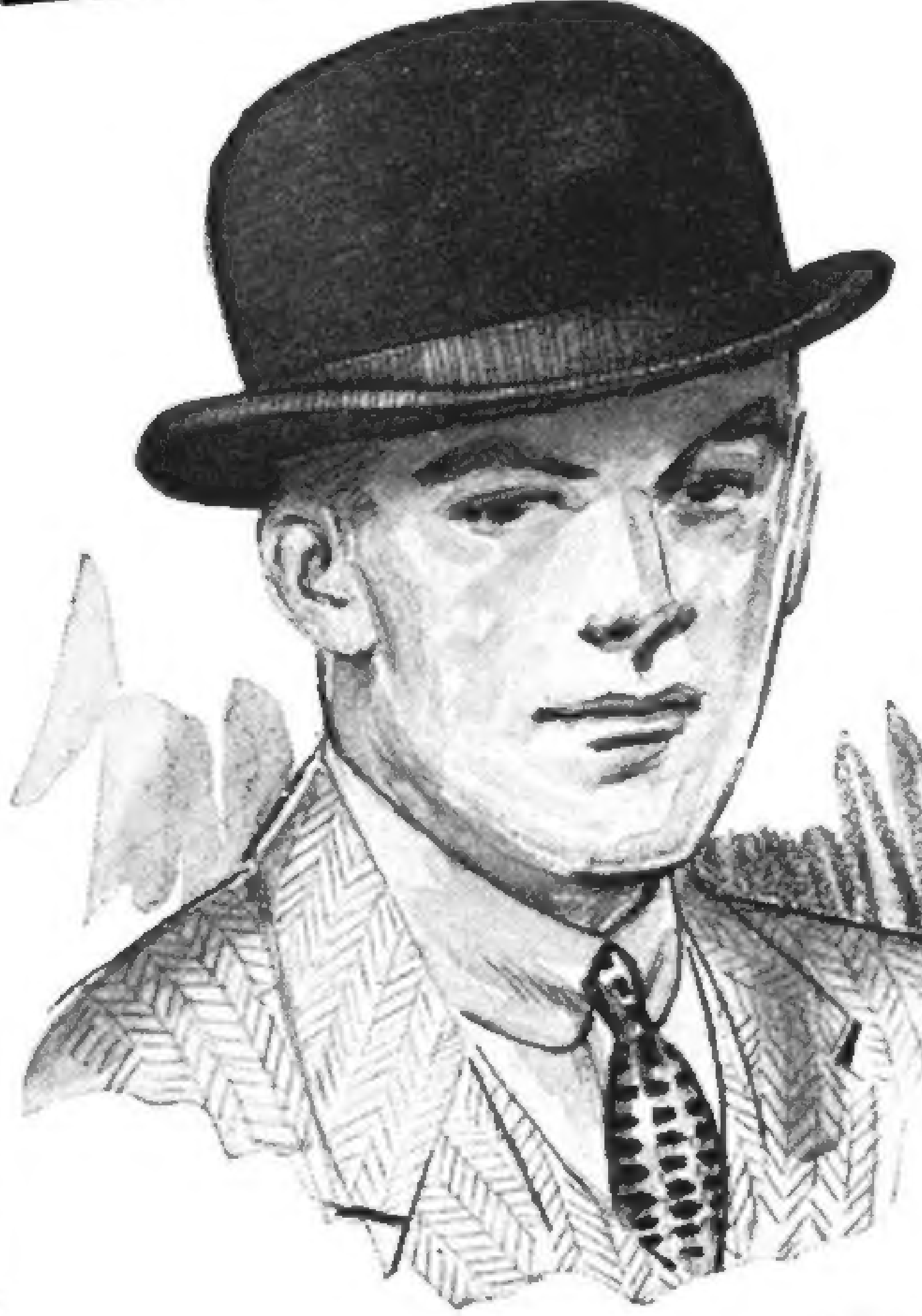
THE KNOX *TUXEDO*—The correct hat for your dinner jacket..austerely smart, but as companionable as your favorite snap-brim.

THE KNOX *CHILTON HOUSE*—Your constant companion about the campus or on trips into town. You'll find it's preferred by the right people in both these places.

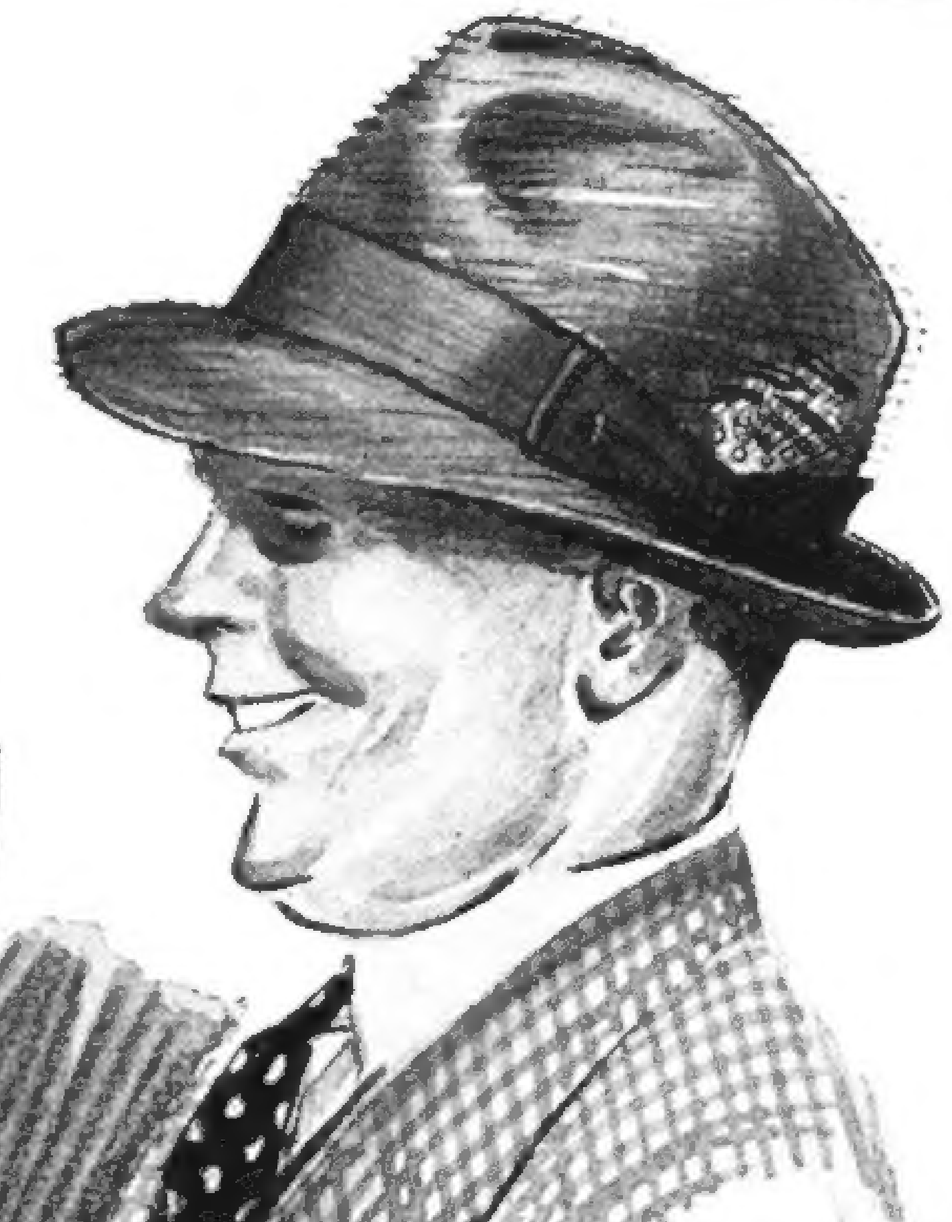




THE KNOX *OPERA*—A youthful "crusher" especially designed for young faces..with a full quota of Knox ambassadorial correctness.



THE KNOX *DERBY*—To wear with your Chesterfield, and smart in every line, from its crisply curled brim to its nicely balanced crown. Designed especially for young faces, too..*your* kind of derby.



THE KNOX *COUNTRYSIDE*—And well named, too. A rough-finished felt, in shades practically borrowed from the woods and fields. Fine for the hike or for rolling about the country with the top down.

REGISTERED
MOVEO ET PROFICIO
KNOX

KNOX *the* HATTER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 40TH STREET • MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET • BROADWAY AT 43RD STREET
57TH STREET AT MADISON AVENUE • 161 BROADWAY

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Art Directors: John Groth, Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Social Notes and Miscellaneous Well, there's darn little to say this month. If you want to take that as fair warning and move on to the cartoons, it's all right. But Gus says the space must be filled. Gus says it as if there were something heroic about it, like The Show Must Go On, or The Mail Must Go Through. Usually when heroism is needed to get the mail through, that mail turns out to consist mainly of postcards saying Having fine time, wish you were here. Take it up with Gus if this turns out that way. Dave Smart caught a ninety-six pound tarpon on the Florida west coast. Al Smart plays golf some mornings and most afternoons. Eric Lundgren had his tonsils out and he's going away for a month and laze. George Petty is lazing. If you don't believe it, turn to the cartoon on page 27. It's so pleasant up in Wisconsin in the late summer, that it seems silly to work very much, so he thought he'd just put in the essentials this month and see if you wouldn't take his word for it on the other details. About that ninety-six pound tarpon, it took a while to get the pictures developed or Miss Pfleeger would have used it in this month's Backstage Department. Meyer seems to be somewhere in Indiana whenever anybody goes into his office to look for him. Apparently nobody's looked often enough to know just which days he's away. Sig Spaeth has gone to Europe, to rest up for a fall schedule that makes a statue out of the proverbial flea-bitten one-armed paperhanger, so the *Listening Post* is abandoned. And that reminds us, Howard Baer says he's sick and tired of that *Enemies of Man* series, and how's for knocking off awhile? And we answer that he isn't half so sick of drawing them as we are of thinking up cracks to run beneath them. So if you don't mind . . . Anyway, we've got another series, of a different type, ready to begin with the October issue. Hemingway's piece this month is one of the best things he's ever written, man and boy. Or don't you go for the roast duck when the headwaiter recommends it? Slap-happies who feel let down because Hem didn't do a fishy to squawk about this month may keep in tune by telling us what they think of us for printing *Pyrrhic Victory* by Frederick Scribner and *Three Times Seven* by Roark Bradford. Don't get the idea that nobody loves a slap-happy just because Hem doesn't. We do. And we hope we never get so respected that people will suppress their natural impulses to take pen in hand and tell us how low they have to count to estimate our I. Q. The last thing we want this magazine to be is respected. We'll take love or hate, but save the respect for the *Atlantic*. The accuracy championship can, too, stay with whoever holds it, and we won't try to take it away. We'd so much rather be entertainingly wrong occasionally than boringly right always. So if Major Brown wants to interpret this as a written order for more articles, that's all right too. And now, to get our mind off all this literary stuff, we're going swimming with a plain-spoken guy who lives down the shore, a Dutch doctor it seems he is, named Paul de Kruif. If he's ever written anything but prescriptions, he's never mentioned it. It's great to get away from all the literary people. #

ESQUIRE
Sept. 1935

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Vol. IV, No. 3
Whole No. 22

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

GO ON EZ, SICK 'EM

Can't we have some more of Ezra Pound?
Just read the articles by Sinclair and Sokolsky.
Ezra knows how!—
Some don't know what's wrong—Sokolsky.
Some do know what's wrong—Sinclair.
Some know what to do about it—Pound.

You pride yourselves on your up to date point of view. Can't we have it in economics? It's important!

Crate Larkin says "Economics is just business anyhow. If your business is rotten so is your economics. And you can do something about it."

Sokolsky says, "that man on this earth is controlled by our social, political and economic structure."

Well, what we want to know is, who made this structure?

Man makes his own bed and then has to lie in it!

Ezra has an up to date viewpoint. He can tell you what you want. And what is more how to get it!

Security for all! *And* plenty of it!

Yours truly,
Pasadena, Calif. E. M. DOBBINS

STAND AT EASE, MEN

Mr. Dehan spoiled an excellent article in the July issue, *Washing the Hands*, by the inference he seeks to leave in his last two paragraphs. The locked room—running water—a wash basin and a bath—and yet he could not wash his hands because the "necessary equipment was in another room."

He need not have displayed the false modesty of which he so properly complains by refusing to tell us that under such circumstances he *could*, and probably *did*, wash his hands. Or does he have to be "at ease" when he washes his hands?

Very truly yours,
Jefferson City, Mo. LUE C. LOZIER

LAUDEAMUS LAURIAN

I'm not a damn crab, but I do like to stand up for what I think is right. If Mr. Rascoe has a 13 year old daughter, or ever gets one I wish he would send me some of her drawings. He may be able to get my address by asking ESQUIRE to ask for it, and as I plan to read ESQUIRE from cover to cover till I have but one address, where I'm sorry no mail will reach me, I will be sure to see that Mr. Rascoe has answered my wish.

I also want to say that the illustrator of *National Velvet* did a damn fine job, and as I'm a horseman myself I realize the try motion she has gotten into her brief but sufficient pictures.

Yours truly,
Middleburg, Va. CHARLES ELLIOTT PERKINS, JR.

WE HEARD YOU, DASTARDLY

We are awfully pleased to see that Hoff shows at last a spark of decency in refraining from signing his dastardly—we said dastardly—perpetrations in ESQUIRE.

If this progress is maintained and his tripe eventually dropped, we shan't feel so badly toward the well-meaning Uncle, resident in Winnipeg, who has burdened us with ESQUIRE by paying the exorbitant subscription as a Christmas present.

Yours faithfully,
London, Eng. T. S. and C. J. DICKINSON

P. S. Your reference: The Sound and the Fury.

WATER OVER THE DAMSEL

Have just read, with mingled joy and gratitude, Aiken A. Dehan's article in July ESQUIRE. If my most fervent prayers are answered, *Washing the Hands* will be read by all the hosts and hostesses I know. Moreover, I trust that Dehan, crusader supreme in the name of discreet hand-washing, will receive a just and noble place in the social history of this country.

Apropos of this quite brilliant piece of satire is the experience of a young man of my acquaintance. "Tex," is his name and strangely enough he hails from Texas where he was once an excellent cow puncher. (Though why anyone should want to punch such inoffensive creatures will always be a psychological enigma of the first water.)

Tex had taken his girl for a visit to Gay's Lion Farm. He was duly warned by an attendant that the lions had the startling idiosyncrasy of washing their hands without the usual social excuses. Moreover they were wont to perform their ablutions in a very, very forceful manner.

The couple stopped to examine one beautiful specimen of the genus felis leo. Imagine Tex's horror on seeing that the lion was preparing to wash its hands straight in his girl friend's direction!

With experience born of bull-dogging steers on the range, Tex threw his girl to the ground just in time. The other visitors were delighted by the spectacle; the lion was discouraged and the young lady's dress accumulated a considerable quantity of dust, but the noble thought behind the act was none the less appreciated.

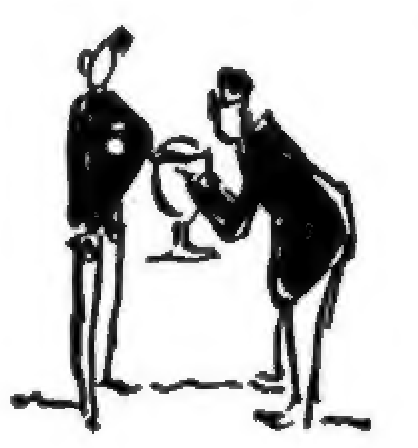
In Wild West movies I've seen cowboys dragging their lady-loves to safety from under the wheels of an express train or rescuing them from the teeth of a buzz-saw. But this is far and away the most novel bit of heroism I've yet encountered.

Should Tex want to become a hero in a really big way, my advice to him would be a slightly modified version of that song, *Go Wash An Elephant—*.

Seriously, though, I enjoy every issue of ESQUIRE and anticipate the pleasure of reading the next.

With best wishes for your continued success, I am,
Yours faithfully,
Los Angeles, Calif. R. W. JOPÉ

NO, WE'LL TELL THE WORLD



Will you kindly tell J. C. Furnas, who in the July issue of ESQUIRE, thought the enigma concerning Smith who goes walking and meets an old friend was tough, that Mr. J. Herbert Godfrey, of Elmhurst, Illinois solved it before the story had been re-read once.

He is the only person to whom it was told who did solve it.

Very truly yours,
Woodstock, Ill. DR. HORACE S. BRADLEY

COMES THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION!

Allow me to congratulate you on your articles written by Ernest Hemingway. They are by far the most interesting of all your stories and naturally would be being written by Mr. Hemingway who is in a class by himself as a fisherman, writer and sportsman.

I hear nothing but praise from all sides for his stories in your magazine and hope we will never see the end of them.

Very truly yours,
New York, N. Y. S. K. FARRINGTON

MISSOURI'S BEEN SHOWN

To hell with all these narrow-minded-pikers who each month must give vent to their crude bellyaches upon these pages.

We out here in the bush (Northeast Missouri)—think your magazine is the top—it lacks nothing.

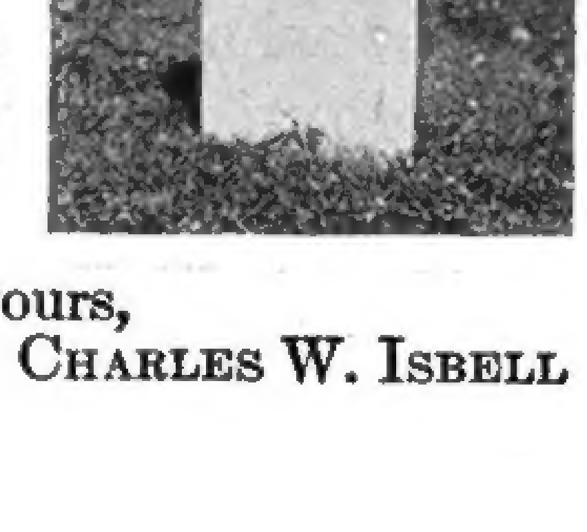
ESQUIRE is read, re-read, and muchly quoted. The cartoons serve a double purpose—first—they never fail to produce genuine belly-laughs—and lastly—some friends of ours are covering a screen with them. Not only does the riot of colors make the screen ultra-modern, but also it is the center of attraction during any social event.

If the female of the species wishes to hand the male a superlative compliment—she remarks—"you look like a fashion plate from ESQUIRE."

No doubt this will make the twerps who care not for your magazine become all atwit again—but remember to modernize Grandfather takes a long time—or let it go—anyhow—*Best Wishes—*

Sincerely,
JOHNNIE MAAS,
Kahoka, Mo. JANETT WHITEHEAD

A MAN OF PARTS



Attached hereto is a snapshot of the stone marker at the birthplace of Brigham Young, located in Whitingham, Vermont. Although I live a few miles from this hamlet practically no one has ever heard of its existence and I thought you might use the picture because of Brigham's significance and the apt inscription.

Sincerely yours,
North Adams, Mass. CHARLES W. ISBELL

LITTLE ESSAY ON HEM AND HAW

It appears that Hemingway is not liked; it appears that the readers don't care for him. It appears that Hemingway is liked; it appears that the editor cares for him. The former always hopeful and ever illusional cherished the dream that if they showed their displeasure something MIGHT happen. This they proceeded to do in a series of remarkably insulting letters. The editor viewed these with nice disdain and quietly asserted that E. H. was a fixture. That announcement shocked the less hardy into a state of muttering despair and the editor, well pleased, smiled coolly to himself, flexed his muscles and continued his pursuant reading of Nietzsche.

Although praiseworthy this situation did not last for even lately a few spectacular shots have rocketed across the S. & F. horizon. So with a two-fold purpose, that of quieting the present threatening storm; and also that of educating coming generations of ESQUIRE readers I offer the following little gem which I tentatively title, *On How to Read Hemingway.*

One must regard E. H. as his own personal discovery; f. i., while looking through a library classification you stumble across a neatly typed card which reads, Hemingway, Ernest, this usually draws a guffaw or an expression of disbelief. While your mind pictures Ernest pottering among the pansies the eye wanders down the page but is stopped by a catchy little phrase, "Men Without Women," and upon closer inspection you see the library authorities consider it as fiction so with interest aroused you go in search and find the book. Here we pause and gravely view the turning point of a strong man's life.

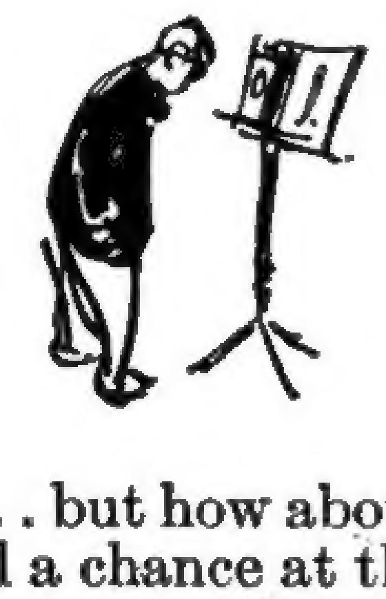
One group, I fortunately included, after a few stories of wondering what it is all about get into the swing of things and perceive that Cousin Enrico has something on the ball. As you turn the last page you shake your head in smiling incredulity, silently damn yourself for having missed him so long and another Hemingway disciple is in the making. One of that select group that yearly pilgrimage to Grand Traverse Bay where they stand about in awed clusters devoutly chanting their secular hymn, "Brothers you are treading where Hemingway has trod." (Caution to aspiring enthusiasts; the first two syllables of Hemingway should be given only one beat.)

On the other hand there is another group that after reading a few stories sneer "stylist," close the book and forever senselessly stand embattled against Hemingway, his writing ideals and his admirers. This group is beyond the tear so with a helpless sigh we watch them turn back to Seldes and their milk shakes straight.

The last group worth mentioning are those whose interest although not at the boiling point is somewhat above room temperature. To these your correspondent will send upon request a snappy little treatise which goes more deeply into the matter but your correspondent will also exact a small remuneration to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing. No extra mailing fee to U. S. insular possessions and Canada.

Complacently yours,
Detroit, Mich. J. M. SAUER

USE FOR MUSIC RACKS



Now that Hell and Fury has quieted down over that Damned Thing the *Perlu*, by Harmon who didn't want no publicity, we thinks there were some screws loose as it was a heluva ending . . . we like them fences at the end of your stories, but how are we going to hurdle to the next story without tearing our britches? . . . along comes a Mr. Dehan to replace dear Old Walt Whitman in telling about some of the intricacies of Man . . . ha, we have solved the problem, either men will have to tote collapsible chambers or cities will have to construct Chocolat Menier self-service stations like those on the corners of Paris . . . but how about the fellow who doesn't give his girl a chance at the County Fair? . . . if Fisherman Hemingway doesn't git out of our ocean there won't be nothing but bait left for us . . . why not arrange delivery of your magazine by the iceman, also send along a portable derrick to hold it before the reader's eyes . . . we have been using an old-fashioned music rack . . . but you should worry, Mr. Prosperity Plus, our Professor said last week that you have them horse and buggy magazines on the run . . .

Coral Gables, Fla. SAMSON AND DELILAH

Continued on page 8

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
BIG PLANE REACHES HAWAII
Tigers Tie Sox on Goslin's Homer
FINAL EDITION

Everything to your ADvantage

ASK any seasoned salesman and he'll tell you this: "Right *timing* is half the selling job. If I am lucky enough to catch my man when he's in the right mood and has time to listen to me, nine times out of ten I sell him."

Accurate timing is equally important in newspaper advertising. But here it's not a matter of luck—pick the right newspaper and your calls will be timed with absolute certainty.

In the *evening*—at *home*—when your prospect has settled down to leisurely reading of his favorite evening newspaper—that's the time to tell him about your product.

That's when everything works to your advantage—that's when he has time to read the *whole* paper—that's when his mind is open and *receptive*—that's when *sales are made!*

To sell more goods in the Chicago market hire its best salesman—The Chicago Daily News—the *preferred* evening newspaper in Chicago's best homes. Then you will be certain that your calls are perfectly timed and concentrated where buying power is concentrated. The Chicago Daily News covers 62% of Chicago's Class A homes—27% MORE coverage than the first morning newspaper—58% MORE than the second evening newspaper.

Ever since advertising has been a key-factor in retail selling The Chicago Daily News has carried MORE total display advertising, MORE retail display advertising, MORE department store advertising than any other daily newspaper in the field.

The reason is obvious: Advertisers know from experience that The Chicago Daily News *sells the most goods at the lowest cost per sale.*

P. S. And because The Chicago Daily News goes home and stays there one copy covers the whole family.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

—Chicago's Home Newspaper

GEORGE A. McDEVITT CO., National Advertising Representatives, NEW YORK — CHICAGO — PHILADELPHIA — DETROIT — SAN FRANCISCO

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

AVERT THE OMEN OF CONTENT

Ever since the beginning, I have watched the growth and maturity of your publication Esquire. Through your little explanatory squibs and editorial remarks I could amost see the inner sanctums of your offices, where "Ginrickey" and his henchmen shuffle the manuscripts and material into a very creditable magazine. Should we print this? Would the public like it? Would they take it? Well, let's ask them! (As in the case of *A Good Job Gone.*)

I have noted your pardonable pride in some fine discovery. I have smiled at your abject humiliation and honest admission of error when you pulled a "Brodie" on some article or story (as in the case of the Ambrose Bierce plagiarism) and laughed out loud at your lugubrious little note when you thought you could Give away copies of that cartoon by E. Simms Campbell.

You guys have got guts! And even a few real brains (condescendingly). But you are on the right track. You flatter us, the gullible public, by letting us think we have a hand in shaping your editorial policies. Somebody suggests something—you try it—if it works, it stays—if it doesn't, Raus Mit Du!

Just one little warning—don't do as so many other magazines which have blazed with glory for a while, and then gradually petered out for lack of fresh blood. Don't let your editor get grey-headed and cranky with success, and sit in his office in narrow-minded content. Keep springing surprises. Keep changing! Don't get in a rut and feel that you have to print the same sort of stuff. People won't like some of the changes you make, but by Allah, they'll come back the next time to see what *new* changes you've made! And don't get too damned arty with your Gertrude Stein poems. I'm an artist myself, but some of it is over my head, and I know it is over the heads of a whole lot more people who aren't.

Success to you!

Bartlesville, Okla. Eldon Frye

Editor's Note: *You must be thinking of some other magazine. The only Stein we know anything about is a mug.*

YOU'RE WELCOME

Would you mind explaining the very hidden meaning to the cartoon on page 114 in the August issue of the Esquire? Thank you.

Monessen, Pa. Janosik's Pharmacy

Editor's Note: *Martha didn't want to take in washing. It seemed pretty funny, at first.*

WHY GET OUT A SPECIAL NUMBER FOR THE DAMES?

A friend of mine lent me the July number of Esquire and, since reading that classic, *Washing the Hands*, I have been wanting to ask you if the author intends putting it out in pamphlet form so that a reader who appreciates that deliciously funny essay may have it in convenient form to give or lend those not fortunate enough to have read it in Esquire. I believe it would make as good a seller as *The Specialist*. And surely it would make a good gift for hosts and hostesses.

While writing to you may I suggest that you get out a real "no dame" number with pictures and stories about men only.

Very truly yours,

Signal Mt., Tenn. H. Goodman, Sr.

OUT OF OUR CUPS BY CHRISTMAS, INTO THE LILIES BY EASTER

It has been annoying me for some time. I refer to the gluttonous male mannequins that appear in the color plates of Esquire and make most men wish they had been borned to specification. How can they consume so much liquor and yet appear soberish the following month?

I have figured it all out that to follow the alleged styles in a single issue of the Magazine for Men and consume a corresponding drink for each plate, the reader would swear those red batiste shirts really were pink.

I dunno, but it appears from this distance that Artists Saalburg and Fellows, especially that Saalburg person, have a working agreement with Mr. Choate, or are long a few shares of National Distillers. (Wall Street needs the plug).

The trouble with these fashion illustrations is that one spends too much time figuring out the kind of drink in the picture instead of studying the color scheme and such. Is that a Tom Collins or just an out-and-out gin fizz? And then I bring in the neighbors to help with the enigma.

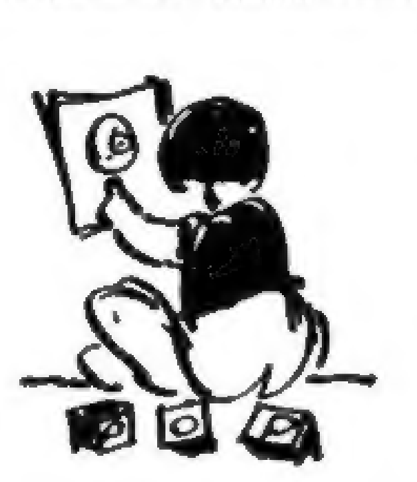
But I am worried about those mannequins. If this continues we'll have nothing but sots by the November issue. Something should be done about it. Can you arrange with Artists Saalburg and Fellows to have their subjects snift a lily or a rose, or somethin', now and then? It would help in another way too. Maybe the six-year-old Esquire will quit saying: "Daddy, is the man drinking again in this picture?"

Sincerely yours,

Los Angeles, Calif. Frank S. Turner

ESKY INTO CHAPERON

Ogden Nash lives in Baltimore. You guys give me a pain. You can find every other person's whole history, but when you get somebody to write in English so we common people can understand it and make common sense instead of a lot of gibberish out of poetry you don't even bother to find out about him.



What does he look like, how old is he and oh yes, you did enlighten us as to where he lived.

You better hang on to Ogden Nash because he fits in with the rest of Esquire. These twerps that try to rival Gertrude Stein should contribute to the garbage can and not Eskie.

My son picks all Petty's drawings out and calls the old geezer pop. He's only 20 months old so he needs a little time and he'll know his old man when he sees him.

And another thing, when my husband goes out nights he usually takes the newest Esquire with him. Can you figure that out? I can't.

Yours truly,

Paterson, N. J. Alyce

YOU'RE PRETTY AMAZING YOURSELF

That you should waste such an acreage of good white paper upon such articles as *Florenzo the Glorificent* in your August issue is amazing. Extolling at great length the fact that the late Florenz Ziegfeld could sleep during noisy rehearsals—with a newspaper in front of his face; Earl Carroll had a cat in his theatre that could do the same thing—*without* the aid of a newspaper. Also lengthy reference was made to the late producer's extravagances—such as taking dairy food into the royal suite of a steamship. Earl Carroll threw away $360,000 in one fell swoop with one show . . . not even mentioning the gift of an $125,000 houseboat to a friend when the boat's crew made the unreasonable demand of a little salary for the pleasant time they spent aboard the vessel.

Doubling the chorus girl's salary, referred to in the article as a magnificent Christmas-week gesture, was a small sop as compared to Mr. Carroll's pioneering precedent of bringing show girls' salaries up to $250.00 a week the year round during the zenith of the revue—a move which elicited yelps from fellow producers, including Ziggy, as to be heard by Rose Sydel, living in retirement in the waste lands of Brooklyn.

Charles Bochert

Winter Garden, N. Y. City

VOICE OF THE LIFE IS DIFFICULT ENOUGH FACTION

I have, in the recent issues of Esquire, been struck by a note of the most gloom provoking dispair. Gentlemen, is happiness dead? Far from being a Rebecca who likes things with the frosting on, I laud and appreciate the tone of vigor and manliness which usually finds its way into the fiction of Esquire. But why, of late, does a piece either have to deal with the French Foreign Legion, Starving Ukrainians, gin mad dock hands or some other grief phobia to be acceptable? When I get cancer of the liver along with eight years in a leper colony I'll just whip out the old Edgar Allan Poe and the de Maup. and pull down the blinds, but while I still have an appetite, I think the depression is still reliable enough if I want to get down and grovel with reality. I suppose that if I sat down and mooded out some dirge dealing with six muscular morons pounding each other to a pulp in a potato bin, that macabre staff of yours would snap it up with Rasputinal glee. But after a continued fare of such grief dishes as *Don't Call Me Kiwi, The Siamese Hands, The Murderer, The Pogrom,* I am seriously considering a sequel to *Penelope at Sweetbriar.*

White Plains, N. Y. Mark Ross

EZRA POUND FOR PRESIDENT

Please permit us to congratulate you on the various articles by Ezra Pound that you have published. Pound has a marvelous way of getting over economic truths in a form that anyone can grasp. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,

San Francisco, Cal. Luther Whiteman,
Secretary
Social Credit Association of California, Inc.

ESKY'S A SPLIT PERSONALITY

I admit that I am not a regular reader of your magazine. I was so prejudiced against it due to the cover designs, and the pictures which met my eyes upon flipping through the pages, that it was not until an occasion arose when there was nothing else in the house I hadn't read that I even looked at the printed matter. I was surprised, to put it mildly. Most of the stories and articles are really good. Now what I cannot understand is why you go to all the trouble of publishing such low-brow comedy graphics, and then put really good literary matter in between. Don't you want people to know it is a good magazine?

The way I feel about it is that you must be confusing convention and good taste. The public who enjoy your stories and articles must be people of discrimination, no matter how sophisticated and unconventional they may be. There is a reality about the characters in the stories, and their actions do seem sincere. Yet you show pictures of the most artificial types of people. It seems to me out of key. People who want artificiality can read *Vanity Fair*, or *Snappy Stories.*

As to the advertisements, perhaps they aren't your fault, but probably you can pass the word along. They're snobbish. I believe you will find that there are very few rich people left, and if there were they wouldn't be reached by such obvious appeals to exclusiveness. If these ads are supposed to make the ordinary fellow green with envy, I think you're on the wrong track. Imitation of the aristocracy is going out, even among women. We're getting so we go for simple things designed for practical purposes, such as keeping cool, hiding one's figure defects, and bringing out one's best points, no matter whether they come from Paris or Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Now a bit of useful work you could do if you really have ideals, is to try to introduce some hot-weather clothes for men that will be cool, and at the same time polite. Especially for dancing. Why, if I had to wear even a *shirt*, with long sleeves and a high collar, to a dance on a warm evening, I believe I would faint. And then to put a woolen jacket over it! It's no wonder they feel the need of alcohol, to deaden their misery.

Yours sincerely,

Palo Alto, Calif. Alice N.

Editor's Note: *Alice, we're scared to death they'll find out it's a good magazine and put our circulation down among the other good magazines.*

STREET-LIGHTED AMERICA

I won't be able to sleep until I dash off this note to Mr. Dehan, who essayed on the subject of *Washing the Hands*, in your July issue.

There was a way out of his predicament, *before* he arrived at the home of his old maid friends. The answer was the same as the one the Frenchman gave the American who asked where he could—er—wash his hands, "Voila toute la France!"

Now to check my weight and turn in.

Luke Field, T. H. Chas. Densford

Continued on page 156

Paul Jones
Whiskey
PAUL JONES

"I've roamed the seven seas—
but I had to come home
to find a whiskey
with as fine a flavor
as PAUL JONES"*

*A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Paul Jones is a proud product of the old Frankfort Distilleries of Louisville and Baltimore, makers of FOUR ROSES, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore —all blends of straight whiskies.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

AIRPLANES

Eastern Distributor, WACO Airplane . . .
New model now on display for demonstration
Free instruction with ship purchase
Certified used ships for sale
Charter trips in new ships, fully equipped
Complete aircraft service
Write for 1935 catalogue
WACO SALES OF NEW YORK, INC.
Roosevelt Field, N. Y. Phone Vigilant 4-5317
Waco-Belvedere Airport, Palm Beach, Fla.

BARS

RADIOBAR — the perfect combination of a Smart Cocktail Bar equipped with the latest 1936 PHILCO Radios, complete with glassware, bar accessories, etc., $99.50 up. See your nearest PHILCO dealer or Radiobar Co. of America, 13 East 47th St., New York and 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

CAMERAS

New Trigger Shutter Release on Voigtlander Bessa eliminates risk of vibration. Two sizes on one film, eight 2¼ x 3¼ or 16 vest pocket on No. 120 or 620 films. Voigter F6.3 Lens, Pronto Shutter. Price $21.50.
WILLOUGHBY'S
110 West 32nd Street, New York

CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE-BY-HAND FOOTWEAR
Business, country, formal and resort wear.
Entirely hand made — from $35.00 up.
HANAN & SON, NEW YORK
LONDON • PARIS • NICE

CUSTOM TAILORS

PAT CARUSO, Inc.
1 West 47th Street, New York
Now showing for fall and winter, an exceptionally varied range of fine English woolens. You will not only find the color and pattern you have in mind, but also prices to meet the demand of the most conservative budget.

FISHING TACKLE

Everything for your Fresh and Salt Water requirements is on display in our Showroom. Pay us a visit, or write for our 1935 catalog.
EDWARD vom HOFE & CO., INC.
Angling Specialists Since 1867
92V Fulton Street New York City

GIFTS

"CANADA'S MOST TALKED ABOUT GIFT SHOP"
A wonderful selection of English Bone China, featuring white embossed for luncheons. New Dinnerware Booklet sent on request.
HERBERT S. MILLS
HAMILTON CANADA

HOBBIES

1936 *Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue:* Every Stamp Ever Issued, described and priced. Thousands illustrated. Complete postal history of the world. Essential to collectors, invaluable for general reference. On sale this month, $2.50. With index, $3.00. Postage extra.
SCOTT STAMP & COIN COMPANY
1 West 47th Street, New York, N. Y.
Send for free, illustrated price list.

The last thing that we would want to have anyone think is that we would have any discord in this outfit, but we must take issue with remarks made by the Editor 'way back in the May issue when, in commenting on a Fellows' drawing he implied that picnics were just a pain in the neck. We ourselves consider picnicking with all its trials and tribulations swell fun—particularly if one is equipped with any of the very excellent picnic baskets we have seen in some of the shops. These are not only all complete in their equipment, but are colorful and smart looking as well. They come fitted for small or large picnic parties and include all the necessary table-ware and dishes as well as the most essential vacuum bottles for the liquid refreshments.

A very modern conception of the useful vacuum bottle comes in a tubular shape. Very swanky for the guest room.

Here's something to keep your falling hair in, besides a cigar box. It comes in the shape of a head massage machine with four rubber-toothed gadgets that do the massaging electrically. Even if your hair is not falling out massaging is a sure way of keeping your scalp healthy, and avoiding falling arches, dandruff or something.

Another contribution to the boys with thinning hair is a new electric hair-brush which promises to keep the hair follicles, whatever the hell they are, from becoming dry and brittle. Anyhow, this hair brush is meant to exercise and stimulate the scalp, and we guess it must work.

Pretty swell, but not promising to do anything but brush the hair, is a pair of bronze backed military brushes. The bronze has been chemically treated to prevent tarnishing or other deterioration.

If you want to combine your vices, there's a pipe being made that features a detachable container which may be filled with brandy, liqueurs or coffee. The Turks had a name for it!

For house-keeping bachelors who have their milk delivered every day whether they need it or not, there is a series of tags on which are stamped the days of the week so that they won't find themselves drinking Monday's milk on Saturday unless they really want to.

Along around last Christmas Esquire presented an earthenware pig and plaque with little holes in the pig's back to insert tooth-picks upon which miniature sausages for canape purposes could be held in a rather effective manner. It proved most popular, and the people who made it originally have followed up the same idea except that a rather interesting looking duck takes the place of the pig. Its purpose and modus operandi is the same.

Several important labor-saving devices for summer time hosts—or hostesses, for all we care—are to be found in a crystal cocktail glass on long stems that may be had in four ounce sizes rather than the usual two ounce, thus cutting down the dividend pouring in half, or getting results in half the time, whichever the purpose may be.

The same thinking has been applied to highball glasses, which may now be had in 24 ounce size; assuming they don't hold out on the Scotch, this is sure a man's sized drink.

Confirmed old-fashioned drinkers will appreciate this one—a specially contrived spoon for baling out the elusive pineapple, orange and cherries that float in this insidious drink. The turned up end of the spoon is admirable for crushing sugar.

Evidently designed by the militarists is a set of coasters in the shape of small drums, with one end open, of course, to receive the base of the glass—this is very patriotic looking, in red, white and blue.

HATTERS

YOUNG'S-STETSON Hats, in a Fall Fashion Prevue at YOUNG'S 29 QUALITY HAT SHOPS. The new creations, shown in a galaxy of smart shapes, blends, mixtures and color tones, sparkle with a freshness of ideas and reveal our authority in fine hat making and smart design. Your inspection cordially invited.

HEARING AIDS

DEAF? EMBARRASSED?
HI-POWER DEFOREST AUDIPHONE
The new bone unit carries the sound vibrations direct to the auditory nerves, enabling 8 out of 10 to hear instantly. Ask about our Home Trial Plan. HEARING DEVICES CO.,
2413 Times Building, New York City

MEN'S OUTFITTERS

When visiting New York during the Summer, come in and cool off in our air-conditioned store at 550-Fifth Avenue. It's a treat to spend a few minutes here, just to browse around and inspect the scores of new fashions which sparkle in our cases. A sincere welcome awaits you . . . In The New York Manner.
WEBER & HEILBRONER

MERCHANT TAILORS

SIMPSON CLOTHES
sold direct by salesmen, skilled in measuring who call with a full line of luxurious imported and domestic fabrics. Satisfaction or money back.
$25.00 to $40.00
J. B. Simpson Inc., Simpson Bldg., Chicago

PIPES AND TOBACCOS

"Here's the smoke you've always wanted!"
THE ROYAL AIR-COOLED PIPE
Styled by experts in fine Algerian briar. Cools and dries your smoke by the exclusive Royal air feature. If your dealer cannot supply you *write for catalog or send $1.50* to the Royal Pipe Co., Chrysler Building, New York

SCALP SPECIALISTS

NUDE TEMPLES, DANDRUFF, DRY SCALPS never trouble Ogilvie clients. O-G-V preparations for home use especially made for men by the foremost international hair and scalp specialists are on sale at leading department and better drug stores — or order direct.
OGILVIE METHOD
604 5th Ave., New York City. Bryant 9-5290
Consultation and advice without obligation
Free booklet on request

SHOES

HANAN SHOES
When excellence of appearance and continued good looks through hard wear are a wardrobe requirement — look to Hanan.
Priced from $10.50 to $12.50
New York • London • Paris • Nice

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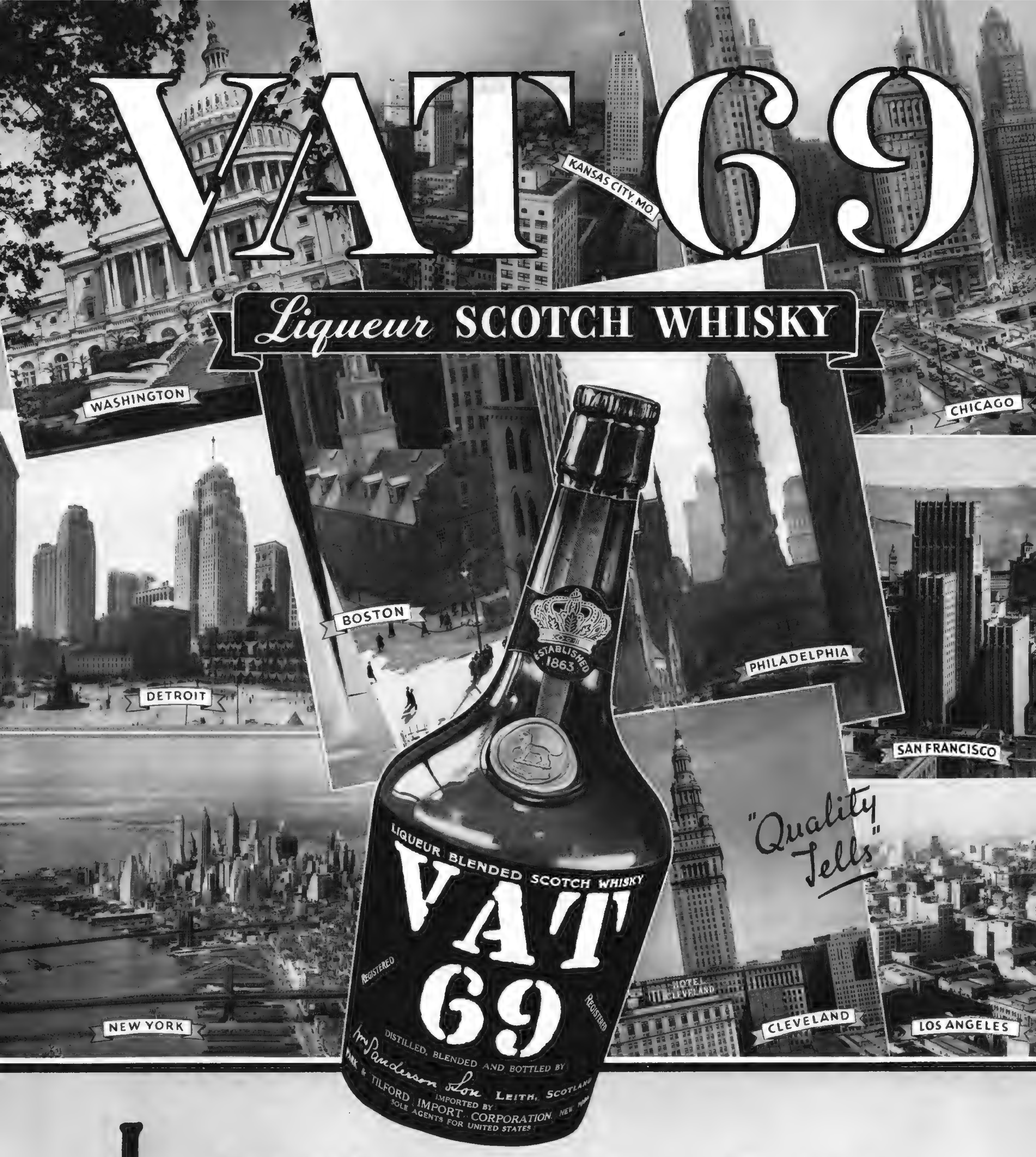
DALTON SWIMMING SCHOOL
Established 1899
Supervised Individual Instruction
Separate Heated Pools for Men and Women
Send for Booklet C
19 West 44th Street New York City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SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES

In All Metropolitan Centers those who know *Insist* on VAT 69

BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY

William Sanderson & Son

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION

485 Fifth Avenue, New York — *Exclusive U. S. Representative*

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The Rainbow Room
Circle 6-1400
6:30 till 3 A.M. nightly—except Sundays
DINING • DANCING
ENTERTAINMENT
Dinner Entertainment 9:00
Supper Entertainment 12:15
ROCKEFELLER CENTER ROOF

Café
FIFTH AVENUE

New York's most popular outdoor Café adjoining the
AMEN CORNER BAR & GRILL
ENTERTAINMENT
FIFTH AVE. HOTEL
24 FIFTH AVE. AT 9TH ST.

● Strong Men
● Break Down and Weep
● at the Rollicking
● Roundelays of
● EDDIE DAVIS at
● LEON & EDDIE'S
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● LUNCH • DINNER • SUPPER • COCKTAILS

DINNER SUPPER DANCING
ASTOR ROOF
TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK
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NEVER A COVER CHARGE

There is ONLY One
Genuine Pilsner Beer
Pilsner Urquell
Imported from
PILSEN, CZECHOSLOVAKIA
Now available on draught or in bottles
PILSNER URQUELL IMPORTING CO.
Sole Agents for the U. S. A. Inc.
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Ocean-Clear
Live Lobsters
They're the best!
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO. INC.
World's Largest Distributors of
LOBSTERS
BOSTON NEW YORK
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

YOUR earnest scout, night-watching in a supposedly Deserted City, with the intention of trying doorknobs if only for sentiment's sake, finds that he miscalculated his New York. It's a metropolis which happens to be perennially refillable. When New Yorkers sneak out, in summertime or other time, the rest of the country rushes in; consequently, full-tilting is practically continuous.

Down at the Brevoort, for example. Dining there the other evening, I heard Monsieur Barrère, the manager (dean of sidewalk restaurateurs), emit a sigh over the inadequacy of his hospitality—for the Brevoort's neat-hedged frontal purlieu embowers only fifty-five tables, and perfectly good hungers and thirsts were being turned away. What got me wasn't crowdedness of space but of evening. Unfurling my napkin at 8, to tackle such tongue ticklers as Mushrooms Brevoort, Vol au Vent de Ris de Veau Financière (in English: Capitalist Sweetbreads), Port-du-Salut Cheese, and a bottle of dry Graves so excellent as to inspire an encore, with Cognac afterthoughts. . . . I arose, feeling handsome within, right on the dot of midnight. It was as though time and brandy had flown, wafting me with them.

But lower Fifth Avenue is like that. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel's social frontage (Amen Corner of Ninth Street), where sirloins are in the pink, chanteyman Alfredo sings hour upon hour without producing any appreciable up-anchor urge; his listeners, some of whom dropped in for "just a cocktail," seeming to await crowbars. At Number 1 (Corner of 8th Street) fixity of sidewalk tenancy is humanized to the extent of telephone service at your table. Unfortunately, no suggestions are offered as to good numbers to call up; which shows that even the most conscientious of managements can't think of everything.

An atmosphere different from what the public breathes is to be had at the Sherry-Netherland where Central Park is overlooked through Venetian blinds, deigningly, amid service comparable to soft music. Chowing there, if I may use the term, one is conscious of no mean cuisine virtuosity, exemplified by such *plats* as (I'm translating) Super-Sole à la Wine Merchant, Supreme of Chick-Chick Alsatianed in Aspic, Hollandaise-dunked Artichokes, with, say, chilled Niersteiner Burgweg 1932 accompanying. And so on. Really quite sustaining.

As for the Pavillon Marguéry, recently lunched at till around 5:13 p.m., don't press me for particulars *this* time—because this time, waiting for a table, I was kept standing at the bar drinking Champagne cocktails. When finally I got into tooth contact with a typical Marguéry *chef d'oeuvre* it was under Dry Monopole auspices, and then pop went a magnum. Anyhow, Mr. Marchisio's tent seems a swell place to eat, even if you drink.

Nor can the roving consumer feel that he has completely meshed with the cognoscenti until, welcomed by the late Emperor Franz Josef as doorman, he visits Hapsburg House, Caprice Viennois of East 55th Street. Droll, spoofishly quaint, yet de luxe. And what a zitherist to entertain you! The rooms upstairs have their allure, but out-and-out Hapsburgers prefer the Dungeon down below, as in this bowel of the establishment the service is more scientific. To call the waiter you merely grunt an oompah, affixed conveniently beside you. Two forthright blasts: one bottle. Long, tragic wail as of a hysterical hippopotamus: general drought.

THE Biltmore
MOONLIT TERRACE
DINNER-SUPPER DANCING
MUSIC, SONGS
ENTERTAINMENT
to the taste of a discriminating clientele.
NO COUVERT AT DINNER
Supper Couvert after 10 P.M. $1.00
Saturdays and Holidays $2.00
MADISON AVE. AT 43rd ST., N. Y. C.

GREEN ROOM
TWO FAMOUS BANDS • NO COVER CHARGE
Cool, Entertaining, Superb Service and Cuisine
HOTEL EDISON
Every Room with Shower • Bath • Radio
46th to 47th St., West of Broadway

NEW YORK'S MOST FAMOUS SIDEWALK CAFÉ
CAFÉ
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IN NEW JERSEY IT'S
CHANTICLER
The Ultimate in Supper Clubs
Dinner and Supper Dancing nightly. (30 minutes from Manhattan, thru the Tunnel and over the new Skyway
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THE MAYFLOWER
ON CENTRAL PARK WEST
61st to 62nd Streets
One of New York's finest locations, facing Central Park . . . quiet, residential, yet just minutes from everywhere. Furnished 1-room apartments with serving pantry from $75 monthly. 2-room suites from $150 monthly . . . also moderate daily rates.
WALTER J. WEAVER, *Manager*

One too many?
SOBROSAL
PROMPTLY SOBERS EFFECTIVELY
A LIBERAL SUPPLY FOR $1 00
AT DRUG STORES, BARS OR
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JACQUIN'S
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SLOE GIN
FAMOUS SINCE 1884

News extracts from the columns of the New York Herald Tribune—a morning newspaper known throughout the country (and abroad) for the conciseness, accuracy and color of its reports of . . .

PEOPLE . . . and Things

Zoo Dietitian

Anthony Sclafani, who likes to strut along Fifth Avenue in a bathing suit in fair weather and foul, likes also to apply his ideas on animal diet *in persona.* One midnight he was caught feeding lettuce and carrots to the Central Park zebras. The court threatened jail—but Anthony was only heartened the more . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

Sclafani volunteered to sleep any night with any animal in the zoo, unarmed and without even a pole or a chair for protection. He dared any keeper to do the same.

"You just have to talk to the animals on the right subjects so they will understand," he explained. "All the animals know me when I come around and talk to me in their own languages asking for food. The buffalo blows through his nostrils to attract my attention. The monkeys call me when I pass by and take the food gracefully from my hands and eat like children, but very greedily. Rosie the hippopotamus complains loudly if I pass by without feeding her. And the bears—ah, they kiss me when I feed them. And I scratch their heads and their stomachs. All the animals know me."

Herald Tribune photo

Sclafani, who gets up early every morning to pick mulberries for his pets, suggested that if the Department of Parks wanted something to do, it should stop men from annoying women who walked in the park with their dogs.

* * *

$100 Waiter's Tip

Jack Dempsey stood at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Fiftieth Street and fired a gun. Whereupon forty-two waiters, each bearing a tray, two glasses and a bottle of whiskey, tore around the block for the first New York Tray Race Trophy—a $100 prize. Aladar Retek, organizer of the waiters' union, was just finishing reading off final instructions . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

"If you monkey vid de glasses, it is de end—see? Disqualified! Quick! Out! De trays must be carried in unly vun hand, unly vun hand—on de palm."

With that, George Ott, maitre d'hotel at Dempsey's appeared. Expertly, he took a tray, placing one thumb over the edge, and pronounced; "Boys, this the way to hold a tray, with your thumb over, see?"

"Please, Mr. Ott," Mr. Retek put in, with visible efforts at self-restraint, "trays must be carried unly on de palm."

'With the thumb over," Mr. Ott replied, firmly.

"Please, Mr. Ott, you and me should fight on a day like this! It's on de palm."

"You're telling me how a tray should be carried and I'm in the business now thirty years?" Mr. Ott was indignant. "Thumb over, please, Mr. Retek."

It developed after the race that none of the judges had kept a record of the winners, so that no prize money could be given out. Mr. Dempsey had departed.

Ironic Pentameter

The President, fresh from sleeping over the previous afternoon's House defeat of the Utility Holding Company death sentence, began his morning press conference with a one-man filibuster. He knew what was coming . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

Telling his audience to stop him if they got tired, Mr. Roosevelt began reading such items as a two-room annex school supplying twenty-six man-months of work, a one-room Negro school, a community house, an athletic stadium to cost $1,065 and similar items.

"Tired, Mr. President," some one shouted from the back of the room. The President kept on reading.

"Still tired," the interlocutor shouted again. The President kept on reading.

"Exhausted," came the interruption once more.

The President finally looked up, smiled and asked if the audience had had enough. There was an emphatic affirmative chorus.

Then came the question at last as to the House vote on the utility bill in rejection of the Administration's Senate bill yesterday. The President's cryptic answer was a quotation from Southey's "Battle of Blenheim":

> "Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
> "But 'twas a famous victory."

Herald Tribune photo_ Acme

The two lines preceding, which apparently figured in the President's mind, run:

> "But what good came of it at last?"
> Quoth little Peterkin.

* * *

Peacock's Parade

Jesse Owens, colored track miracle from Ohio State, went out to Lincoln, Neb., to the National A. A. U. Championships, right on the crest of his greatest triumph of a triumphant year. Along came Eulace Peacock from Temple University, another negro—to break the world's 100-metre figure, dethrone the speed kings, outrun the favorites, and wind up the afternoon with a new world's broad jump record. How did it happen?

(From the Herald Tribune)

"The last thing the coach told me was to be relaxed, and so I was relaxed. That's all I thought about," remarked Peacock. He doesn't worry any about records. Ogden has seen to that. He didn't worry about his rivals. He broke on top at the start and went straight for the tape with his powerful pistonlike strides, snapping each leg out ahead of him to get a pull and push action as Ogden had taught him. This characteristic Peacock stride, which isn't common, adds inches to every stride with no additional expenditure of effort and accounts for his sprint success. It is Ogden's idea.

Herald Tribune photo_ Acme

Ogden, a University of Pennsylvania graduate who was a classmate of Ted Meredith, has made a deep study of the mechanics of his sport. He coaches Temple as a sideline. He teaches physical education at Gratz High School, Philadelphia, and has been coaching for fifteen years. He finds Peacock an apt student and easy to coach. As Gilbert remarked: "Great sprinters and jumpers are born; all you can do is improve them."

* * *

Empire's Fall

The "Ford of France", Andre Citroen, who spelt his name on the Eiffel Tower as easily as he wrote it in tractor tracks across the Sahara—died last month—his business completely gone from his control. Some recalled how M. Citroen behaved when the Depression hit. Instead of following traditional French thrift, the engineer-financier thought he'd gamble-it-through . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

He remodeled his factories and announced a new model. He spent 20,000,000 francs (then $800,000) on a showroom in Brussels, where customs law permitted him to sell only 1,000 cars a year. At Lyons he built a five-story building, covering ten acres, and advertised it as "the largest and most modern service station in the world."

In 1932, 21,000 of his 31,000 employees went on strike in protest against an announced pay cut. M. Citroen locked out the strikers. Sabotage ensued. Three weeks later an agreement was reached and the strikers returned to work.

There were rumors that Citroen engineers had met difficulty in perfecting his widely advertised forthcoming model. Undismayed by the whispering campaign and the drop in his stock, M. Citroen continued to shout the virtues of the new car—to praise its front wheel drive, "floating motor," knee-action wheels, hydraulic brakes, and all-steel, one-piece coachwork.

Herald Tribune Photo_Acme

It was a race between the new model and bankruptcy. The creditors won.

To the world it was announced that the firm was not in a state of bankruptcy but in a condition of "judicial liquidation." To M. Citroen, however, it was the same thing, for he was devoid of power.

(*Advertisement*)

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

The editor of Esquire is up in Michigan tossing off his second novel, *Happily Forever After*, and not giving a damn about the magazine. Well, somebody has to write the *Backstage*, so here we are, keeping on keeping on, while Chicago (and probably our contributors) burns.

•

Having ironed out his critics in the last issue, **Ernest Hemingway** now turns to more important matters, namely *Notes on the Next War*, which appears on page 19.

•

Some of you may remember **Theodore Dreiser** as the bright young script writer who's been showing such promise out in Hollywood. Sylvia Sidney played in two of his pictures, *American Tragedy* and *Jennie Gerhardt*, remember? We've heard on good authority that this young fellow stands an excellent chance of making a name for himself out there. Good boy, Theodore.

•

Now we're really hitting our stride. Here are a lot of biographies, all written out, ready to be copied. And how we can copy! Looks as if we might have time for a couple of beers, after all:

•

Norman Matson is the author of *Flecker's Magic, Day of Fortune, Dr. Fogg*, and a book telling of his experience on a windjammer, *The Log of the Coriolanus.* He was co-author with Susan Glaspell of the play, *The Comic Artist*, produced in 1933. He started newspaper work in San Francisco, was European correspondent during the years following the war, and is now working on a novel and a play.

•

Mark Carlson was born in New York City thirty-four years ago. He is married and has three children. He has dabbled in radio, editorial work and music, but his chief interest since childhood has been writing fiction and verse. He has published both prose and verse in quality and popular magazines and is now at work on a novel.

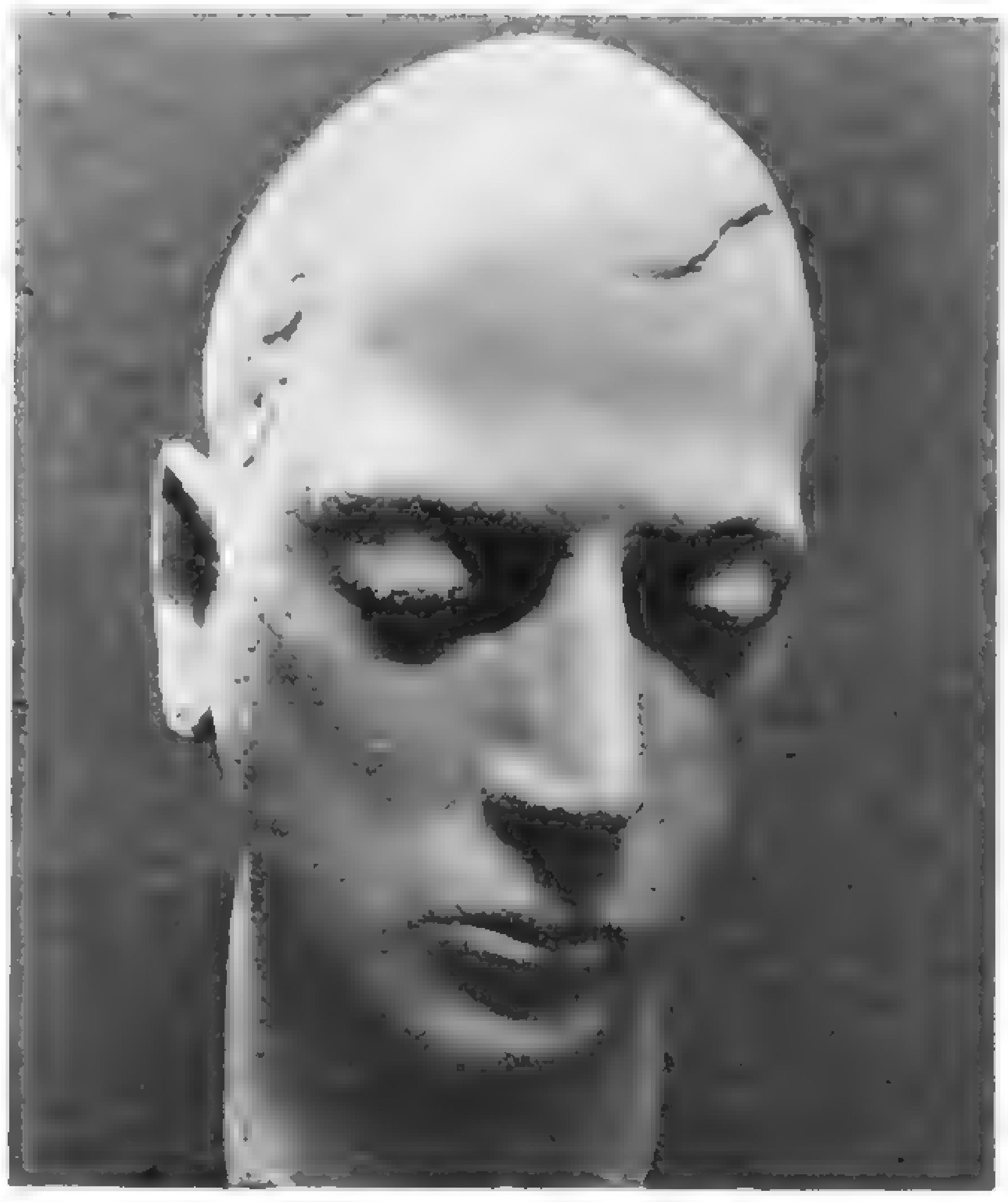
•

Amram Scheinfeld has been active in newspaper and syndicate fields for the past fifteen years. He has also written articles and stories for various magazines, and writes the lines for a nationally syndicated comic strip (under an alias). He was born in Kentucky, reared in Wisconsin, studied art in Paris, lives in New York and spends a good deal of his time explaining that his first name is not a college yell but derived from the Bible (Exodus 6:20).

•

All we can tell you offhand about **Henry Morton Robinson** is that he insists upon being called Henry Morton Robinson, or if not Henry Morton Robinson, then H. M. Robinson. If anyone calls him Henry M. Robinson, he gets pretty wild. (Printers please note.) Tactless errors like this are occasionally made by our printers, but never by the editorial staff. We do careful, painstaking work, and rather remind ourselves of those people who weave Oriental rugs. Often we spend whole months just polishing up one paragraph. The traditions of generations are behind us, you see. For instance, one of our proofreaders traces his ancestry back to fifteen generations of proofreaders, none of whom ever made a single error, as far as he knows.

Henry Morton Robinson



TERRA COTTA BY RHYS CAPARN

Johannes Steel

Johannes Steel, tall, blond and less than thirty, has had great success in the business of prophecy, having guessed—or calculated—correctly as to Hitler's 'purge' and Dolfuss' fall and Schacht's elevation to industrial Czardom. He has attracted wide attention because of these accurate forecasts of international developments published in *The New York Post* and *The Philadelphia Record.* He was educated at Heidelberg, Geneva and Oxford. Formerly attached to the German Minister of Economics as Economics Observer Abroad, he has travelled in Russia, China, Japan, all of Europe and South America as well as North America and has contributed to *The Nation, Current History, Today*, and *Contemporary Review.* He is the author of *Hitler as Frankenstein, Economic Possibilities in South America* and *The Second World War.* He is Foreign Editor for *The New York Evening Post.*

•

Clark Shaughnessy is the football coach at the University of Chicago. He was formerly coach at Tulane. His next article will further develop his idea that football is undergoing a basic change. It will deal primarily with the relations between the coach and the team.

•

Francis Brett-Young was born in 1884, brought up in Worcestershire, England, and educated at Epsom College and Birmingham University. His profession was medicine. For two years he traveled in the Far East as a ship's doctor visiting Korea, Japan and China. Upon his return he married Jessie Hankinson of Avechurch, whom he had known in his student days. It is not generally known that Mr. Young is a composer and that he has written music for the *Songs of Robert Bridges.* He settled down in 1908 as a medical practitioner and novelist. His early works did not have much success. In 1915 he joined the Royal Army Medical Corps, and went to East Africa where he took part in the first invasions of German East Africa. He was soon taken ill with malaria and forced to leave active service. Among his books are: *Deep Sea, Five Degrees South*, and *This Little World.*

•

Dr. Maxwell Maltz has specialized in plastic surgery ever since his graduation from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, and was formerly President of The American Society of Plastic Surgeons.

•

C. S. Forester was born in 1899, at Cairo, Egypt, where his father was in government service. He spent several years of his childhood in the East. He studied medicine at Guy's Hospital, but medicine did not particularly appeal to him. At twenty he was contributing verse to periodicals, and soon decided to abandon medicine altogether. His first successful novel was *Payment Deferred*, written at the age of twenty-four, and subsequently dramatized with Charles Laughton in the leading part, and later produced by Metro Goldwyn Mayer with Laughton again playing the lead. He has also written *Love Lies Dreaming, The Gun, Death to the French*, and *The Peacemaker.* Mr. Forester lives in London, with his wife, Kathleen, and his two sons.

Robert Coates, author of *A Suit of Clothes*, on page 40, is a loyal son of Eli. After graduation, he lived abroad for five years, later in New York, and finally moved to Gaylordsville, Connecticut, although he sometimes wonders why. He has written two novels, *The Eater of Darkness*, and *Yesterday's Burdens*, and a book of social history, *The Outlaw Years.* He is married to Elsa Kirpal, sculptress, and has one child. He is writing another novel.

•

Michael Fessier, we probably need not repeat, is one of those Esquire discoveries who have made good. His *Over the Hill* on page 58, will not remind you of Grandmother's house on Thanksgiving, but will leave a lasting impression, we promise you.

•

Rube Goldberg is the creator of *Foolish Questions, I'm the Guy, Mike and Ike, Boob McNutt* and *Inventions of Professor Butts.* He attributes his social prestige to friendships with Jack Johnson, Bull Montana, Tammany Young and One-eyed Connolly.

•

Jay Franklin Carter, who wrote *Running the Country* on page 43, has served in diplomatic posts in Rome and Constantinople, and has written many books and articles under a variety of names.

•

Julian Lee Rayford lays claim to the title of the most widely unknown poet in America (just another rabbit). His poems have appeared six times in ten years. He is writing a book on American mythology to be called *New Gods for America* and a ballet, called *Glory Hallelooya.*

•

Parke Cummings says that he is just such a rabbit as his story describes. He was graduated from Harvard in 1925, and has been a freelance ever since, excepting for brief editorial jobs. He has had occasional success with radio scripts, and none whatsoever with short stories. He would like to bet that, for the number of magazines he has been in, he has less reputation than anybody you could name.

•

Fred S. Tobey, who is perfectly normal excepting for his cafeteria complex (see page 61) had ambitions of being an electrical engineer, and can still recite the definition of the International Ampere. (We never had any particular ambitions, but we can and will name the enzymes in the pancreatic juice at the drop of a hat.) He was born in Boston in 1908, and now lives in Milton, a leafy suburb where automobile insurance rates are much lower. He has made automobile accessories and beer in his cellar (the former for national consumption).

•

Discovery of the Month for this issue is **D'Arcy McNickle**, author of *Meat for God*, on page 86. He was born in 1904, on Flathead Indian Reservation in Montana, of Irish and French-Canadian (with Indian cross) parentage. He was educated in a government Indian school, public schools, and the University of Montana. Later he studied in England and France, and at Columbia University. Since 1926 he has lived in New York, working on encyclopedias, reading manuscripts, etc. *Meat for God* is his first published story. He is now writing a novel.

D'Arcy McNickle

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THE COOL, AIR-CONDITIONED
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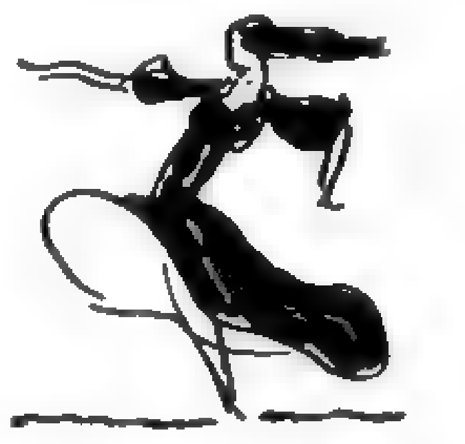
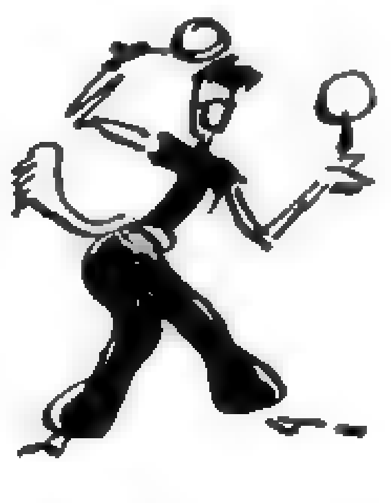
At the Normandie it's all aboard for smörgasbord. Formerly a mere native affair where certain Yacht Club Boys lifted their mits in song, this Central Park South establishment has gone sumptuously Scandihoovian to the tune of performing fountains and a fifty-dish hors d'oeuvre exhibit. Incidental dance music by Ralph Chigrinsky and lads. . . . Meanwhile in the mystic East (55th St.) the Kungsholm, deep-rooted dispensary of Svensk appeal, packs 'em in its garden under blue-and-white umbrellas illumined with individual dome lights. . . . At the Central Park Casino maestro Leo Reisman and patrons are preserved under water: it trickles o'er the roof gelidly. . . . No need of cooling the nymphs muraled by Howard Chandler Christie around the Barroom in the Hotel des Artistes, 67th Street and Central Park West. The sweet posie whose chassis inspired the anatomy is generally on hand in the evenings, proving that it isn't all done by mirrors. . . . When Newporters date up Southamptoners in town it's apt to be the Persian Room at the Plaza. . . . Or, for a quiet tête-à-tête, the Mayfair Room (Park Ave. at 65th). . . . For that matter, the Pierre Roof, with Joe Moss' orchestra and an outdoor terrace 41 stories above the common herd, isn't so acidulous.

Much colorful ado is about to pop loose at El Chico, (Sheridan Square) with the arrival of a cyclonic skirt-swisher from Seville, by the name of Pilar Calvo, reputed to be one of Spain's three fetchingest. Luiz Maravilla will frenzy his guitar, Consuelo Moreno will emit Andalusian torch songs, and Maria del Carmen will swirl regardless. . . . In the blonde contingent there's quite a discovery, named Joan Cartier, now singing in the Green Room of the Hotel Edison. She's young, but your earnest scout can't think of anything she hasn't got. Even so, one manages to be aware of Michael Tree's orchestra and Gene Castor's dittyfying trio. . . . At Leon & Eddie's (West 52nd) if the moon peaks in through the yawn in the roof it's to have a look at that new copper-haired gel doing her dance à la torso-and-so.



Out where the West begins, in Millburn, N. J. (just this side of Summit), a place called the Chanticleer has its yard nightly embeetled with motor cars from all over. That's because it offers the artful Gus Steck and orchestra playing in a capacious dining room, plus two smartly equipped bars (you can alternate if you wish) and a luncheon or supper veranda commanding the lawn. Socially it's the cream-skimmer of four counties. . . . Persons who like their deck tennis and shuffleboard in a rose garden unencumbered with spindrift can enjoy same at the Stagecoach Inn (Locust Valley, Long Island) where quaintness includes ye-oldery no end.

Overlooking the countryside from its intown location 64 flights up, the Rainbow Room, though still unique, is no longer the novelty it used to be. Nor does it *need* to be. People go there because of the eminent agreeableness of the place—the glamor, the smart orchestras, the food. You'll see transients from the provinces getting their bask of éclat, but the regulars outnumber them; for this spot has definitely been taken over. Cosmopolitan to the extent of maestro Ray Noble (simply frightfully British) and his dancing compatriots, Jack Holland and June Hart (swell!) and Ramon Ramos the Argentine rhumba-maker and Hungarian pianist Teri Josefovits, the Rainbow Room is New York's pet dazzle institute. . . . Abaft the "Room" lurks the "Grill"—less dressy and more happy-go-lucky, with pepful dance music by Val Olman and company. The Meadow Brook Boys (3) sing nifties, and Marie de Ville is the good-looking contralto of the occasion. . . . Eager to top the universe, the Biltmore Moonlit Terrace, already in possession of Gasparre's orchestra, and Zatour's tango band, plus dancers Florence and Alvarez, has acquired Morton Downey. In person. And *quite* a person.



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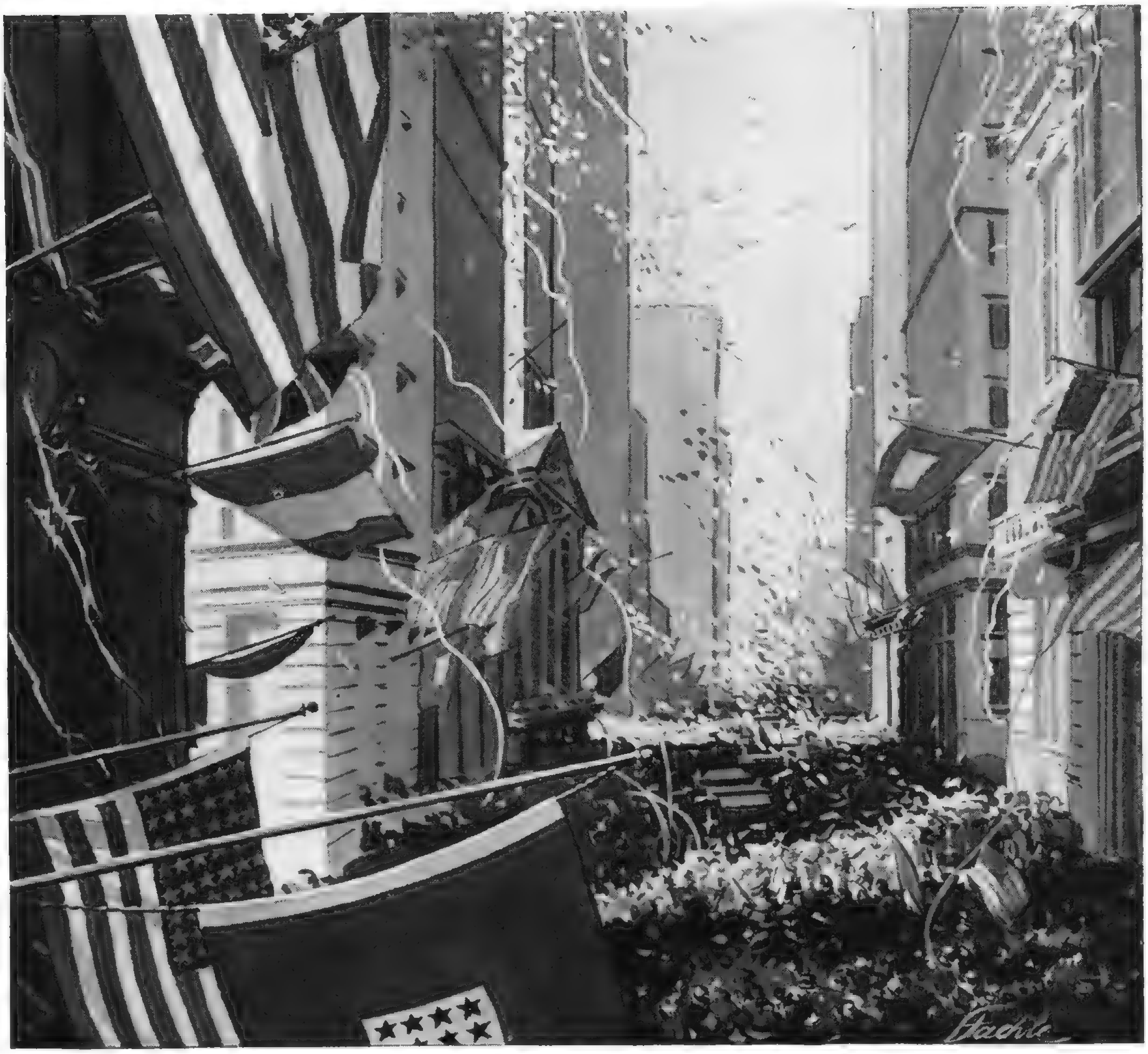

HURRAY FOR WHAT?

The war is over?

Is it over, Mother?—No, your son was killed.

Is it over, little girl with the big blue eyes?—No, your daddy was killed.

Is it over, soldier?—No, you lost a leg.

Is it over, laborer with the horny hands?—No. You, and your children, and *their* children, and THEIR children must lay out their hard-earned dollars in taxes to pay for it!

So why do we cheer?

Only the fighting is over. Hearts will go on aching. And men will walk on crutches. And laborers will work and work, and pay and pay—for years. For years, and years, and years.

Let's not have another war.

What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness".

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Notes on the Next War

A serious topical letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

NOT this August, nor this September; you have this year to do in what you like. Not next August, nor next September; that is still too soon; they are still too prosperous from the way things pick up when armament factories start at near capacity; they never fight as long as money can still be made without. So you can fish that summer and shoot that fall or do whatever you do, go home at nights, sleep with your wife, go to the ball game, make a bet, take a drink when you want to, or enjoy whatever liberties are left for anyone who has a dollar or a dime. But the year after that or the year after that they fight. Then what happens to you?

First you make a lot of money; maybe. There is a chance now that you make nothing; that it will be the government that makes it all. That is what, in the last analysis, taking the profits out of war means. If you are on relief you will be drafted into this great profitless work and you will be a slave from that day.

If there is a general European war we will be brought in if propaganda (think of how the radio will be used for this), greed, and the desire to increase the impaired health of the state can swing us in. Every move that is made now to deprive the people of their decision on all matters through their elected representatives and to delegate those powers to the executive brings us that much nearer war.

It removes the only possible check. No one man nor group of men incapable of fighting or exempt from fighting should in any way be given the power, no matter how gradually it is given them, to put this country or any country into war.

The first panacea for a mismanaged nation is inflation of the currency; the second is war. Both bring a temporary prosperity; both bring a permanent ruin. But both are the refuge of political and economic opportunists.

No European country is our friend nor has been since the last war and no country but one's own is worth fighting for. Never again should this country be put into a European war through mistaken idealism, through propaganda, through the desire to back our creditors, or through the wish of anyone through war, notoriously the health of the state, to make a going concern out of a mismanaged one.

Now let us examine the present set-up and see what chance there is of avoiding war.

No nations, anymore, pay their debts. There is no longer even a pretense of honesty between nations or of the nation toward the individual. Finland pays us still; but she is a new country and will learn better. We were a new country once and we learned better. Now when a country does not pay its debts you cannot take its word on anything. So we may discard any treaties or declarations of intentions by any countries which do not coincide completely and entirely with the immediate and most cynical national aims of those countries.

A few years ago, in the late summer, Italy and France mobilized along their border to fight over Italy's desire for colonial expansion in North Africa. All references to this mobilization were censored out of cables and radiograms. Correspondents who mentioned it in mailed stories were threatened with expulsion. That difference has now been settled by Mussolini's shift of ambition to East Africa where he has obviously made a deal with the French to abandon his North African plans in return for France allowing him to make war on a free sovereign state under the protection of membership in the League of Nations.

Italy is a country of patriots and whenever things are going badly at home, business bad, oppression and taxation too great, Mussolini has only to rattle the saber against a foreign country to make his patriots forget their dissatisfaction at home in their flaming zeal to be at the throats of the enemy. By the same system, early in his rule, when his personal popularity waned and the opposition was strengthening, an attempted assassination of the Duce would be arranged which would put the populace in such a frenzy of hysterical love for their nearly lost leader that they would stand for anything and patriotically vote the utmost repressive measures against the opposition.

Mussolini plays on their admirable patriotic hysteria as a violinist on his instrument but when France and Jugo-Slavia were the possible enemy he could never really give them the full Paganini because he did not want war with those countries; only the threat of war. He still remembers Caporetto, where Italy lost 320,000 men in killed, wounded and missing, of which amount 265,000 were missing, although he has trained a generation of young Italians who believe Italy to be an invincible military power.

Now he is setting out to make war on a feudal country, whose soldiers fight barefooted and with the formations of the desert and the middle ages; he plans to use planes against a people who have none and machine guns, flame projectors, gas, and modern artillery against bows and arrows, spears, and native cavalry armed with carbines. Certainly the stage is as nearly set as it ever can be for an Italian victory and such a victory as will keep Italians' minds off things at home for a long time. The only flaw is that Abyssinia has a small nucleus of trained, well armed troops.

France is glad to see him fight. In the first place anyone who fights may be beaten; Italy's Black Caporetto, her second greatest military debacle, was administered by these same Ethiopians at Adowa when fourteen thousand Italian troops were killed or driven from the field by a force which Mussolini now describes as 100,000 Ethiopians. Certainly it is unfair to ask fourteen thousand troops to fight one hundred thousand but the essence of war is not to confront your force of fourteen thousand with a hundred thousand of anything. Actually the Italians lost more than 4500 white and 2000 native troops, killed and wounded. Sixteen hundred Italians were taken prisoners. The Abyssinians admitted losing 3000 men.

The French remember Adowa and less possibly though more recently, Baer and Braddock (who knows but what Owney Madden may have bought a piece of the Ethiopians?), and they know that anybody who fights may be beaten. Dysentery, fever, the sun, bad transport, many things can defeat an army. There are also a number of tropical diseases which can only become epidemic when given the opportunity afforded by an invading army of men unused to the climate and possessing no immunity against them. Anyone who fights near the equator can be beaten by the mere difficulty of keeping an army in the field.

Then France feels that if Italy wins or loses, the war will cost her so much that she will be in no position to make trouble in Europe. Italy has never been a serious problem unless she has allies, because she has no coal and no iron. No nation can make war without coal and iron. Lately Italy has tried to overcome this by building up an enormous air-force and it is her air-force that makes her the threat she is in Europe today.

Continued at top of page 156

The Bitter Drink

History and story of Thorstein Veblen whose slow acid is still biting into our economic walls

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

• ARTICLE •

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*As in the case of all signed articles appearing in* ESQUIRE, *the ideas expressed in the following are those of the author and are not necessarily shared, simply because of their appearance here, by the magazine itself. We delay the game to mention this because we are a little tired of being taken to task to defend all extremes of political, economic, social, racial, religious, and moral opinion that enliven our pages. Capitalists and communists and all the ists between are interested in Veblen's ideas today. That's our only point in asking Mr. Dos Passos to discuss him. As professing capitalists, not to say practicing ones, we must in this passive manner disagree with many of his conclusions, but we actively insist upon his right to draw them.*

VEBLEN,

a grey-faced shambling man lolling resentful at his desk with his cheek on his hand, in a low sarcastic mumble of intricate phrases subtly paying out the logical inescapable rope of matteroffact for a society to hang itself by,

dissecting out the century with a scalpel so keen, so comical, so exact that the professors and students ninetenths of the time didn't know it was there, and the magnates and the respected windbags and the applaudedloudspeakersneverknewitwasthere.

Veblen

asked too many questions, suffered from a constitutional inability to say yes.

Socrates asked questions, drank down the bitter drink one night when the first cock crowed,

but Veblen

drank it in little sips through a long life in the stuffiness of classrooms, the dust of libraries, the staleness of cheap flats such as a poor instructor can afford. He fought the boys all right, pedantry, routine, timeservers at office desks, trustees, collegepresidents, the plump flunkies of the ruling businessmen, all the good jobs kept for yesmen, never enough money, every broadening hope thwarted. Veblen drank the bitter drink all right.

The Veblens were a family of freeholding farmers.

The freeholders of the narrow Norwegian valleys were a stubborn hardworking people, farmers, dairymen, fishermen, rooted in their fathers' stony fields, in their old timbered farmsteads with carved gables they took their names from, in the upland pastures where they grazed the stock in summer.

During the early nineteenth century the towns grew, Norway filled up with landless men, storekeepers, sheriffs, moneylenders, bailiffs, notaries in black with stiff collars and briefcases full of foreclosures under their arms. Industries were coming in. The townsmen were beginning to get profits out of the country and to finagle the farmers out of the freedom of their narrow farms.

The meanspirited submitted as tenants, daylaborers; but the strong men went out of the country

as their fathers had gone out of the country centuries before when Harald the Fairhaired and St. Olaf hacked to pieces the liberties of the northern men, who had been each man lord of his own creek, to make Christians and serfs of them,

only in the old days it was Iceland, Greenland, Vineland the northmen had sailed west to; now it was America.

Both Thorstein Veblen's father's people and his mother's people had lost their farmsteads and with them the names that denoted them free men.

Thomas Anderson for a while tried to make his living as a travelling carpenter and cabinetmaker, but in 1847 he and his wife, Kari Thorsteinsdatter, crossed in a whalingship from Bremen and went out to join friends in the Scandihoovian colonies round Milwaukee.

Next year his brother Haldor joined him.

They were hard workers; in another year they had saved up money to preëmpt a claim on 160 acres of uncleared land in Sheboygan County, Wisconsin; when they'd got that land part cleared they sold it and moved to an all-Norway colony in Manitowoc County, near Cato and a place named Valders after the valley they had all come from in the old country;

there in the house Thomas Anderson built with his own tools, the sixth of twelve children, Thorstein Veblen was born.

When Thorstein was eight years old, Thomas Anderson moved west again into the blacksoil prairies of Minnesota that the Sioux and the buffalo had only been driven off from a few years before. In the deed to the new farm Thomas Anderson took back the old farmstead name of Veblen.

He was a solid farmer, builder, a clever carpenter, the first man to import merino sheep, and a mechanical reaper and binder; he was a man of standing in the group of Norway people farming the edge of the prairie, who kept their dialects, the manner of life of their narrow Norway valleys, their Lutheran pastors, their homemade clothes and cheese and bread, their suspicion and stubborn dislike of townsmen's ways.

The townspeople were Yankees mostly, smart to make two dollars grow where a dollar grew before, storekeepers, middlemen, speculators, moneylenders, with long heads for politics and mortgages; they despised the Scandihoovian dirtfarmers they lived off, whose daughters did their wives' kitchenwork.

The Norway people believed as their fathers had believed that there were only two callings for an honest man, farming or preaching.

Thorstein grew up a hulking lad with a reputation for laziness and wit. He hated the irk of everrepeated backbreaking chores round the farm. Reading he was happy. Carpentering he liked or running farmmachinery. The Lutheran pastors who came to the house noticed that his supple mind slid easily round the corners of their theology. It was hard to get farmwork out of him, he had a stinging tongue and was famous for the funny names he called people; his father decided to make a preacher out of him.

When he was seventeen he was sent for out of the field where he was working. His bag was already packed. The horses were hitched up. He was being sent to Carleton Academy in Northfield, to prepare for Carleton College.

As there were several young Veblens to be educated their father built them a house on a lot near the campus. Their food and clothes were sent to them from the farm. Cash money was something they never saw.

Thorstein spoke English with an accent. He had a constitutional inability to say yes. His mind was formed on the Norse sagas and on the matteroffact sense of his father's farming and the exact needs of carpenterwork and threshingmachines.

He could never take much interest in the theology, sociology, economics of Carleton College where they were busy trimming down the jagged dogmas of the old New England Bibletaught traders to make stencils to hang on the walls of commissionmerchant's offices.

Veblen's college years were the years when Darwin's assertions of growth and becoming were breaking the set moulds of the Noah's Ark world,

when Ibsen's women were tearing down the portieres of the Victorian parlors and teaching their children to lift their eyebrows at cigar smoke and the countinghouse

and Marx's mighty machine was rigging the countinghouse's own logic to destroy the countinghouse.

When Veblen went home to the farm he talked about these things with his father, following him up and down at his plowing, starting an argument while they were waiting for a new load for the wheatthresher. Thomas Anderson had seen Norway and America; he had the squarebuilt mind of a carpenter and builder, and an understanding of tools and the treasured elaborated built up season by season knowledge of a careful farmer,

a tough whetstone for the sharpening steel of young Thorstein's wits.

At Carleton College young Veblen was considered a brilliant unsound eccentric; nobody could understand why a boy of such attainments wouldn't settle down to the business of the day, which was to buttress property and profits with anything usable in the débris of Christian ethics and eighteenth century economics that cluttered the minds of college professors, and to reinforce the sacred, already shaky edifice with the new strong girderwork of science Herbert Spencer was throwing up for the benefit of the bosses.

People complained they never knew whether Veblen was joking or serious.

In 1880 Thorstein Veblen started to try to make his living by teaching. A year in an academy at Madison, Wisconsin, wasn't much of a success. Next year he and his brother Andrew started graduate work at Johns Hopkins. Johns Hopkins didn't suit, but boarding in an old Baltimore house with some ruined gentlewoman gave him a disdaining glimpse of an etiquette motheaten now but handed down through the lavish leisure of the slaveowning planters' mansions straight from the merry England of the landlord cavaliers.

(The valley farmers had always been scornful of outlanders' ways).

He was more at home at Yale where in Noah Porter he found a New England roundhead granite against which his Norway granite rang in clear dissent. He took his Ph.D. there. But there was still some question as to what department of the academic world he could best make a living in.

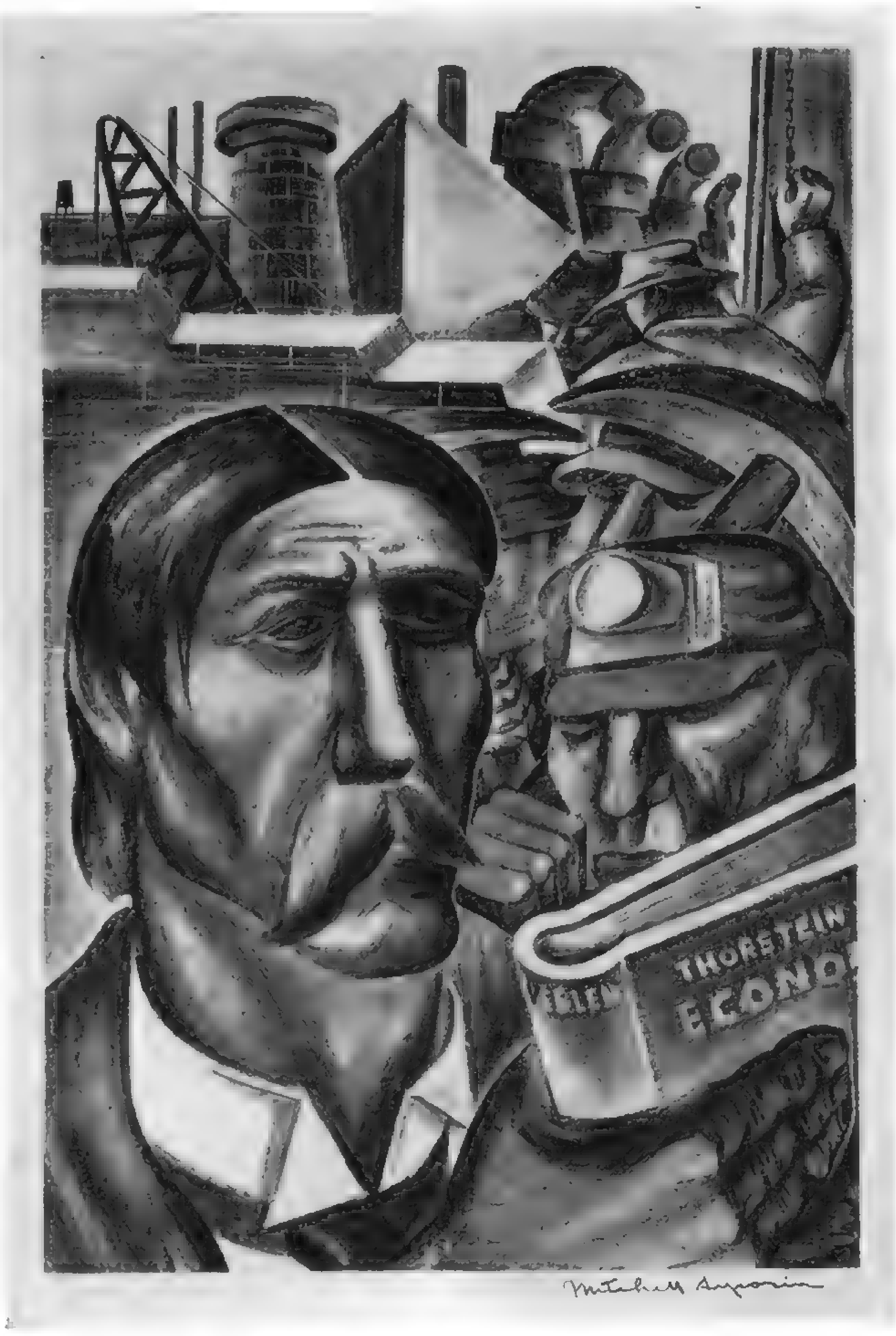
He read Kant and wrote prize essays. But he couldn't get a job. Try as he could he couldn't get his mouth round the essential yes.

He went back to Minnesota with a certain intolerant knowledge of the amenities of the higher learning. To his slight Norwegian accent he'd added the broad a.

At home he loafed about the farm and tinkered with inventions of new machinery and read and talked theology and philosophy with his father. In the Scandihoovian colonies the price of wheat and the belief in God and St. Olaf were going down together. The farmers of the northwest were starting their long losing fight against the parasite business men who were sucking them dry. There was a mortgage on the farm, interest on debts to pay, always fertilizer, new machines to buy to speed production to pump in a halfcentury the wealth out of the soil laid down in a million years of buffalograss. His brothers kept grumbling about this sardonic loafer who wouldn't earn his keep.

Back home he met again his college sweetheart, Ellen Rolfe, the niece of the president of Carleton College, a girl who had railroad magnates and money in the family. People in Northfield were shocked when it came out that she was going to marry the drawling pernicketty bookish badlydressed young Norwegian ne'erdowell.

Her family had a plan to get him a job as economist for the Santa Fe Railroad but at the wrong moment Ellen Rolfe's uncle lost control of the line. The young couple went to live at Stacyville where they did everything but earn a living. They read Latin and Greek and botanized in the woods and along the fences and in the roadside scrub. They boated on the river and Veblen started his translation of the Laxdaeler Saga. They read *Looking Backwards* and articles by Henry George. They looked at their world from the outside.



In '91 Veblen got together some money to go to Cornell to do postgraduate work. He turned up there in the office of the head of the Economics Department wearing a coonskin cap and grey corduroy trousers and said in his low sarcastic drawl "I am Thorstein Veblen,"

but it was not until several years later, after he was established at the new University of Chicago that had grown up next to the World's Fair, and had published *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, put on the map by Howell's famous review, that the world of the higher learning knew who Thorstein Veblen was.

Even in Chicago as the brilliant young economist he lived pioneerfashion. (The valleyfarmers had always been scornful of outlanders' ways.) He kept his books in packingcases laid on their sides along the walls. His only extravagances were the Russian cigarettes he smoked and the red sash he sometimes sported. He was a man without smalltalk. When he lectured he put his cheek on his hand and mumbled out his long spiral sentences, reiterative like the Edda. His language was a mixture of mechanics' terms, scientific latinity, slang and Roget's Thesaurus. The other profs couldn't imagine why the girls fell for him so.

The girls fell for him so that Ellen Rolfe kept leaving him. He'd take summer trips abroad without his wife. There was a scandal about a girl on an ocean liner.

Tongues wagged so (Veblen was a man who never explained, who never could get his mouth round the essential yes; the valleyfarmer had always been scornful of the outlanders' ways, and their opinions) that his wife left him and went off to live alone on a timber claim in Idaho and the president asked for his resignation.

Veblen went out to Idaho to get Ellen Rolfe to go with him to California when he succeeded in getting a job at a better salary at Leland Stanford, but in Palo Alto it was the same story as in Chicago. He suffered from woman trouble and the constitutional inability to say yes and an unnatural tendency to feel with the working class instead of with the profittakers. There were the same complaints that his courses were not constructive or attractive to big money bequests and didn't help his students to butter their bread, make Phi Beta Kappa, pick plums off the hierarchies of the academic grove. There was another scandal. His wife left him for good. He wrote to a friend: "The president doesn't approve of my domestic arrangements; nor do I."

Talking about it he once said "What is one to do if the woman moves in on you?"

He went back up to the shack in the Idaho woods.

Friends tried to get him an appointment to make studies in Crete, a chair at the University of Pekin, but always the boyg, routine, businessmen's flunkeys in all the university offices . . . for the questioner the bitter drink.

His friend Davenport got him an appointment at the University of Missouri. At Columbia he lived like a hermit in the basement of the Davenports' house, helped with the work round the place, carpentered himself a table and chairs. He was already a greyfaced bitter elderly man with a vandyke beard and yellow teeth. Few students could follow his courses. The college authorities were often surprised and somewhat chagrined, that when visitors came from Europe it was always Veblen they wanted to meet.

These were the years he did most of his writing, trying out his ideas on his students, writing slowly at night with violet ink with a pen of his own designing. Whenever he published a book he had to put up a guarantee with the publishers. In *The Theory of Business Enterprise*, *The Instinct of Workmanship*, *The Vested Interests and the Common Man*

he established a new diagram of a society
dominated by monopoly capital
etched in irony
the sabotage of production by business
the sabotage of life by blind need for

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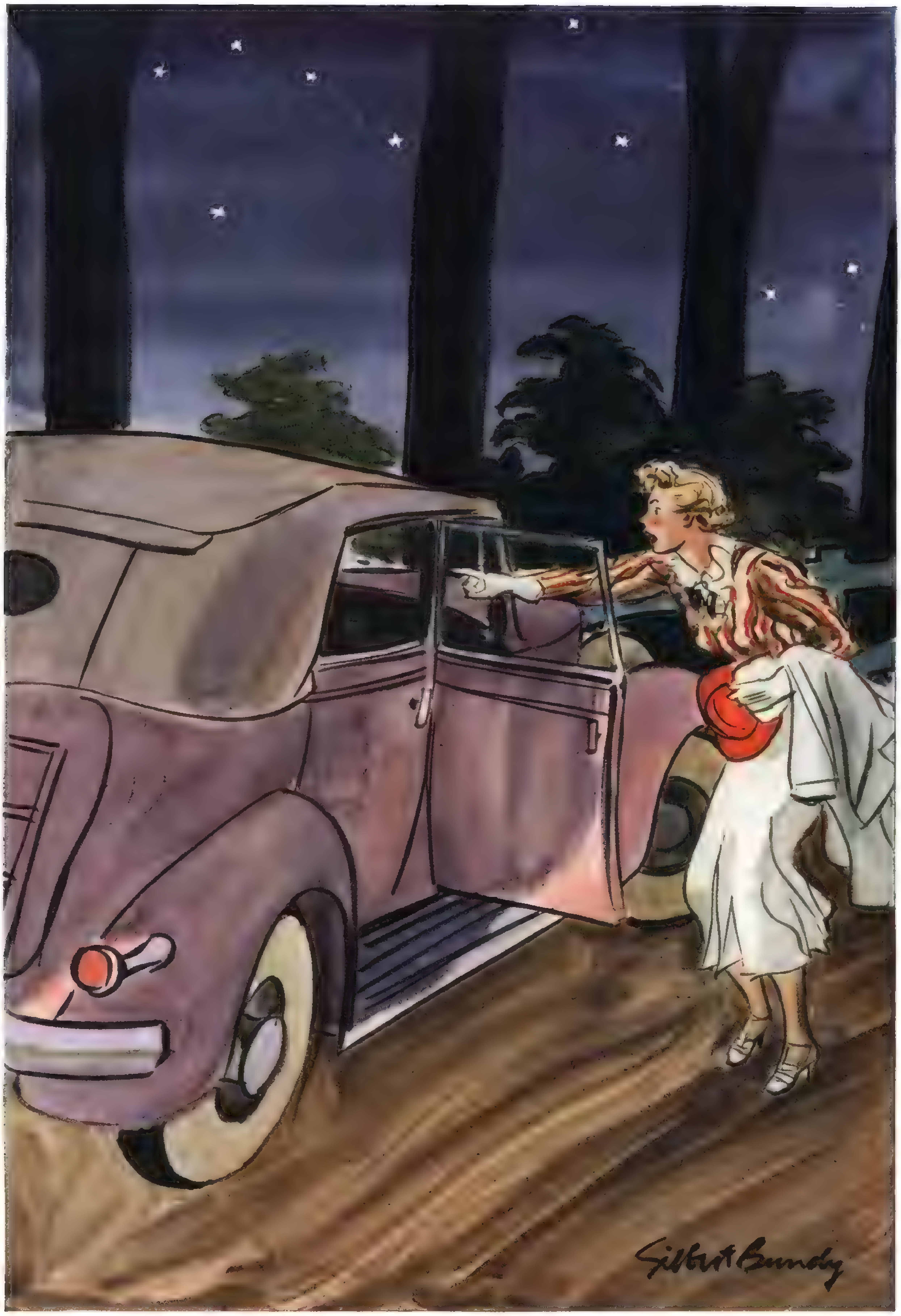
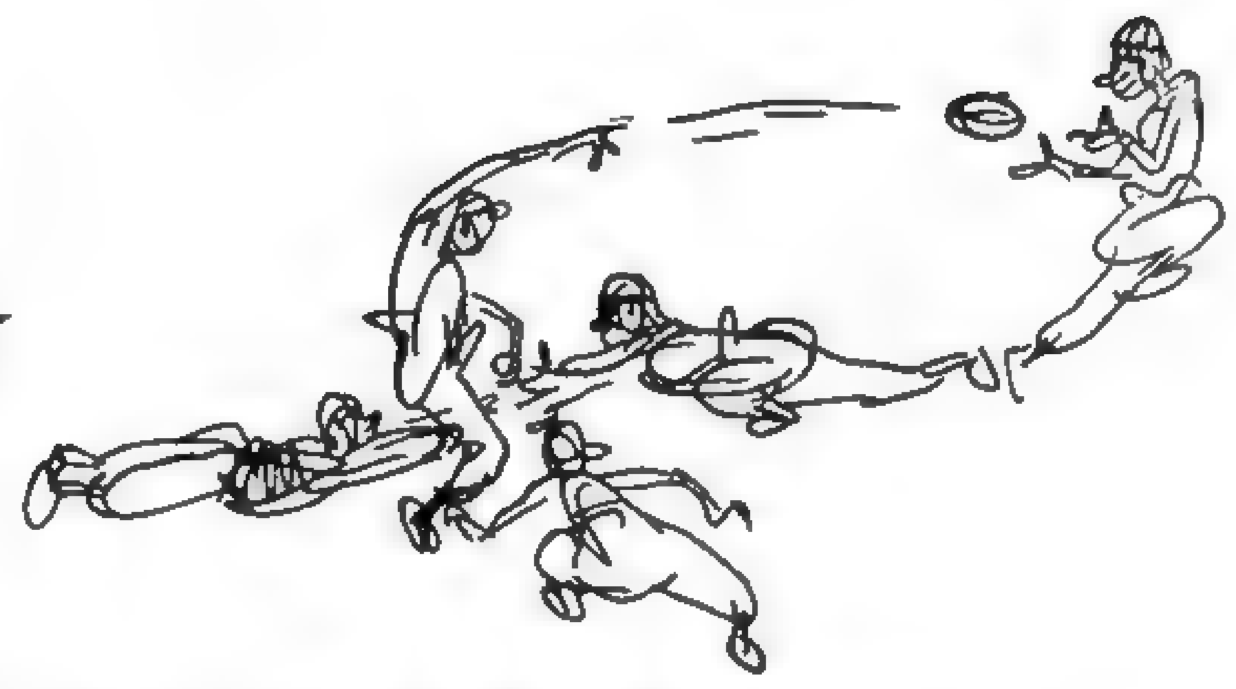

Gilbert Bundy

"You can lead a horse to water, Mr. Gerhart—"

The Era of Pitch and Catch

Passes to the right, passes to the left, forward and backward, and what has become of football



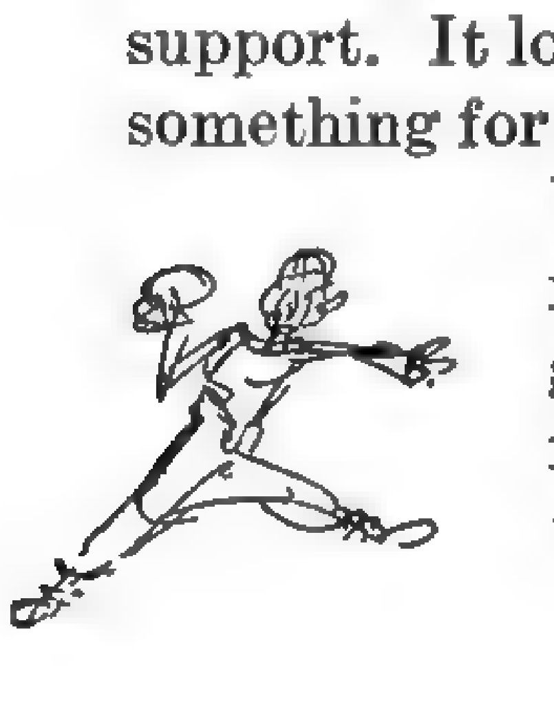
by CLARK SHAUGHNESSY

• SPORTS •

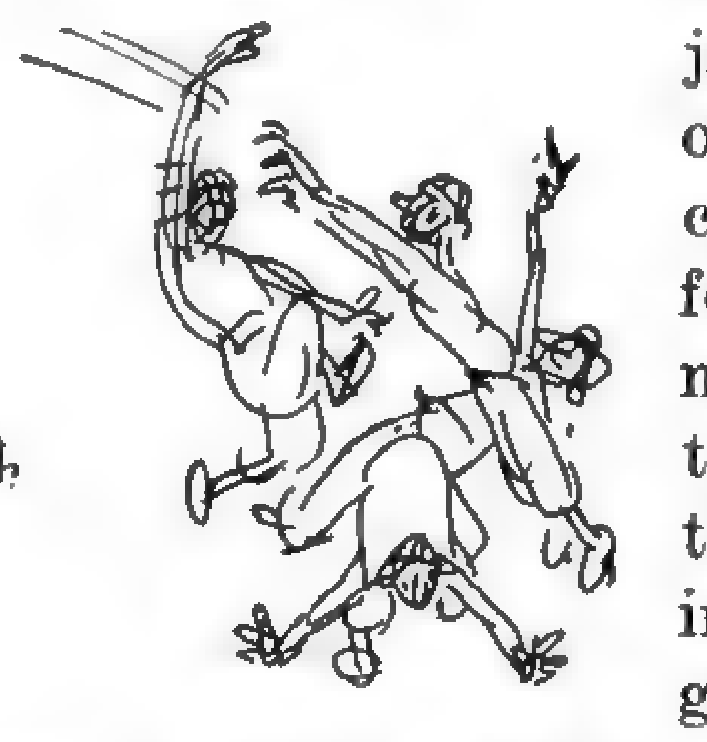
It has been quite some time since fashions in football have changed as much as they threaten to do this year. One wonders if there is not some danger that the whole complexion of this great American game might be changing. It is certainly true that the pendulum is swinging in the direction of throwing and catching the ball and away from kicking and carrying it. The basic ingredients of football have always been blocking, tackling and kicking. Blocking and tackling have always been highly regarded because of the great amount of personal contact they entailed. They developed strength, power, speed, courage, endurance of fatigue as well as of physical punishment. It was a rugged sport, required rugged physiques to play it and developed rugged physiques for those who had the grit to stay with it.

But this year, if we are to judge by the advance tips, our game will be sort of pitch and catch affair. To be sure there will be blocking and tackling but these prosaic fundamentals may have to give way to a new order of things which depends for success on deft ball handling. It may be that this new fad of throwing the pigskin all over the field at any and all times will go the way of all fads, into oblivion, but at this writing many claim that football has dolled herself up in a new garb and will never revert to the old.

Perhaps football, real football, is too tough for the modern young man. Perhaps the softening influences of our modern civilization have made football distasteful to him. We use automobiles to go everywhere—even just around the block, instead of our legs. Our legs just can't stand the gaff any more. Even in our games we are looking for a way out—an easier way. It is easier from the standpoint of physical wear and tear, to throw and catch the ball than it is to block and carry the old pigskin. Educators everywhere are decrying the tendency of our American people to take the easy way—instead of standing on our feet and fighting for the right to be independent and work out our own salvation. Political demagogues who promise the most for the least are actually getting our votes and our support. It looks like we all are looking for something for nothing. This pitch and catch ball game that we are getting into no doubt will be a great game but it is not football. It is getting away from the features of football that made our gridiron game great. This softening germ has all of a sudden become virulent. Whether the disease will become malignant or not time will only tell. It does seem, though, to be the trend of the times in everything.



Years ago when we had to make only five yards in a course of downs, football was pretty much of a push and pull affair with little thrill for the spectator, largely because he could not see much of what was going on, everything was so jammed up. Every so often since that time certain suggestions for making the game more interesting both to the spectator and the player have been incorporated in the game. The forward pass probably was the most revolutionary of these innovations and did more to preserve the game and make it the national pastime it is than any other one thing.

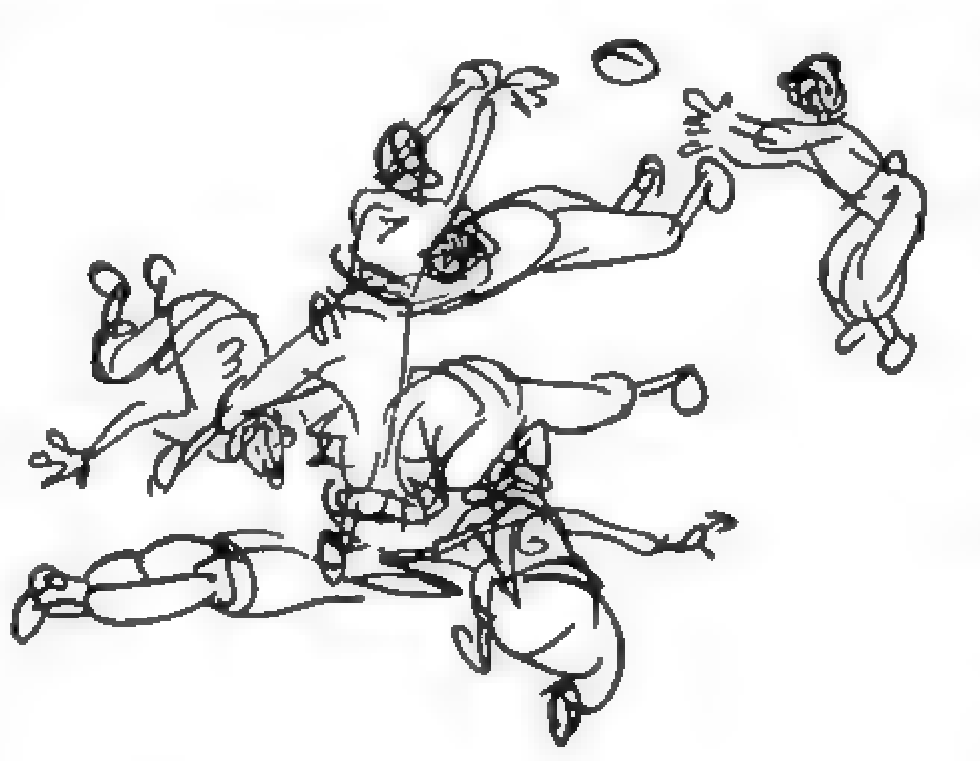


In the early days of the forward pass, along about 1908-09-10, very little was known of its possibilities as an offensive weapon. In fact hardly anyone knew how to throw the ball. Even the rules committee was in the dark, for they decreed that forward passes must not be thrown farther than twenty yards ahead of the line of scrimmage. This provision has long since been dropped but one of the most famous games of football would have been decided otherwise had the officials seen this game the way thousands in the grandstand saw it, particularly the Minnesota "Gang." This game between Michigan and Minnesota, played in 1910 at Ann Arbor, was decided by two forward passes, one following the other, in the closing two or three minutes of play. These passes put the ball on the Minnesota one yard line from which point the Michigan left end—Stan Wells—plunged over in the wake of the gigantic Albert Benbrook. Minnesota claimed that both these passes went farther than the allowed twenty yards ahead of the line of scrimmage and for that reason the Minnesota half back did not try to cover them, but the officials ruled otherwise. Then as now, it would have been wiser not to have depended too much upon the officials—sometimes they call fouls and sometimes they don't.

Fielding Yost, coach of this historic Michigan team, has stated many times that for sheer rugged power unleashed at each other those two teams will never be equalled. It was the first year of the celebrated Minnesota Shift. Minnesota had not been scored upon until that game. Their backfield consisting of McGovern, Johnston, Stevens and Rosenwald was one of the strongest ever assembled. Time after time Minnesota would carry the ball up the field but somehow before they could get it over the goal line Michigan would hold, get possession of the ball and kick it back down the field. Those great Gopher backs piled up hundreds of yards that day. Minnesota stopped Michigan's running game cold. All this wonderful work, however, was completely nullified by those two forward passes coming right at the close of the game. From that time on the forward pass assumed a position of major importance in football.

Another type of passing has been creeping into the game of late. Passes to team mates who were directly or obliquely behind the passer or on a line laterally with him have always been permitted but up until the time the rules committee removed most of the hazards of fumbled backward or lateral passes, no team tried them much. In 1929 to encourage the use of lateral passes it was finally decreed that in the case of fumbled backward or lateral passes the defensive team could only recover the ball—they could not run with it. The offensive team, however, was permitted not only to recover their own fumbled backwards and laterals but to run with them. Ever since that time many coaches who never used them before began using lateral pass plays, some with great success. This type of play is undoubtedly spectacular and has contributed greatly to the thrills and surprises of a lot of games during the last decade, especially since the fall of 1929.

One of the first coaches to use lateral passes tacked onto forward passes was Dr. Mike Bennett, the old Pennsylvania full back. The University of the South, better known as Sewanee, where Dr. Bennett was coach, played a game one Saturday afternoon in 1925 with the Texas Aggies at Dallas, Texas. Tulane University, where I was coach, had a game with Sewanee the following Saturday. In those days we did not have much money at Tulane and so did not send a scout to see this game. I bought a Dallas paper to get some idea of what took place and never will forget it. According to the paper, Sewanee made hundreds of yards against the powerful Aggies on some sort of a



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Overland Journey

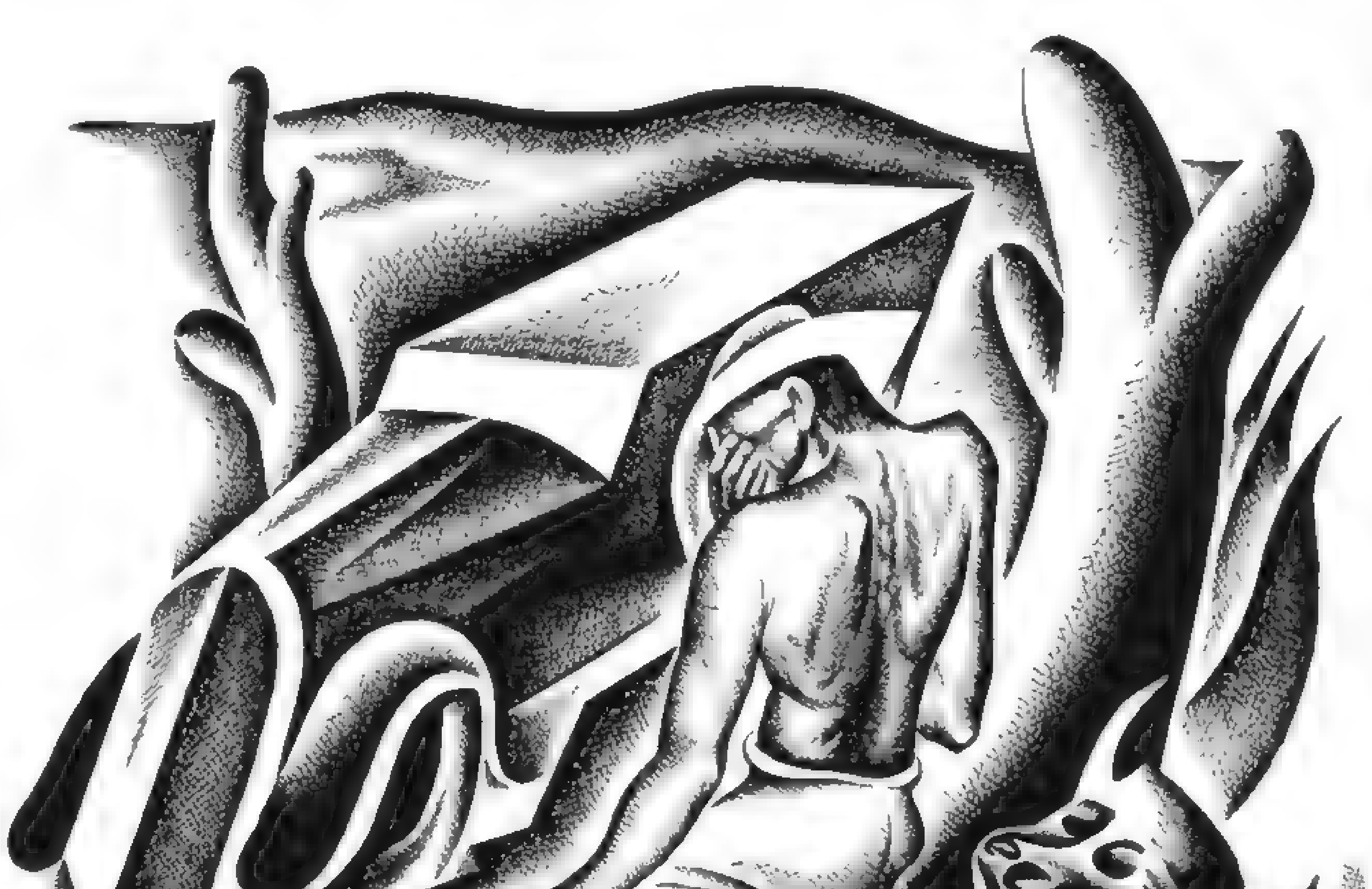
Thoughts on crossing the bleak areas of western America where the fear of loneliness lives

by THEODORE DREISER

• ARTICLE •

I AM ever arrested by the intense distaste of humanity for solitude, the fear of isolation, the yearning for companionship and in many cases for almost gluey contact. Some instinct, or better, all of its dominant instincts appear to forefend wherever possible against the sheer, bald aspects of the desert, the uninhabited mountains, the sweeps of sailless seas and the cold depths of space. Humanity, as anyone can see, prefers cities—the more crowded and congested the better. Its next acceptance is the small city or town but never heartily. Its third and really enforced condition, not choice, is the village, and its imprisonment is really the farm. The last is for the few, the ultimate few, mostly born to it and more likely than not—gripped and to a degree stultified by early training, poverty, inherited if meager possessions and sometimes by limited sensory responses. The rest are exceptions.

Nearly all travel books are full of protests against the bleakness of the depression of the waste places. I think of Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, of Isaiah's wildernesses and mountains, of Mary Austin's *The Land of Little Rain*. Actually the literature of Russia is infected and dominated by its vast, bleak steppes. All stories of the tropics are tense with the dread of the foodless, waterless jungles—and the isolation, often hunger and compelled savagery of their few inhabitants—the wild beasts, birds and insects.



Recently I crossed America in a car and in a hurry. All was well enough in the bland regions of the East with their cities, towns, villages, oil stations, road-side dog stands, smiling farms and herds of grazing cattle. Rarely a mile without houses, barns, farmers in the fields, the road-side store or eating place and women and children about the households or the schools. But, as one passed from Indiana into Illinois, Illinois into Iowa and Iowa into Nebraska without conscious thought there nevertheless descended on one moods—as well as senses of change—evoked by wider spaces, fewer houses, in many cases less substantial, less large and profitable farms.

There were to be sure, smaller towns and cities only not every ten or twenty miles. Not even every fifty miles. And by degrees (as to cities of any even moderate commercial import) not one in a hundred—two hundred—three hundred—finally not one in five hundred or a thousand miles. More, in such clustering little centers as were, the houses and stores seemed almost at last to hug each other in the hope of warmth, comfort, the bracing touch of close contact with one's fellows. One felt it in places like Hastings, Nebraska—Cheyenne, Wyoming—Laramie, Wyoming. Yet after and between these, nothing but huddles of oil stations with here and there about them a hut. And between these again, the lone, silent, flat or peaked reaches or spaces—the realms of the jack rabbit, the coyote, the snake, the lizard, the toad, the buzzard, the eagle, the carrion crow. Also amid these again, herds of range horses and sheep and cattle—permitted either because of the necessity or the greed of men, to wander here unattended and unguarded in the hope that they may still make a living and latterly, permit of seizure and sale for food or service—the most successful of the cattle to the abattoirs, the best of the horses to farm or for riding.

But the miserable lives of them here—nibbling in season at the thin, minute leaves of the sage brush—and those of the nearly grey, dusty chaparral—wandering lonely as clouds in herds of five, ten, fifteen yet spread far apart, their ribs plain even in good seasons, the bones of the departed ones showing white and by the lumped dozen or hundreds where at some time, by some failed stream or trapped in some snow pack or heat pit they ceased. You may see the traces of their tracks here and there—the bones of their struggle. And in between again, on some bare waste, the covered top and smoking chimney of some sheep herder's chuck wagon come to succor the occasional lonely herdsman or cattle rustler sent to gather and guide as many of such as may be fit to their dealer or service.

As for the human inhabitants of these areas, how few and far between—in the immense State of Wyoming—in all of Nevada—in immense Utah and in New Mexico, Idaho, Montana, the twin Dakotas. And how thoroughly justified the obvious huddling of such few inhabitants as there are. For either by reason of the poverty of the soil, the paucity of water, the intensity of the wind over the wide, flat spaces, the heat and dust of summers, the snows and colds of winter, men are none too willing to venture here alone. Rather they join to make these hamlets where still are no theatres, often no school, nor one single trans-continental highway. To be sure, Route 6. Route 30. Route 126. But each, miles and miles apart from the other and each threading solitary wastes of its own—over plains and plateaus and through the horny, iron inhospitable and quite savage teeth of mountains all too often salted with snow.

They await you, those mountains, across vast gaps of sage brush or sandy, pebbly soil, townless and waterless, yet with a deluding suggestion of nearness and at times beauty and even comfort that is no more than the illusion of distance. For, once reached, they offer you nothing save further wastes and desolation. Yet seen across even hundreds of miles, the thinness of the living between and around them, disguised by (toward evening) their dark, blue color and seeming peace, they lead one to expect something—homes, herds, sustenance. And between, one does meet an occasional sign pointing to some sheep, cattle or "dude" ranch, but always scores and sometimes hundreds of miles to the north or the south, seldom nearer. And as for animal life—or even travelling fellows in cars—one encounters mainly merely traces of the first and sometimes interesting flashes of the second as they speed East or West at sixty, seventy, even eighty miles an hour. And all plainly so eager to be done with all this—to be back in the towns and the great cities with their lights and crowds.

Little, lorn, selfish and savage men! How fearsome and how filled with the dread, even the horror of loneliness. Even in America where through these great spaces flash brilliantly lighted trans-continental flyers and almost richly caparisoned buses labeled Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, New Orleans, and where the immense, almost uninhabited distances still resound to the thunder of long freights, there remain the chill and the fear of loneliness, desolation, the danger of an unexpected and irremediable breakdown in the center of some long,

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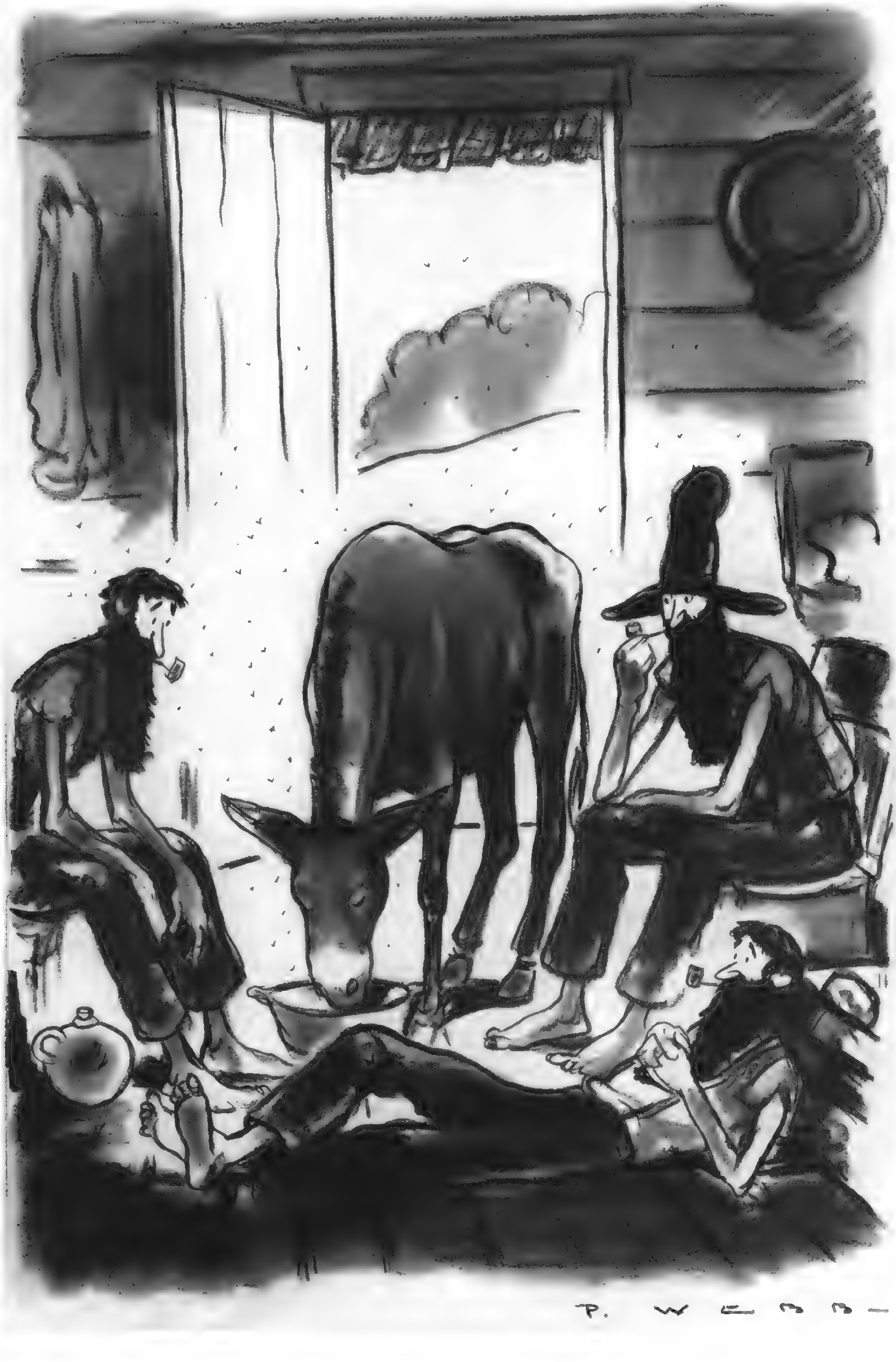

"Chase him out yerself, Jake—yer doin' all the fussin' bout the flies"

Pyrrhic Victory

Even in a struggle between two who love each other there can be no victory without death

by FREDERICK SCRIBNER

▪ FICTION ▪

It was a very warm, very shining Sunday morning in June. Harry Burnham sat in the special easy chair in the living room of his house on Nettleton Avenue with the Sunday Herald spread all over his lap and knees, and overflowing down on the floor around him. He held the brown section firmly in his hands, frowning a little as he looked at the pictures. He did not look at any picture very long, or read any of the captions, but kept turning the pages back and forth impatiently; and occasionally he turned his head as if listening.

From his chair he could look out through the plate glass dining room windows into the back yard where Earnest was playing. Quite often he caught a cool glimpse of Earnest's blond head and clean white suit as the boy skipped around the yard. Once, when the little fellow dashed by, running particularly hard, he thought tolerantly that he really shouldn't skip as fast as that. It was hot outdoors, and he would get sweaty and dirty.

Suddenly he threw down his paper and strode over to the dining room window, where he could get a good full view of Earnest. On the back lawn Earnest was standing quite still, soberly watching a magnificent yellow tabby cat preen herself in the warm sun against the fence of the play-yard.

Most boys seven and a half years old, Harry reflected, would certainly grab that long yellow tail, waving like that, or mawl the cat around a little, pestering it. Not Earnest though, he thought proudly. Earnest was a kind boy, and he was standing there just as though that cat had every bit as much right in the yard as he had. Soon the cat ambled away, her body one fat yellow purr, and Earnest began skipping across the lawn again. Harry stepped back from the window a bit, but continued to look out, a half smile on his lips.

Earnest was, he surely was, even if he was his son, one of the finest, sturdiest boys he had ever seen. He wasn't fat; he wasn't skinny: he was just right—and he was just as graceful as the sleek yellow tabby cat. The way he skipped now: there wasn't any sharp hitch as he brought toe and heel together, nor any ugly jerk of his head; but all his limbs simply flowed like a fawn's into the rhythm of the next step, easily and gracefully. His small legs and arms were firm and well-rounded, and even from here Harry had to marvel at the perfection of the boy's skin. He had inherited his marble smooth complexion from Mary, who, because of it, Harry always said, was, "Just as pretty as the day I married her." And Earnest's hair was a sight, in the sun; a beautiful crispy blond with a few manly looking curls in it.

Earnest stopped skipping in circles around the velvet green lawn, and lifted himself into the seat of the swing, which his father had bought and set up in the yard for him. There was nearly everything a boy could wish for in that yard; Harry had fenced it in with a good-looking green fence, and made it into a real playground for Earnest. The swing, which Harry had bought at the beginning of summer, had solid iron standards painted green and a good broad seat and stout ropes; it was perfectly safe and Earnest certainly enjoyed it. Then over in one corner was the big yellow sand-box, usually full of gay-colored pails and shovels. But Earnest didn't play in the sand-box quite so much now, and this morning he had not yet taken any pails out of his "garage," which was his name for the storehouse for playthings that Harry had built out of a big packing box and placed at one end of the play-yard to teach the boy to be tidy. Every night Earnest was supposed to pick up all his small toys and his tricycle and Deluxe Speedster automobile, and put them under the packing box; and he usually did do it, although being a real boy he occasionally forgot. But on the whole he was an obedient, affectionate little fellow, and as fine a son as any man could ask for.

Earnest was still in the swing, pulling on the ropes, his body swaying way back, then way forward. His lips were moving, Harry could see; perhaps he was humming a tune, or simply talking to himself as small boys often do. Suddenly Harry felt like going out in the yard and giving his son a big hug; his arms ached to hold Earnest, he loved him so much. And Earnest certainly thought a lot of his Dad. Mary often remarked how he went around imitating everything Harry did, the quick gestures and that abrupt way of talking.

Usually on Sunday mornings, Harry went out in the back yard and played with Earnest until Mary was ready to take him to Mass. But this Sunday he had not gone out, not even when Earnest pleaded, "Oh, Dad, come on out! Come on, Daddy! You always *do!*" It was difficult to resist him, but Harry told him gently that he had some important things to attend to this particular Sunday morning. And, God knew, he had. This Sunday he had dreaded for ages, it seemed to him, though he had not made his final decision that Earnest would never be a Catholic until a few months ago. But today Earnest was to receive his first communion.

As soon as Mary came down from upstairs, where she was making the beds and getting ready for church, he must tell her. He dreaded it because he still loved Mary and disliked doing anything to hurt her—and he knew this would hurt her, he could only imagine how deeply. He hated to think that there should ever be a serious division between them.

Reluctantly Harry moved away from the window, returned to the living room and sat down. He felt that he must marshal the arguments he might need, get them ready one last time. He had done that before. Sometimes lying in bed, right by Mary's side, he would think it all out torturedly, what he would say, what she would say, and the decisive concluding sentence. The decisive concluding sentence would nearly always be different at different times. Once it would be: "I can't have Earnest separated from me, his father, by any such religion, Mary." This would be said in such a firm, quietly resolute voice that she would realize at once that it was the final word. Again it would be: "I may have made that promise ten years ago, but in that time love can do a lot to promises." That was hardly so satisfactory, for she might easily ask what about his love for her. Well, what about that? He didn't really feel that he loved Earnest more than Mary, but it was a different kind of love altogether, as though the boy was a part of him, a fragment of his own flesh, whom he couldn't bear to see following a strange and alien custom, which, in spite of all his earlier attempts to become familiar with it when he had first been so much in love with Mary, the Catholic religion still was to him.

Sitting in the soft, velour-furnished easy chair, Harry thought for the millionth time of all the things Mary might conceivably say when he told her. It had been cruel of him, he knew, to let her continue teaching Earnest the catechism and taking him to Mass every Sunday as if he were actually going to become a Catholic for good and all. As the months went by, he had felt that it was his duty to tell her, but whenever he had summoned up the courage and heart to do it, some little thing would occur and the prepared words would dissolve on his lips. It was the kind of thing you couldn't force

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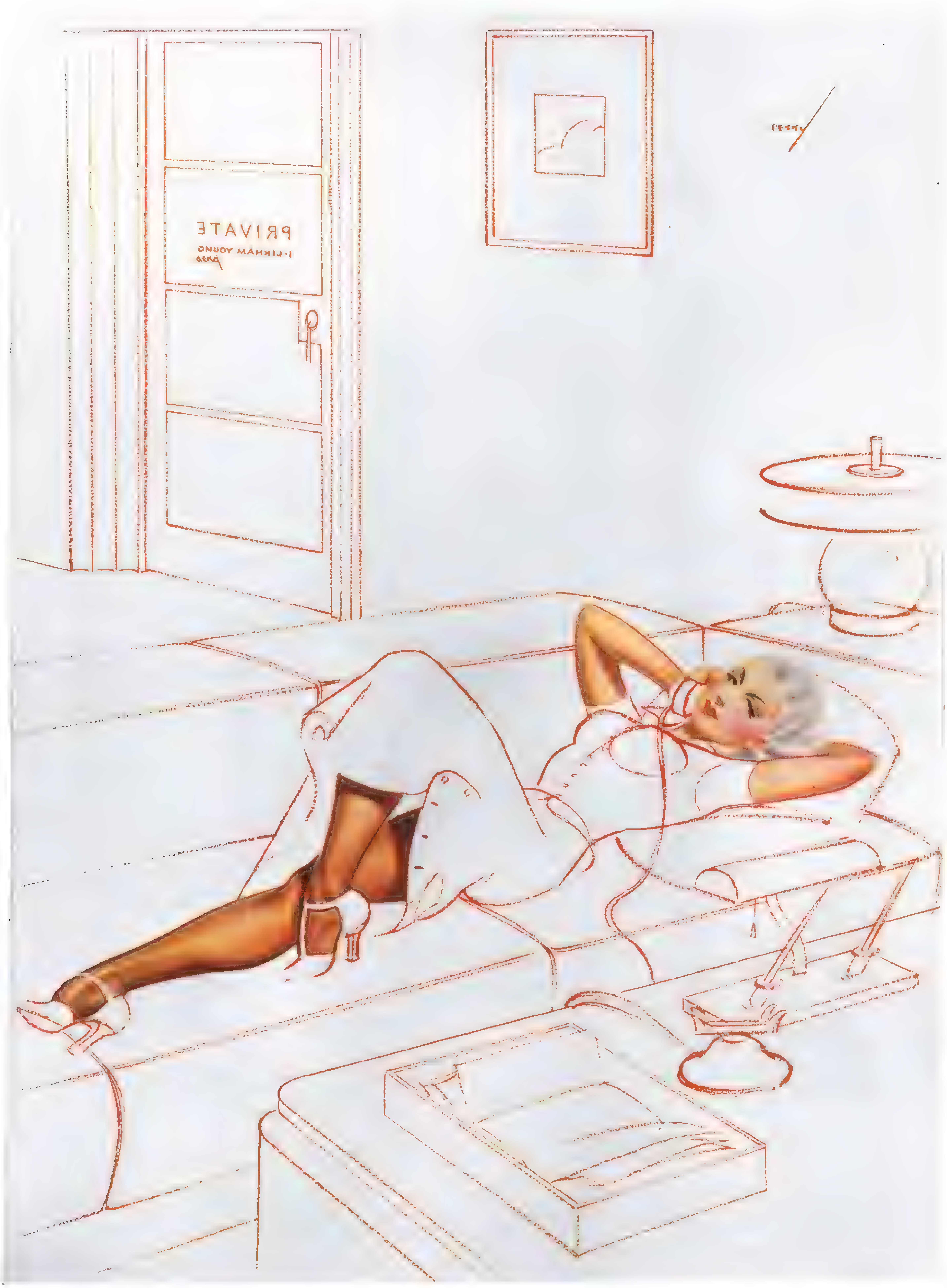
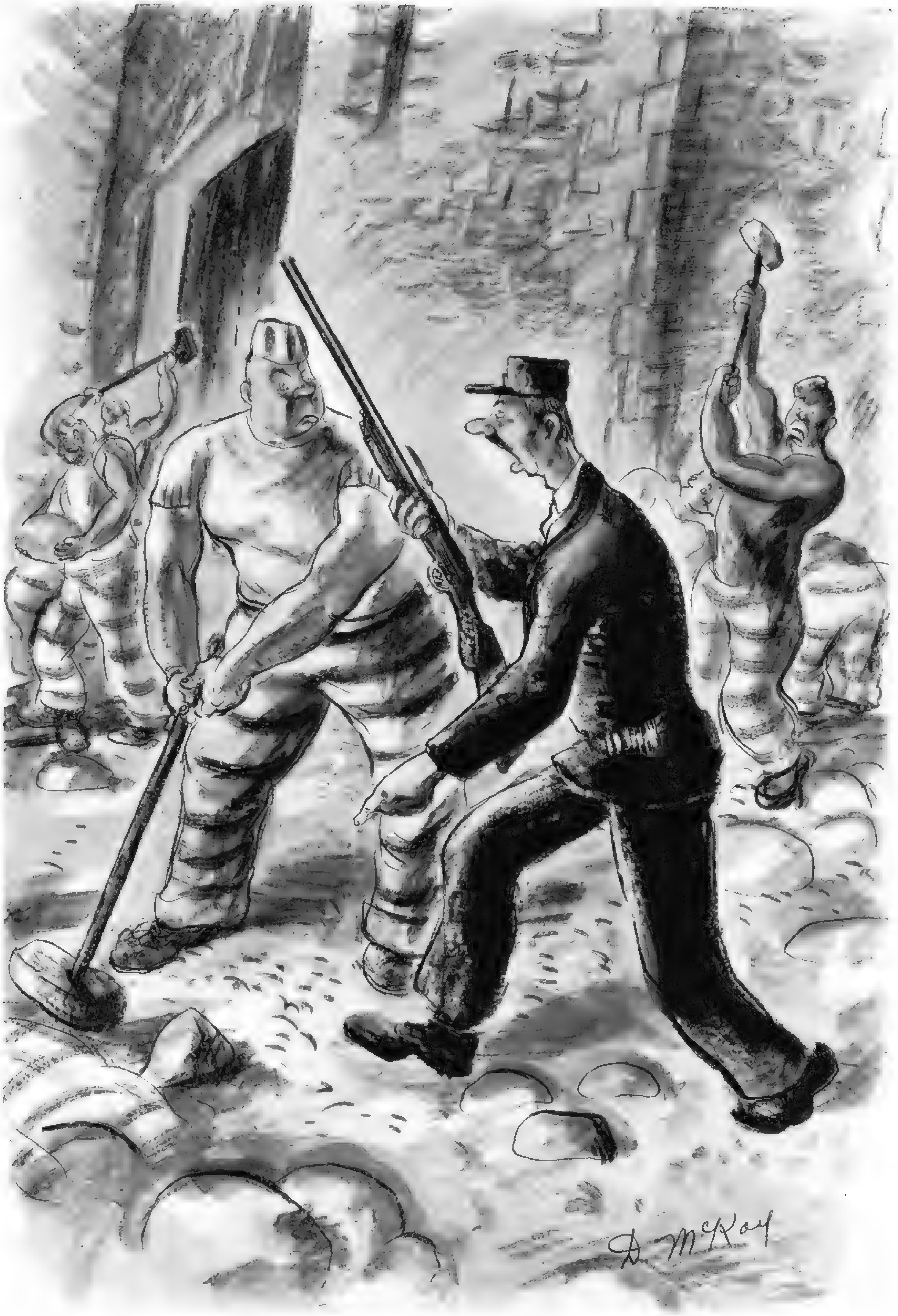

PRIVATE
I. LIKHAM YOUNG
Pres

"This is his secretary speaking"



"That's no way to break rocks—Here!—Hold my gun a minute!"

Odd Fight Takes the Main

Vanderbilt's jungle blood birds fight seventeen sets against the pick of eastern breeds

by EDW. JEROME VOGELER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

During the past year, the race hosses of young Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt earned $70,817 in purses and, to steal a phrase coined by Damon Runyon (theft under the circumstances being so much more practical than to attempt the impossibility of finding an equivalent)—"that ain't hay"—even though it will pay for a lot of hosses' breakfasts. You can lay the odds their 1935 record will be even better. But—it is very, very doubtful indeed if any of these equine victories, not excluding the gratifying performance of Good Gamble, which came from behind at 30-1 to win the Acorn Stakes for fillies, nor even the more recent achievement of Discovery, which kicked its heels in the face of Omaha at Aqueduct to clip one-fifth of a second from the world's record for a mile and a furlong—gave Vanderbilt half the kick he might have gotten if he could only have whipped Matthews and Brown in his latest cocking main.

It's one thing to win a hoss race—and quite another to win a cocking main. Consider, for instance, this important difference: when a race hoss runs away from the rest of the field—you collect. When a game cock runs—you pay off. But, I'm way ahead of my story. To understand the intense cockfighting rivalry existing between the principals of this particular main, it is necessary to begin with a peep at their sporting past and present set-up.

Vanderbilt, as a lot of people know, is quite a hossman. His Sagamore Farm in Maryland is considered by those who literally as well as figuratively know their oats, as one of the finest racing stables in America. And in gathering $70,817 in purses (not to mention more or less significant cash extracted from the Pari-Mutuels) his bangtails showed conclusively that someone knew how, when and where to show them.

But it is not so widely known that Vanderbilt can tell you the difference between one of Vic Presson's Mountain Boy game cocks and a Rhode Island Red eating chicken—at least five days of the week.

George Brown, of the team of Matthews and Brown, which twice has defeated Vanderbilt in cocking mains, is also a renowned hossman—although his fame is not quite so widespread as that of Vanderbilt. Thirty years ago, when Brown was the present age of Vanderbilt (twenty-three) he was known throughout Maryland as one of the most daring riders of the State. At that time, it was said of him that he would jump a horse over the great wall of China—if the horse were able and willing; and of late he has satisfied this love of horse flesh through the execution of his duties as a steward of the Maryland Jockey Club.

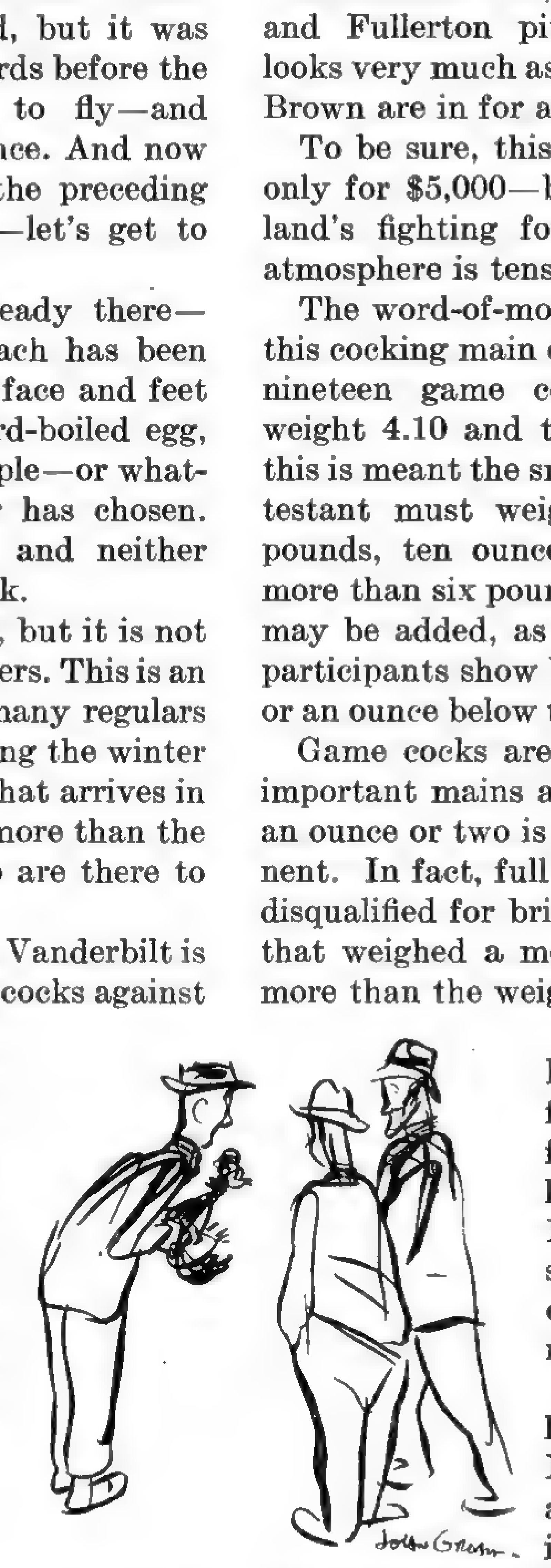
Strangely enough, a decade before Vanderbilt was born, George Brown was raising blooded horses and fighting cocks at Brooklynwood, then the Brown estate, which later was acquired by Vanderbilt's maternal grandfather, the late Captain Isaac Emerson—who made his millions in headaches.

Just when George Brown began to talk chicken instead of horse to Vanderbilt is not a matter of record, but it was not long afterwards before the feathers began to fly—and they have been flying ever since. And now that we have a synopsis of the preceding chapters safely tucked away—let's get to the pit.

The fighting cocks are already there—each in its separate stall. Each has been given its witch hazel bath on face and feet and each its final meal of hard-boiled egg, flint corn, bite of orange or apple—or whatever secret tid-bit its trainer has chosen. Condition is half the battle and neither principal has overlooked a trick.

The crowd is now gathering, but it is not composed entirely of cock fighters. This is an invitation main, and among many regulars who never miss a meeting during the winter and spring season, is a group that arrives in soup and nuts—a group with more than the usual allotment of ladies, who are there to witness their first cockfight.

At first glance it would seem Vanderbilt is taking a bad gamble—fighting cocks against George Brown and Leigh Matthews, both of whom have been at the game for more than a quarter of a century. But first glances are often in error. If anything, Vanderbilt is the favorite this night of April 1935—for Vanderbilt has scoured the country, nay—he has scoured two countries to bring to Maryland the gamest, fiercest and most savage fighting cocks that his or anybody else's dough could buy.



Fullerton Jungle Shawls! One-eighth to one-sixteenth Jungle—balance Shawlneck and Fullerton Spangle. These are the same family of fighting fowl as those that won the big $15,000 Orlando tournament some years back—the same birds as those that have been holding their own in cock-fighting circles throughout the United States, Mexico and Canada for the past some time. And Old Herb Fullerton, past sixty and still going strong, never left those chicken roosters five minutes during their 3,000 mile trek from Vancouver, B. C. to the cockpit—just a stone's throw from Sagamore Farm.

Hell fire, Esquire, please blue pencil ruthlessly any word of mine that might tend to convey the very false impression that young Vanderbilt is anybody's good thing. Admitted, he lost a main to the same Matthews and Brown the preceding year by the score of seven to five—but even then the ultimate issue was in doubt until the last battle. And now, with Fullerton Jungle Shawls flying the Vanderbilt colors, with Fullerton feeding and Fullerton pitting for Vanderbilt—it looks very much as if Messrs. Matthews and Brown are in for an unpleasant evening.

To be sure, this main in April of 1935 is only for $5,000—but—the honor of Maryland's fighting fowl is at stake and the atmosphere is tense.

The word-of-mouth agreement governing this cocking main calls for each side to show nineteen game cocks, with the bottom weight 4.10 and the top weight 6.03. By this is meant the smallest cock of either contestant must weigh not more than four pounds, ten ounces—and the largest, not more than six pounds, three ounces. And it may be added, as a sporting gesture, both participants show bottom weights of 4.09—or an ounce below the required maximum.

Game cocks are matched by weight. At important mains a difference of more than an ounce or two is never conceded an opponent. In fact, full many a cocker has been disqualified for bringing into the pit a bird that weighed a mere fraction of an ounce more than the weight specified.

Vanderbilt, however, has nothing to do with the formalities preceding the feathered warfare. He leaves such details to Old Herb Fullerton, who owns some four hundred game cocks—and calls each by name.

Accordingly, while Fullerton for Vanderbilt, and Mathews for Mathews and Brown, are "weighing in," Vanderbilt takes a seat at the pit while many of the crowd mill around for stable dope.

"What's Matthews showing for bottom weight?"

"Damn good bird. I saw him spar."

"Did he have a good walk?"

"How in hell would I know? He's not my chicken."

"Did he throw his feet good?"

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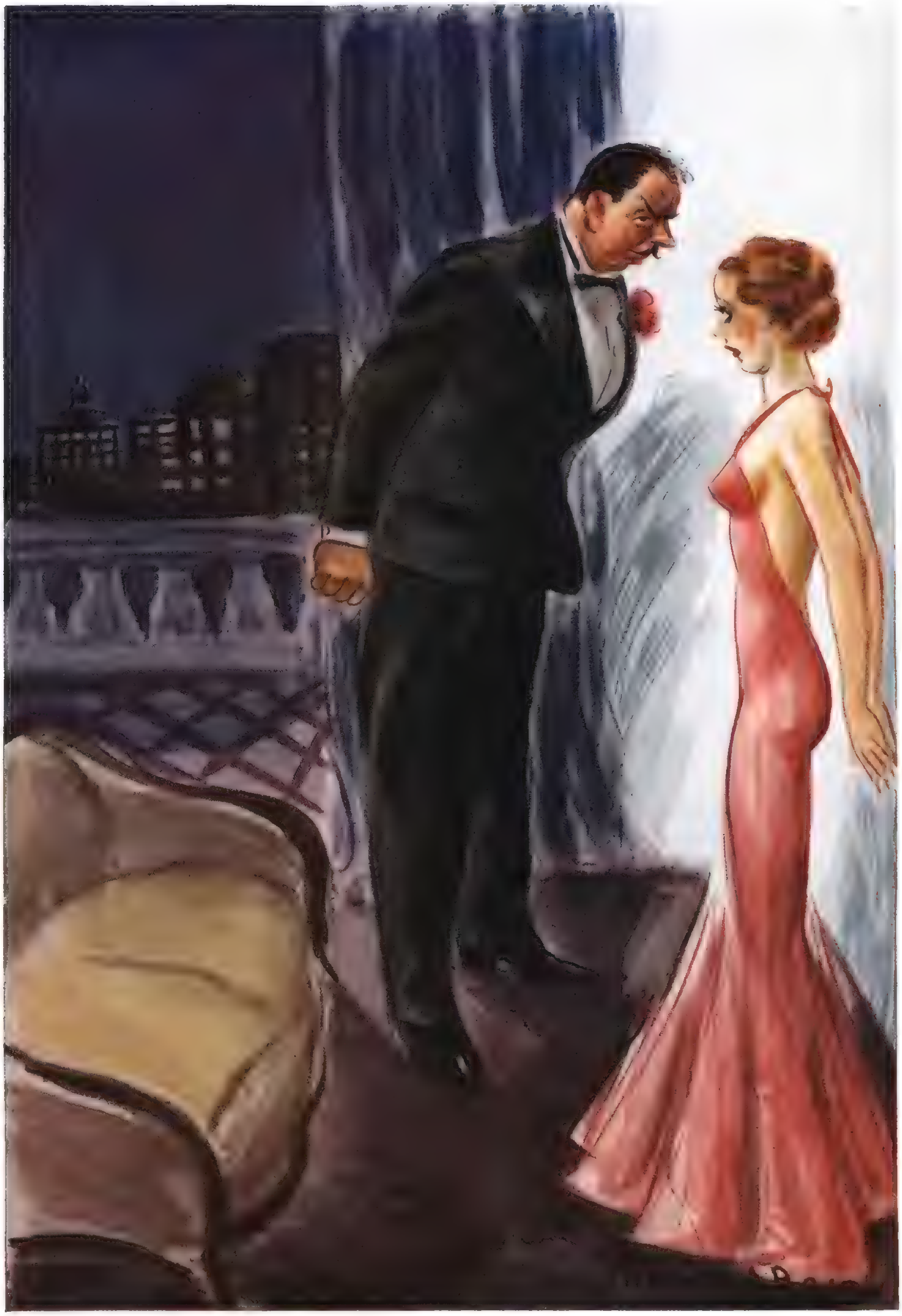


ENEMIES OF MAN No. 18: BIG LOVER BAD LOSER

He regards each luncheon as a lien on a lady's libido, each matinee as a mortgage on her mind, each taxi-ride as a title to her torso, each promenade on a country club porch as a promissory note to Priapus, each café check as a coupon to be clipped by Cupid, and himself as Cupid's collector. He is a fundamentalist in his literal-minded belief in the proverb that the woman pays, and there's hell to pay if she so much as pauses at the pay-off. He's a Casanova who can't take it, a Romeo in reverse.

Horizon for Hitler

Desperate Hitler short-circuits class consciousness into race consciousness and makes war

by JOHANNES STEEL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The one thing that is positive in German policy today is the will to war. As far as all other political activity is concerned, the Third Reich is organized upon the basis of permanent civil war, as one half of the people is continuously kept busy, to suppress and usurp the other half.

And yet the focal point around which all European politics revolve today is not, "Can Germany fight?," but WHEN will Germany start her war of conquest, leading sixty million Germans into the "great Aryan crusade" that will either end in the establishment of the great continental Teutonic empire or as is more likely in a general European holocaust?

Can Hitler, Schacht and Goering make it?

Can they make the race against time? Will they have re-armed Germany in time to be able to divert the evergrowing internal discontent by canalizing it into channels where it cannot do any harm to the prevailing system of government, namely by waging successfully a foreign war?

To answer this question adequately, it is first of all necessary to consider of what the elements of opposition against Hitler consist today, and what hope, if any, there is for a German revolution.

Here I am in a position to say that the organized underground opposition of the so-called United Front, consisting of Liberals, Socialists and Communists, is today at this very moment, weaker than it was six months ago. This is regrettable but it is a fact.

It is due to the terrible efficiency of Captain Himmler's secret police, who during the last six months alone, executed or simply beat to death, by actual count no fewer than 284 organizers and leaders of underground activities.

The Paris Executive of the United German Front admitted to me recently that all their "men with leader qualities" had been shot dead.

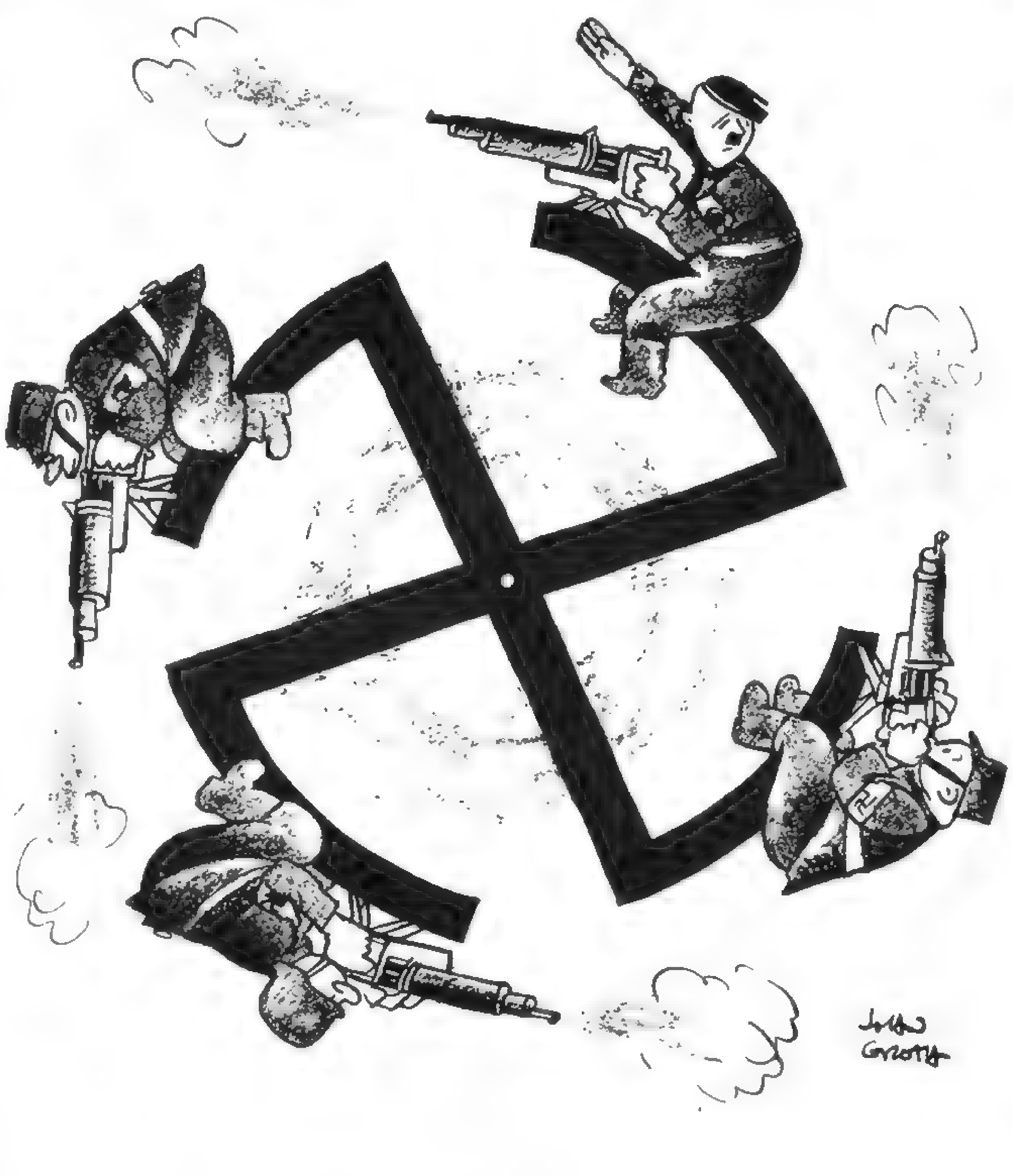
The open opposition and the sporadic outbursts of violence which can be observed in Germany now everyday, are therefore manifestations of the suffering populace, bourgeois and worker alike or of Hitler's own discontented former storm troopers, as well as the conflict of both the Churches with Hitler.

The "New Kulturkampf" is in full swing in the Reich.

The future course of internal politics in Germany depends to a large extent on the outcome of the church struggle. Hitler, well realizing that Naziism is not so much a political system as a religious faith, knew that his real and most formidable enemy would be Catholicism.

He, therefore, tried to play the Protestant Church against the Church of Rome, with the unexpected and amazing result that today the two churches, for the first time in their history, find themselves united in a virtual war alliance against the anti-Christ that is Hitler.

Both churches realized that the concentrated attack upon Christianity organized by the Nazis to replace it with their Teutonic Neo Paganism, could only be met by a united front of the Christian forces.



Today churches are fuller than at any time in German history. Thus, in spite of the fact that some 1,000 priests and pastors are in prisons, the pagan avalanche has been brought to a stop. Since this development touches the basic foundations of the Nazi conception of the state, it is bound to have interesting consequences upon public opinion in Germany.

The Nazis have realized this, and it is one of the reasons for the sudden re-emergence of General von Ludendorff, who has always been an outstanding disciple of paganism in Germany. His prestige is used to bolster the cause of "Wotan." So far, however, the Hitlerites have only met defeat in this struggle.

The important factor however, is that this discontent, except for the Catholic sentiment, cannot be canalized or organized into a political movement of consequence, for the censorship is so complete, that when the government puts its ear to the ground it hears but its own echo.

However, discontent is widespread.

It is the result of the following facts, which constitute all the tangible results of two and a half years of Hitler rule.

They demonstrate Hitler's achievements during the past two years.

Wages have declined at an average of forty-five per cent. Prices of consumers goods generally have risen at an average of forty per cent. The standard of living has been reduced by actually fifty per cent, by which it is meant that the German people as a whole, today consume half the amount of bread, half the amount of meat and butter and eggs, that they consumed three years ago and that they furthermore wear a suit of clothes today twice as long as they did three years ago. Finally, unemployment, not counting forced labor, has been stabilized at seven million people.

Apart from these seven million workless, not counting forced labor, ten million Germans today have a monthly income of less than twenty-five dollars, eight million an income of forty dollars a month, while five million earn fifty-five dollars a month.

The economic picture as it presented itself at this writing after two and a half years of Nazi rule can be summarized thus:

(1) Prices have risen and wages have fallen. The national income has been reduced and the living standard of all wage earners has been lowered.

(2) As a result of the curtailment of the social services, there were 20 per cent more suicides and a marked decline of national health and general welfare of the people.

(3) There was a slightly increased employment and a vastly decreased consumption of all vital foodstuffs and household goods. Fantastically increased profits for the big producers and decreased purchasing power of the consumer as well as continued proletarianization of a large section of the populace.

(4) An export trade that has dwindled to nothing. A budget that is dishonest and unintelligible. A currency that is not safe and a

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Three Times Seven

He was just a black boy come from Texas and they couldn't figure out what he was after

by ROARK BRADFORD

▪ FICTION

Ant'ny came to Brownlee's from Texas. The people at Brownlee's had seen a lot of men come from Texas. Texas was a vague sort of place where men came from, stayed a while without telling people their business, and then went off somewhere else. Shut mouth. That's what the men from Texas were.

The last man who came to Brownlee's from Texas gave out that his name was Henry. Mister Will gave him a mule and a cut of land and Henry started a crop. But before the middle of June, the Law came and took him away. It turned out that his name was Hot Shot and that he was a bad man doing ninety-nine years up in Arkansas for a killing. He had never been to Texas.

Ant'ny didn't look like a bad man. He was tall and a bright yellow, and had real nice hair. And modest, too. Men on the place with a heap kinkier hair would get their hair cut "high English" and comb it "brush-back," even if they had to keep it soaked in oil to do it. But not Ant'ny. Ant'ny had his cut "buffalo trim," just like the darkest child on the place, and then he'd part it in the middle, just to keep it from falling down in his eyes, it was so straight and nice.

Just like everybody else from Texas, Ant'ny was a shut mouth, too. He came to the Red River bottoms early in February, and visited a few days with the Widow Duck over on Little Bee Bend, before he came over to Brownlee's. The word from Little Bee was that he and the Widow Duck had long talks together, but what they talked about, the people did not know.

When Ant'ny came to Brownlee's, he surprised everybody. It wasn't that the people were surprised at seeing a strange man at Brownlee's; they were surprised because they were not surprised. You'd see Ant'ny for the first time in your life, and you'd think you had known him always. You would say, "Howdy, Mister——" and then you'd suddenly be surprised that you had never seen him before.

They said Ant'ny had a heap of money, too, although nobody ever saw much of it. And a lot of times, on cold rainy days, when the people were sitting around the stove at the store talking about how much cotton they were going to make next year, if they lived and nothing happened, Ant'ny would sit and watch Mister Will, back in the store office. Ant'ny never said much; he just sat and watched Mister Will.

One day, Mister Will walked up to the stove and said, "You're a new nigger in this part of the country, ain't you?"

Ant'ny got up, and said, "Yassuh. I been here about a week. I was bawn in dis part er de country, but I went off when I was a baby."

"I figgered you didn't belong around here," Mister Will said. "Counting on making a crop?"

"Naw, suh," said Ant'ny. "I got a little hill farm, over in Texas, I got to git back to, in de Spring. But I would like a little wage work."

Mister Will went and sold a man a piece of meat, and some snuff, and when he came back, he said, just as though he hadn't been interrupted: "You're too husky looking to waste your time in the hills. Better let me give you a mule and a cut of land. I got a vacant cabin down on Willow Chute. And a young buck like you ought not to have any trouble getting a woman."

Ant'ny just grinned and shook his head. Mister Will went on back to his office and worked on his books some more.

When he had gone, Docas, who is Mister Will's pet nigger, said: "Dat's one good white man, and no foolin'. Folks give him a hard name on account of how he cusses and snorts when he gits mad. But he one good white man. Hit ain't never yit been a nigger come hyar which couldn't git rations and a place to live."

"De man pay for de rations?" Ant'ny suggested.

"Efn de man make a crop, he do," said Docas. "But a heap er times, hit's some wuthless nigger which takes de rations to work-time start, and den he lights out."

Ant'ny took a plug of star-navy from his pocket and bit off a chew. "Who pay for 'em, efn de man which gits 'em lights out?"

Docas shrugged. "Hit gits averaged around, I reckon. You see, efn hit wan't for Mister Will, de Sheriff'd a' had Brownlee's twenty years ago. Mister George ain't much good at managin'. All he good for is to ride around and shoot birds, and git dressed up and go over to Shrevepo't and be de big man, whilst Mister Will take keer er de place."

Docas looked toward the office enclosure to make certain he was not overheard, before he continued. "You see," he volunteered, "Mister George live high and mighty up at de big house, wid de money Mister Will live over de store and make. Hit's been like dat ev'y since Mister George and Miss Baby Jane got married. Him and Mister Will had a fallin' out, about de day Miss Baby got to de place, and Mister Will moved out."

"Dat de way hit is, hunh?" Ant'ny asked.

"Sho'," Docas said. "De Brownlees is mighty proud white folks, in dey way. And mighty smart, too. Only dey's about played out. Mister George got all de proudfulness, and Mister Will got all de smartness. So you kin take you' pick. Me, I'd druther be smart den proud."

Ant'ny grinned but said nothing.

"And Mister Junior," Docas went on, "he *plum* played out. He ain't neither proud nor smart. He git drunk and fight like a fiel' hand, and get locked in jail, eve'y time he go to Shrevepo't. And he ain't smart in de books, and he can't handle de business."

"Played out, hunh?" Ant'ny grunted.

"Might' nigh," Docas admitted. "Bred out, I reckon."

Mister Will called from the office: "I can give you about a week's work ditching, but you'll have to take it out in trade. Money's too scarce."

"Dat suit me, suh," said Ant'ny. "I kin use some shoes and overhalls, I reckon."

"Come back here and let me write you in the book," instructed Mister Will. He reached for a large grey backed book, and a pen. "What's your name?"

"Ant'ny Moore, is de name I goes by," Ant'ny replied.

Mister Will wrote the name in the book. "Got a go-by name, have you?" he asked. "How long you been going by that name?"

"Might' nigh twenty-one year, now," Ant'ny told him.

Mister Will looked up in surprise. "You ain't much older than that, are you?"

"I'll make twenty-one, comin' de fust day er March," Ant'ny said.

The wage work was easy. Docas had a bunch of men cutting a ditch, and Ant'ny, who quickly proved expert at the job, was driving a fresno slip.

"I c'd tell you handled a slip," Docas confided to Ant'ny, "by de way you handled de end er yo' lines on a mule. Hit ain't no man kin tear de hide offn a mule wid de end er de lines like a levee camp driver. I bet you ain't done nothin' else."

"I railroaded some," Ant'ny confessed. "Slipped dirt wid a fresno and a wheeler, too."

"Dey tell me," Docas fished, "dat over in de Mississippi pen, dey do's a heap er dirt movin', too."

Ant'ny grinned, and called to his team: "Come on up, Ida; I'll tear hit offn you." And he snapped the end of the line across the mule's rump. That was as close as anybody came to finding out Ant'ny's business.

While Ant'ny did not give out any information about himself, he learned a lot about the other men by keeping his ears open. He learned that, for one reason or another, Mister Will was not popular with anybody on the place except Docas, and that Mister Junior was the favorite of the field hands. Mister Junior rode around the place a great deal, and spent considerable time, sitting astride his horse, watching the work.

The workers had a fine joke on Mister Junior, and he laughed with them. The joke was made by Rube's wife, Sugar. Rube himself told it.

"Mist' Junior," he related, "rid up to de house to see I and Sugar's new boy child. 'Bring dat boy, out, Sugar,' say Mist' Junior, 'and lemme see efn he be's big enough to pick cotton, next fall.'

"So Sugar, she brang de baby out on de po'ch and helt him up for Mist' Junior to see.

"Mist' Junior, he put on a powerful show, makin' out like dat little old ball er tar was a yaller baby. 'He won't do, Sugar,' Mist' Junior say. 'You a black woman, and Rube, he a black man, and dat baby is plum bright. Dat won't do.'

"So Sugar, she laugh and say, 'Yassuh, Mist' Junior. He so bright to Rube swear he b'lieve hit's yo'n!' "

Everybody laughed. "Sugar sho' is a case!" yelled Rube. "Dat gal is pyore one mo'! She say I b'lieve hit's Mist' Junior's child! Lawd, Lawd, dat Sugar!"

The talk and laughter about the big joke gradually died out, and the next topic of conversation was Floyd's new girl. She lived over on Duke's Bend, and the word was that Floyd was just waiting until plowing started to "go get her."

"Floyd don't aim to buy her no rations to she got to start cookin' he grub!" Yancey laughed. "Floyd wouldn't waste no rations on a gal which wan't cookin' for him."

"She suit me good," defended Floyd. "And efn de people on Duke's Bend want to feed her to de work start, hit ain't no skin offn my back."

"I wouldn't have her," put in slow-talking Brother. "She ain't got no lips like I likes."

"She too bright for you," Yancey countered. "A gal got to be black as night and have a mouth like a catfish befo' you'd like her. You don't know what to do wid a frail brown like dat gal is."

Mister Junior, listening, made a wry mouth, and said: "You'd better mind out, Floyd. You bring a bright woman on the place and Uncle Will will have her taking care of his room over the store, first thing you know."

Mister Junior was not joking, and his words ran like gall through the minds of the workers. Only Docas thought it funny. He laughed loudly and slapped his leg and said, "I swear, Mist' Junior, you sho' is a case! A pyore case!"

Looking coldly at Docas, Mister Junior rode away.

That evening after supper, Ant'ny walked over to Little Bee Bend, and had another long talk with the Widow Duck.

"Don't git bitter in de heart, son," she advised. "Dat was one thing which sont yo' maw to de grave too quick. She got bitter in de heart. She sot down in dat little cabin, right down de bayou, yonder, and grieved herse'f in de grave. I told her, I say, 'Bathey, why in hell don't you git dressed up and strut about. You's young and good-lookin', and hit's many a man which'd be too proud to have you.' But naw. She jest sot and grieved.

"I told her, I say, 'You ain't de fust gal ever went outn her color, and God knows you won't be de last. Hit's kind er gittin' to be de style, now, to git out and brighten up yo' color some. And God knows hit ain't nothin' to grieve about.' I told her dat. But Bathey jest sot and looked kind er puzzled and afraid. And den, all at once she up and died off."

Ant'ny listened attentively but said little. The Widow Duck described how, when Bathey died, she, herself, took Ant'ny. "And I'd a' kope you right wid me," she went on, "cause I c'd see you was a fine boy, wid a good head, and all. But Bathey's sister f'm Texas come and got you. But you got a home wid me, long as you wants one, son. Bathey's child is like my own."

"I reckon I don't want no home hyar," Ant'ny said. "I got somethin' else in my mind."

They were silent for several minutes. The evening was cool and a little log fire in the cabin reflected and magnified the warmth of the Widow Duck's big old heart.

"You too nice a boy to do foolish," the Widow Duck said. "Hit goes hard on a nigger, hyar in de bottoms, efn he do like dat. Hit go *mighty* hard on a yaller nigger."

Ant'ny watched the fire burn for a short while before he spoke. "I ain't no fool," he said simply. "Texas ain't no diffunt to what hit is hyar, when it come to dat. I jest wanted to make sho', for certain, and den I aims to do what I got in my mind."

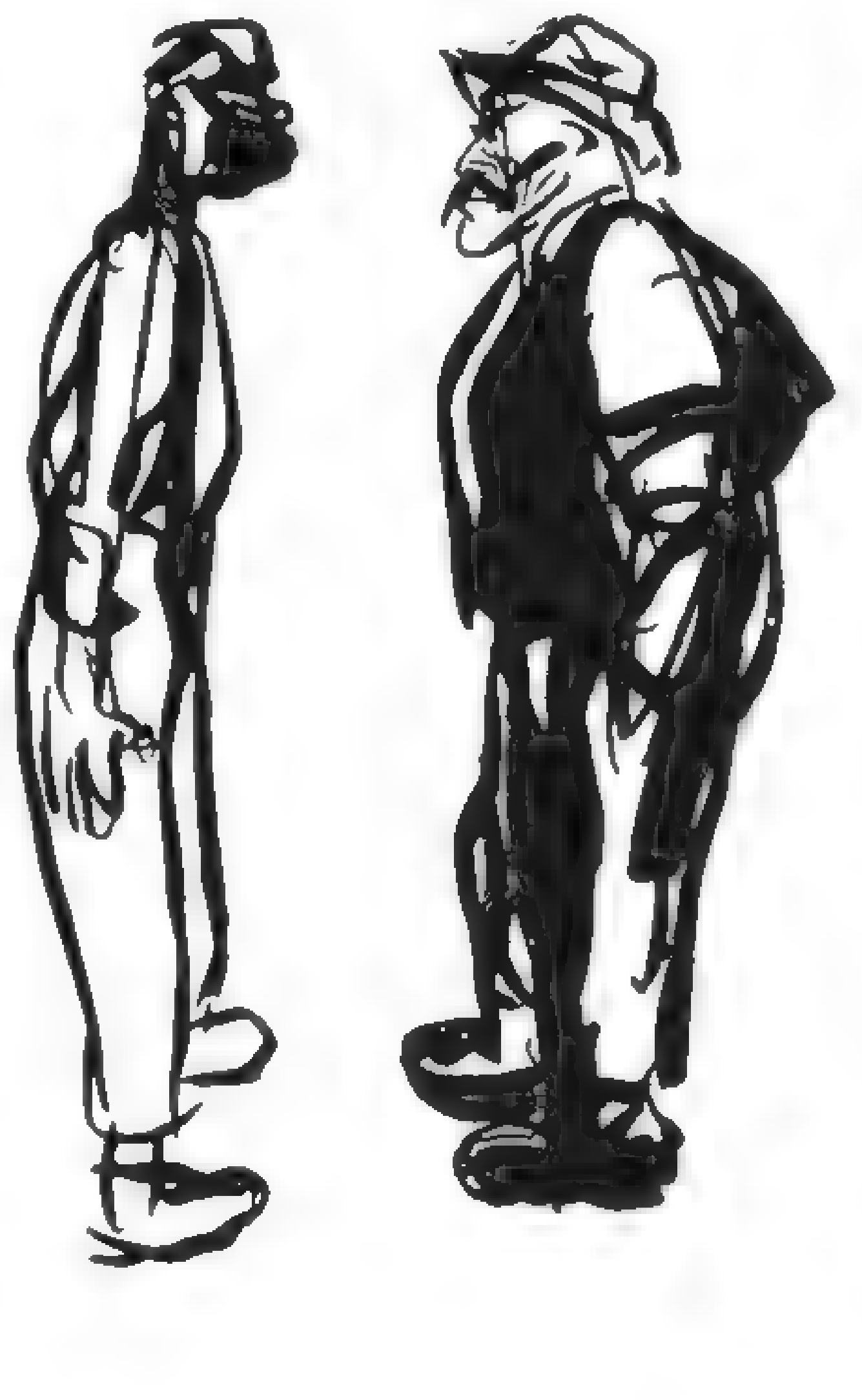
"Well, and God bless you, son," the Widow Duck said affectionately. "Pray hard and live right, and de trufe shall make you free. Dat's de natchal Bible on hit, son. You know de low-down natchal trufe, and dat ought to make you free, or else you's argyin' wid God's word. And I knows you's too smart to go argyin' wid God about hit. So hit ain't a thing for you to do but put de bitterness outn yo' heart, and pray for God's sweet favors."

"I prays a little, ev'y once in a while," Ant'ny confessed. "But I got somethin' else in my mind."

"Well," said the Widow Duck, "you's a man, son. You's three times seven."

Ant'ny laughed lightly. "Jest about," he admitted. "F'm what my old Auntie told me, I was bawn on de fust day er March, twenty-one year ago, comin'."

"Dat's about right," the Widow Duck recalled. "I knowed you was a spring colt, only I disremembered de day. Hit was in de hook er de moon, though. I 'member yo' mammy had a easy time birthin' you. I grannied for you."



The next day it rained and stopped the ditching work. Mister Will sent for Ant'ny.

"I need a good porter in the store," he told Ant'ny. "It's easy work, for a smart young buck like you. You just have to keep the stock piled straight, and cut meat and the like. Can you read and write?"

"Yassuh," said Ant'ny, "I do purty fair."

"Good," said Mister Will. "You can wait on the niggers, too. Save me

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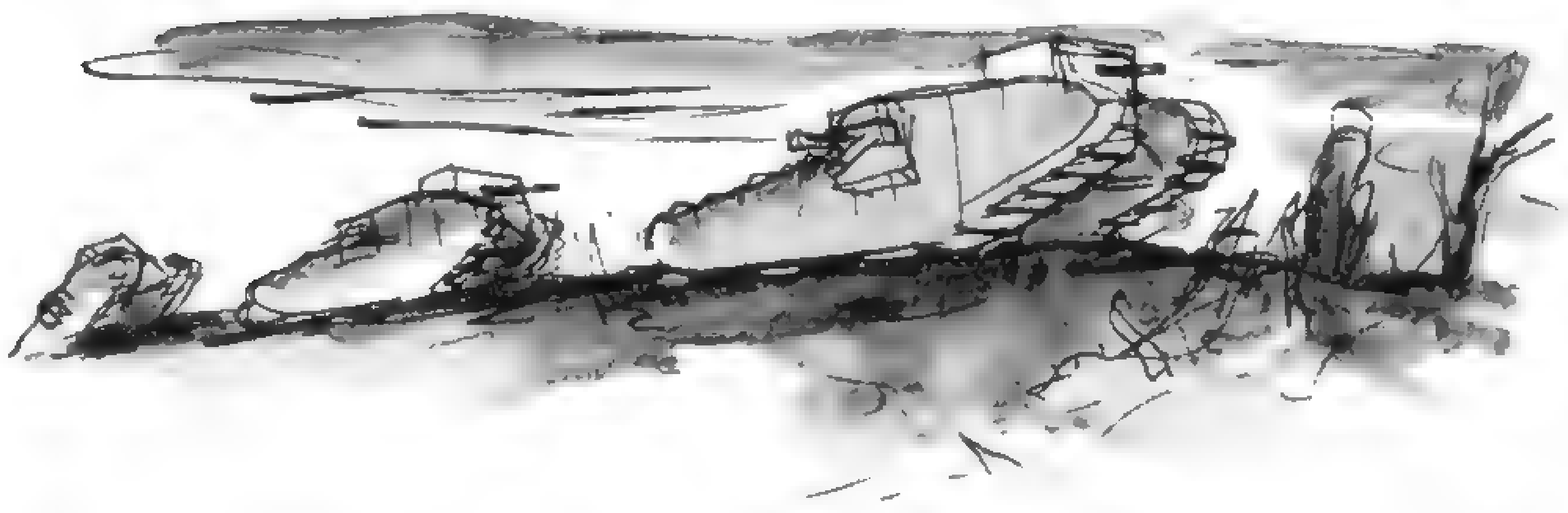
Caterpillar Cavalry

The unromantic tank can now swim rivers and gallop along at forty-five miles an hour

by FRANK C. HANIGHEN

▪ ARTICLE ▪



"The old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be." Indeed she isn't so far as cavalry is concerned. Boots and saddles have been replaced by carburetors and caterpillars. Mechanized cavalry, composed of armored cars and tanks, is the latest development in modern warfare and it has pushed horse cavalry into the background. In case of war, watch for a reincarnation of the cavalry in its newest form.

No more galloping squadrons, no more *beaux sabreurs*. Save in chasing bandits on the border, or in open warfare (if we ever have such again), cavalry in the old sense of the word is obsolete today. The ra-ta-tat of the machine gun is the funeral song of the great charges.

Drop a tear for Murat, for Jeb Stuart, for Sheridan and Forrest. Their day, apparently, is gone. When Jeb Stuart, a red rose in his grey uniform, died gallantly in a charge; when a rebel carbine bullet struck Fitz-James O'Brien, thus providing the most glorious end a mediocre writer can achieve—there was color and romance in cavalry. There must have been, for no Stephen Crane or John Dos Passos has arisen to debunk it. In these mechanized times, their successors are likely to die, asphyxiated by gas fumes filtering through turret cracks, or cremated by an ignited gasoline tank.

How cavalry got this way is the story of war in the twentieth century. When Hiram Maxim delved and Vickers spawned, a new era began. Horse cavalry was doomed, infantry was ham-strung. During the first years of the World War the machine gun was supreme; a counter-arm was badly needed. As a matter of record, this arm was offered to the British War Office in 1912. After the war an inventor's plan for a tank, submitted in this year, was found in the files of the British government's most conservative department, with the following savage comment of rejection, "the man is crazy."

But by 1916, another inventor got attention and from then on the tank wore laurel. It received a successful baptism of fire in the Battle of Cambrai in 1917 and when the armistice was signed the British government had ordered 8000 of these new iron-clads for the Spring offensive of 1919. What the Germans thought of it may be gathered from a remark of General Von Zwehl, "We were defeated not by the genius of General Foch, but by General Tank."

Even when it had proved its worth, it was considered more or less of a freak. Certainly no one associated it with cavalry operations. If anything, it was considered an auxiliary of the infantry. In all the later battles of the war, these clumsy toad-like vehicles bellied slowly along beside the foot-soldiers. They were indeed fantastic and the military mind had as much difficulty in classifying them as it did in placing the aeroplane.

But after the Armistice, the smoke cleared and inventors helped to fix their status in warfare. They proceeded to improve the tank and from a speed of 5 miles per hour, they stepped it up to 10, then 15 and then 20 miles an hour. With this surprising mobility, army tacticians sat up and took notice. Indeed, their notice for a long time had rested elegiacally on horse cavalry. The latter had champed uselessly behind the lines for four war years waiting for open fighting. Yet—and this was a most important point—cavalry prior to the war was a smashing, effective, truly essential weapon. Could the tanks perform all the duties formerly discharged by horse-cavalry? It was a question worth examining.

For one thing, they were as fast now as the swiftest steeds. Too fast to cling to the heels of the foot-soldier any longer. Colonel Liddell Hart demolished this World War tradition with a wise-crack. The infantry, he said, clung to the tanks like a baby to a St. Bernard. Next—experience in the war showed that tanks could charge into important salients at critical moments, like the Greys at Waterloo. Also, they could turn flanks—this certainly was a cavalry function. Moreover, sham battles on Salisbury Plain made it clear that they could cover the retreat of infantry. But, most valuable of all, they were protected against the fearsome machine-gun. Horse cavalry, quite evidently could not boast of as many accomplishments.

Thus mechanized cavalry entered the military scene. The British naturally as the discoverers of the tank were the first to form a new cavalry. The French and American followed. The latter with the sacred traditions of Shenandoah, San Juan and Quezon, were a bit tardy, but finally in 1932, the War Department ordered the First Cavalry at Camp Knox, Kentucky, to equip itself as the first mechanized cavalry regiment in the U. S. Army.

Mechanized cavalry varies, in its makeup, according to the regulations of the country. But in general the pattern of this First Cavalry, U. S. A. is the norm. There are three lines of "waves" in its battle formation.

The first wave is composed of armored cars. Each of these is 9000 pounds of steel impregnability travelling 60 miles an hour and furnished with an extra pair of wheels for difficult terrain conditions. Four men in the crew drive and man the two machine guns.

In the next wave comes the tank. The most up-to-date tank in the American army has a top speed of 45 miles an hour—and on caterpillars at that. This new "mystery" tank, about which few details have been officially disclosed, supersedes the old Christie, the marvel of yesterday. The Christie ran on truck wheels over roads or smooth terrain. When it encountered rough ground, it dropped its caterpillars, retracted its convertible wheels and proceeded at the rate of 20 miles per hour. How much an improvement has been made, may be judged from the fact that the new tank runs 5 miles an hour faster on caterpillars than the Christie did on wheels. It has a crew of four men and the same firing equipment as the armored cars.

The last wave is virtually a camp-follower, with accessory vehicles, repair cars, ammunition trucks and 6 wheeled machine-gun carriers. The latter are loaded with small units of infantry armed to consolidate the gains of the first two waves. The British supplement the regiment with fast cars—Austins and Wolseleys.

This is the form, although the armament varies. In Europe there are light whippet tanks with 2 men crews and a machine gun. There are "medium" tanks, weighing 7½ ton, armed with a 75 mm. gun, 3 machine guns, radio apparatus and chemicals. The heaviest tanks weigh 15 ton, having six men crews, mount a gun discharging a 3 pound projectile and five machine guns, not to mention radio, chemicals and auxiliary equipment. Even these cumbersome monsters can make from 10 to 15 miles per hour up gulleys and can scale

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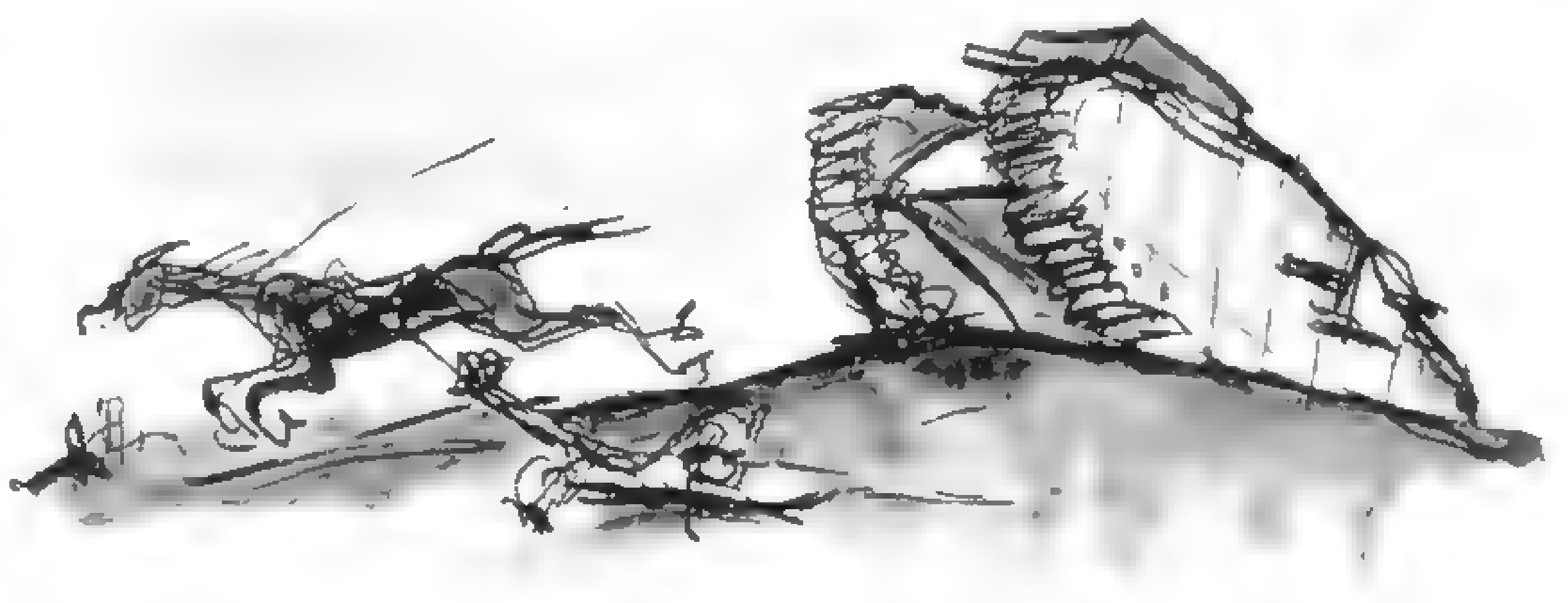
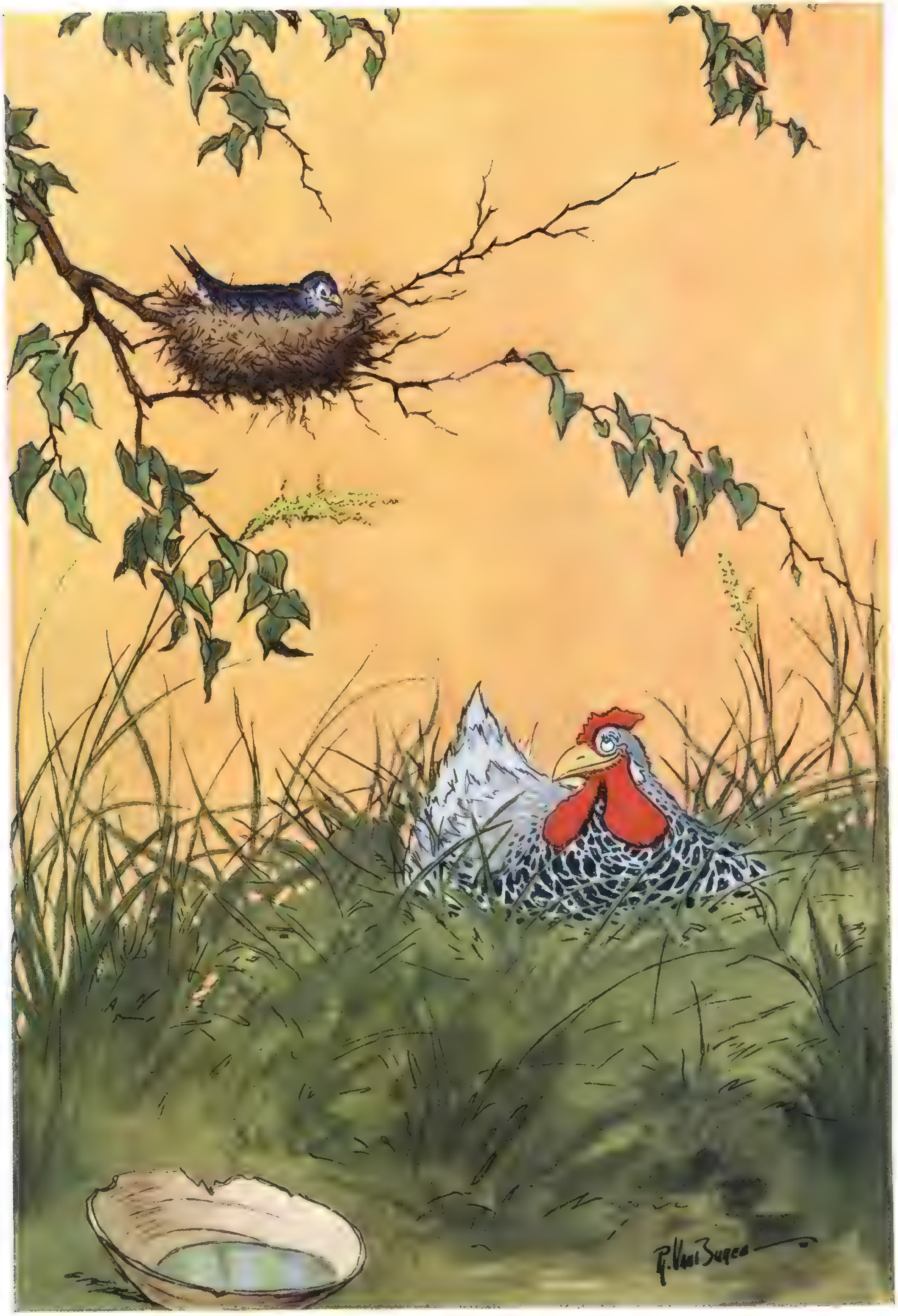
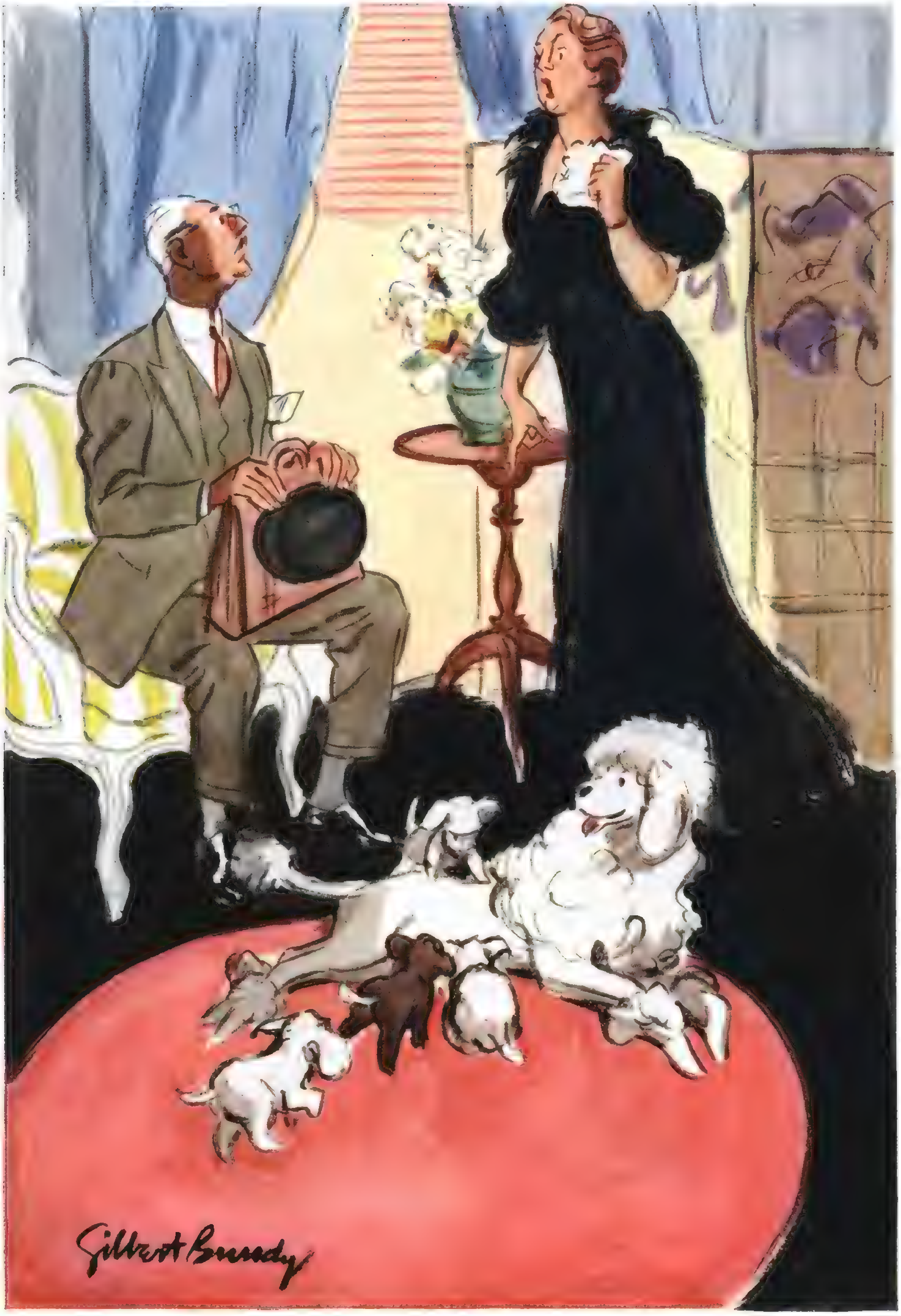




"How yuh doin'?"


Gilbert Bundy

"I want to bring suit against the Metro Dog-Walking Service!"

A Little Pup From Alaska

His bark was negligible but his bite was something for prize suburban pooches to remember

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

DOGS are dogs the world over, and there is nothing you can do about it. Some are small, and some are large. There are little spunky fellows that will rush in to fight a dog four times their size, and there are those larger breeds that regard the little yappers with calm indifference.

The fashionable suburb of Mt. Oak prided itself on some very fine breeds and some blue-ribbon pedigreed stock. A well-known kennel is located near the Country Club, and the veterinary in this community has as good a clientele as the osteopath. But the beautiful green lawns of Mt. Oak and the boxwood hedges and hydrangeas, and all the other things that go with a fashionable community never kept two dogs apart. Even on the day that Charlie Hall came to visit the McCalls, just as he was stepping off the train, an Airedale and a Chow were engaged in bloody combat, and the chauffeurs who had brought their cars to meet the train were doing their best to separate them.

This was an old feud. The Airedale and the Chow had developed a hatred for each other from hanging their heads out the car windows as they drove along. About a week ago the two limousines in which they rode, passed each other with both dogs hanging as far out of the window as they could, and before they realized it, their noses almost touched. There was a high-pitched squeal of despair, and then a growl, and a nervous trembling of the legs. The dogs almost jumped out of the moving cars to get at each other.

But now the fight was on for real. Both dogs were in the Mt. Oak social register and must have known each other for years. And there seemed no earthly reason for this feud except perhaps that they just did not like each other.

McCall was at the station to meet his friend Charlie, and as they started for the house, Charlie remarked, "This reminds me of home."

"Your dogs fight?"

"Those I have now are fairly well behaved, but it's taken some training. We tie the front paws together and hang the dog up on a large nail on the side of the barn and let him cool off; and only when he is good and cool—and our climate in Alaska helps us a bit—do we cut him down."

"The cruelty-to-animals society should get after you people," said McCall.

"Any society that wants to come up into Alaska will be welcome. I tell you, it gets so lonesome at times that you would welcome even the meddling fools that in these parts you would run miles to avoid. But dogs are dogs, and we do not bring them into the house and pamper them with silk cushions."

Charlie Hall had brought a tusk for Mrs. McCall. This had been carved by some Indian, and there were holes drilled on top and little pegs, and besides being an ornament it could be used as a tally in case you played whist.

But it was a real walrus tooth, and quite a curiosity. Mrs. McCall put it on the mantel.

There were a lot of stories told that evening about game in Alaska, and about a whole team of dogs that had fallen into a crevice in the ice, and how the hunter saved all but two and these he shot so they wouldn't freeze to death. And there were all kinds of stories about the old Russian communities that had migrated to Alaska, and the log churches they had built on the other side of Bering Strait, and there were stories about the frost and about an old saloonkeeper who is still up in that section and who knew Jack London in the old days before he wrote *The Call of the Wild.* And in this manner, the evening passed very pleasantly. The next day they played golf. And on Sunday they took a drive around and visited some friends, and the week-end was a great success, and Charlie Hall came back to the city to take the train for the West and return once more to his home in the wilds of Alaska. A little bit of civilization such as Mt. Oak presented on a week-end seemed to go a long way for Charlie. And this should hold him for a year or more until his business brought him down again. In Alaska he engages in the gentle art of fur trading. And even to this day he puts in a good stock of razor blades, glass beads, mirrors from the 5 and 10, as well as steel fish-hooks, dollar watches, and brass vanity cases. And if you think the Eskimo ladies are completely indifferent to lipstick and rouge, you are greatly mistaken.

At any rate, Charlie Hall went back to Alaska, and the McCalls saw him off. It was then that McCall said to Charlie, "The next time you come down to the States, I wish you'd bring me a little pup. That would be a breed we don't have here in Mt. Oak. And if we got him young, we could train him."

That is how it all started. Charlie Hall wrote them a letter saying that he had arrived and found everything in good shape. Two litters of pups had been born during his absence—I forgot to say he had three teams of dogs—and he was sending one in a crate by American Express. "He is good stock, nine weeks old, but don't forget, if he doesn't behave himself tie his front paws together and hang him up on a nail until he cools off."

McCall thought this was a good joke, and it was not many days after this letter had arrived that the expressman brought the crate containing "the cutest little fuzzy-wuzzy, teddy-bear darlingest pup," for that is what Mrs. McCall said it was. And she ordered the chauffeur to open the crate at once for, "the poor little darling must be so tired all cooped up in a box and such a long journey and—did the Express Company feed him regularly?—and probably never good milk, and water only occasionally. Sweet little darling."

There were some half-chewed dog biscuits on the floor of the crate and it did not look as though the dog had been badly neglected. The chauffeur came into the house with a hammer and removed two slats from the crate.

Mrs. McCall put in her hand, and she said most affectionately, "Come out, you little fuzzy darling." The dog seemed a little shy and she had to pull him by the loose scruff of his neck, and when she did so, the chauffeur removed the crate. "Oh, you smelly little thing, you'll have to have a bath at once. Let me see, is his nose cold? Yes, nealthy little puppy. Are you going to like it here in Mt. Oak?"

No sooner had these words been spoken than the pup shook himself, sniffed the air, curled back his lips showing a small white line of teeth, and made a dash across the living room and under the couch. There was a high scream from the little pink throat of

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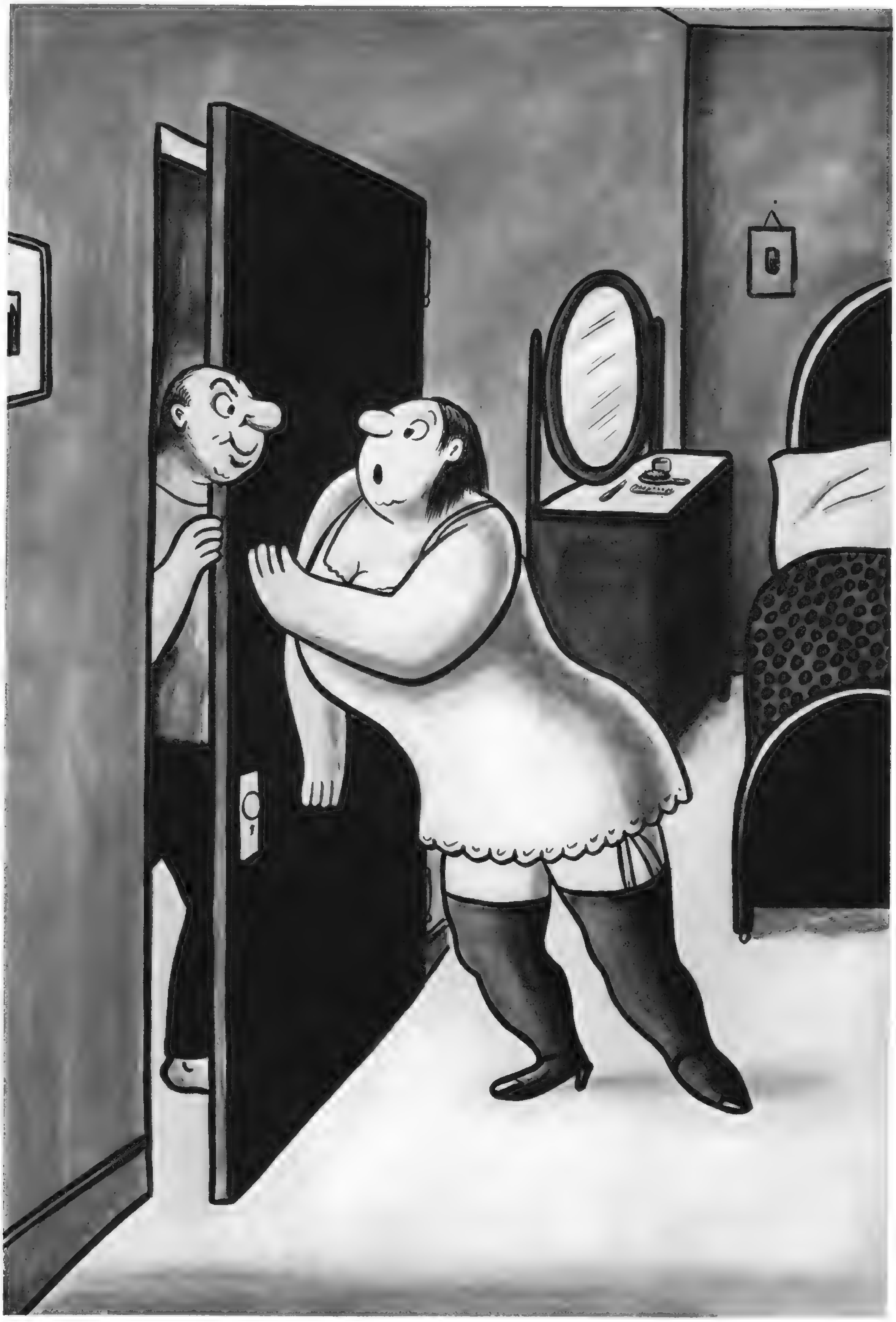

"Herman! What's come over you?"

New Deal for Cyrano

A nose is a nose is a nose after the plastic surgeon adapts it to a man's face

by MAXWELL MALTZ, M. D.

■ ARTICLE ■

JIMMY DURANTE's decision to have his large nose reshaped to normal proportions by a plastic surgeon would be news, indeed, which in all probability would be found on page one of the newspapers. That this will ever happen, however, is hardly probable, for the reason that altho Durante is one of thousands of men with abnormally large noses, he is almost alone in being able to capitalize what for others is likely to be a terrific economic and social handicap. For him, however, an enormous proboscis is a gold mine.

But what about the other thousands of Cyranos? What can they do about the humps, hooks and twists, the large, bony noses curved like Moorish scimitars, or the drooping, hooked tips that they consider a social or economic handicap.

Altho plastic surgeons operate frequently on the nose these days, it is unfortunate that, for some reason, most men associate this type of work with feminine vanity. Perhaps the importance of a good personal appearance is clearer to the intuitive mind of woman. She is more sensitive than the male to the reactions of a world that demands normality and places a high premium upon beauty. Hence, she is more readily convinced when the plastic surgeon tells her that noses can be remade with no more danger than in pulling a wisdom tooth.

Public opinion, perhaps, is also something of a barrier to the male who would correct a deformity with which nature has burdened him or which he received thru accident. It seems to be perfectly understandable for a woman to have a large hump removed from her nose, but a man who contemplates a similar operation may be considered a bit conceited. The fact that a harsh society demands normality of facial appearance in men as well as in women is quite often overlooked by many people.

Yet, in essence, plastic surgery has been a man's job on men. In this, as in many other things, women have profited by man's experience, for the history of plastic surgery begins with the rebuilding of men's noses some twenty-five hundred years ago.

In India, at that time, the method of punishing criminals was to amputate the unfortunate's nose. Thus was his crime advertised to one and all. He could not hide his branding, *unless* he got a new nose. Hence the criminal allowed primitive surgeons to experiment on him. After much trial and error a method was evolved by which a new nose could be fashioned. This Hindu method, preserved in its fundamentals to the present day, was developed by protracted experimentation with plants. The surgeon peeled from the forehead a strip of skin, one end of which was left attached. This was twisted so as to keep uppermost the outer layer, or epidermis. It was then brought down over the injured area, and shaped to form a new nose. With a normal nose, the Hindu criminal was given a chance to reform.

The prevalence of dueling during the Renaissance brought many a cavalier to the same condition as the Hindu criminals of an earlier day. Let us examine the facts of an historical example.

A captain in the Paris Guards and a certain Chevalier de Saint-Thoan fought a duel over a woman. On the field of honor the swift blade of the captain carried away Saint-Thoan's nose, but Saint-Thoan, tho mutilated and bleeding, caught his adversary off guard and buried his sword in the captain's heart.

Altho he had killed his man, Saint-Thoan could not be happy, for the eminent surgeon, Ambroise Paré, insisted that a silver nose was the only possible replacement. And so Saint-Thoan became known as the knight of the silver nose.

Friends talked about this silver nose and the erstwhile Don Juan could not withstand their jibes and sallies. He grew shy and irritable, morose and retiring. At last, in desperation, he sought the help of the well-known Italian surgeon, Tagliacozzi, who decided that a new nose could be made for his distinguished patient.

The skin to be used for the new nose was pared from Saint-Thoan's arm, but with one end left attached. (This technique, still used today, is called the Italian method.) Tagliacozzi waited for almost a month for the flap of skin to gain sufficient strength before he fastened it to the nasal wound. A head-gear was devised to hold the arm and head together in a rigid position. After twenty days, the skin from the arm had fused with the nasal stump, and the end of the flap was then cut from the arm. Later, openings for the nostrils were cut in the flap.

A few months later Parisians were astonished to see the returned Saint-Thoan with a perfectly good nose. He had been liberated from a mental and emotional prison. The cavalier's descent into the unhappy realm of disfigurement and his dramatic return to normality, illustrate how the nose can affect the whole course of one's life.

Such instances are by no means isolated in the history of civilization. When a man has been unfortunate enough to lose his entire nose he has invariably sought relief, either thru makeshift, substitute noses, or thru plastic surgery. But when he is burdened with a tremendous beak which causes him much mental misery and which handicaps him in the economic and social world, he has usually been less willing to seek rehabilitation than the female.

The World War of 1914-1918 witnessed a rebirth of plastic surgery on a vast scale. Never before was it practiced to so great an extent as during those four mad years. Thousands were crippled beyond repair. Bodies were horribly mangled by the shattering shrapnel. Many faces were mutilated so badly that it was impossible to reconstruct the features. These unfortunates could not return to society and show their faces, distorted beyond the point of toleration by others.

For other thousands, however, plastic surgery was able to make restorations of face or features which permitted a return to society and self support. Thus, the war taught the value of plastic surgery in the rehabilitation of mangled features. . . . But it was the women—not the men—who first realized the possibilities of its application in daily life. They saw that birthmarks, injuries to the face, hooked and humped noses, could be corrected safely now that the war had taught the efficacy of this type of surgery. As a result they turned to plastic surgery without waiting for a war to cause disfigurement.

These women realized clearly that the correction of facial deformities has marked mental, social and economic advantages, for physical handicaps definitely influence disposition and behavior. It is, however, difficult for the facially normal person to realize the mental agony of the woman whose nose is deformed either by nature or by accident. She is likely to become "nose-conscious,"

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A Suit of Clothes

Biting clear portrait of one of those people you meet in only the best colleges

by ROBERT M. COATES

FICTION

The three fellows — Charles Morrison, Ernie Haye and John Furness: all three Freshmen at Yale in the class of 1919—walked slowly out Whitney Avenue. It was an afternoon of late autumn; everywhere you smelled backyard bonfires burning, and the smoke of them made a kind of blue pallor under the trees; the huge old houses that lined the street looked heavy and impenetrable, as if carved out of solid chunks of stone. Overhead, though, the sky—with its kiting clouds and its breezes moving—seemed wide and cool and spacious: it made you feel like going on and on and on.

"Keen day," said Morrison lazily. He had a curiously drawling and yet precise way of talking, as if his tongue gave a final fillip to each syllable just as it left his mouth, and he pronounced his "a"s almost as if they were "i"s. Ernie had noticed that all the fellows from the big prep schools did that. He waited a moment for Furness to speak—after all, Furness and Morrison were room-mates—but Furness said nothing. Before he himself could answer, Morrison had gone on:

"Good day for walking," he said. "Oo" as in "food" and "walking" almost as if it had been "woaking": Ernie made a mental note of both. Furness still didn't speak; he just walked along kicking the dead leaves that lay banked at the sidewalk's edges. "Good day for football, too," Morrison added musingly, as if to the air in front of him.

This time Furness did speak. "Yes," he said suddenly. "If you want to waste your time on football."

Ernie glanced from one to the other, vaguely conscious that the two room-mates had meanings behind their words that he was not concerned with. Morrison made no reply, however; instead, as Ernie turned, he found Morrison's dark gaze meeting his. He smiled slightly, and Ernie smiled too, but nervously. "I was awfully glad you could come along with us today," Morrison said. "Oafly" for "awfully," Ernie noted mentally, but even as he did so he felt a moment's amazement. It wasn't what Morrison had said or the way he'd said it: Ernie had already observed that the fellows here sometimes adopted a kind of high politeness in their way of talking that would get you called crazy, or a sissy, or something, back home. He admired that, and envied the effect of worldliness it conveyed, and anyway you had only to look at Morrison's long powerful arms and heavy shoulders to see that he wasn't a sissy—even if it hadn't been common knowledge that he'd been the best stroke they'd had at Saint Paul's School in years and was practically sure of a berth on the Freshman crew next spring.

What confused him, though, was Morrison's seeming to say that he, Ernie, had been the third one to join the party. When what had happened was that he and Furness had come out of Freshman English together, and had gotten to talking the way they'd done several times lately—about things that had come up in class, and then about trying out for the *Record*, and doing stuff for the *Lit*, and so on. And then Furness had suggested taking a walk. And it hadn't been till they were halfway out Hillhouse Avenue that they'd met Morrison wandering along, and then hed joined *them*.

Or anyway so Ernie had thought at the time, but now he began wondering if maybe he hadn't been butting in all along. Maybe Furness had had a date with Morrison in the first place, and then when they'd started talking after class, why, maybe Furness had asked him along because there wasn't any other way to get rid of him. But that didn't seem right either, because Furness had seemed really surprised when they met Morrison, and Morrison had too. Maybe it was just their way of talking around here. It was a nice way of putting things, anyway. He realized that Morrison's eyes were still fixed on his.

"Yes," he said, still confused about the matter. "I'm glad you could come with—," and then stopped, conscious that he was only repeating the other's words. He heard Furness give a short giggling laugh. Morrison's smooth dark face never moved. "Yes," Ernie said. "I mean. So'm I."

Morrison's head bowed slightly, as if to acknowledge a remark that he would treasure. "I think we should all get to know each other better," he said. "We're a huge class, you know, and if we're ever going to get to know all the worth-while people in it." He glanced quickly across at Furness and then went on. "It isn't all just going out for sports, you know. That sort of thing is all right for prep school kids, but here there's lots else." ("Lawts ailse," Ernie noted.) "There's the library. The art school—," the slow even voice went on. But then Furness, moving silently beside them kicking suddenly at a pile of leaves, sending them scattering. Ernie, who had been listening with an almost hypnotized attention, felt a moment of fierce impatience. After all, it was something to be talking to a fellow like Morrison; he wondered, even, if Furness mightn't be just jealous of the way they were getting on. He noticed that Morrison's lips had parted in a faint hard smile, as if he too resented the interruption.

"Now, you," he said. "I understand you mean to be a writer. I understand you're going out for the *Record?*" He paused on the question, but just as Ernie began to answer, he added: "Or is it the *Lit?*" Again Ernie started to speak, only to be cut off once more as Morrison continued: "Or is it both you're meaning to try for?" Ernie was now in utter confusion. He grinned, foolishly, for it struck him funny that they'd gotten so balled up twice in succession; then he saw that Morrison had not permitted himself to smile at all; he was still waiting, gravely attentive, for an answer.

Ernie banished his grin hastily. "Why, I—," he began, but darned if, just as he started to speak, Morrison didn't start too, and once more their voices clashed: "Or aren't you going to bother with the College magazines at all?" Morrison was saying. This time, however, Morrison did laugh. He let out a sudden hoot and then bottled it as suddenly, and then he gave way to laughter again. "Oh, I'm sorry!" he gasped, still laughing. "I'm terribly sorry. We just keep interrupting each other, don't we?" he added, sobering a little. "Do go on, though. I'll try to keep quiet. You were speaking about your literary career?"

Surprisingly, Furness cut in. "Hey, Shep!" he said, in a kind of heavy protesting growl. "How about not, for Chris' sakes?", and Ernie saw Morrison's glance go, suddenly bright, past him toward Furness. He said nothing, however, just turned his gaze straight ahead and walked on silently. Ernie, walking between the two, felt thwarted. He had been going to explain to Morrison, if the other hadn't interrupted, that he really wanted to write for the *Lit*, but gee, with the kind of stuff

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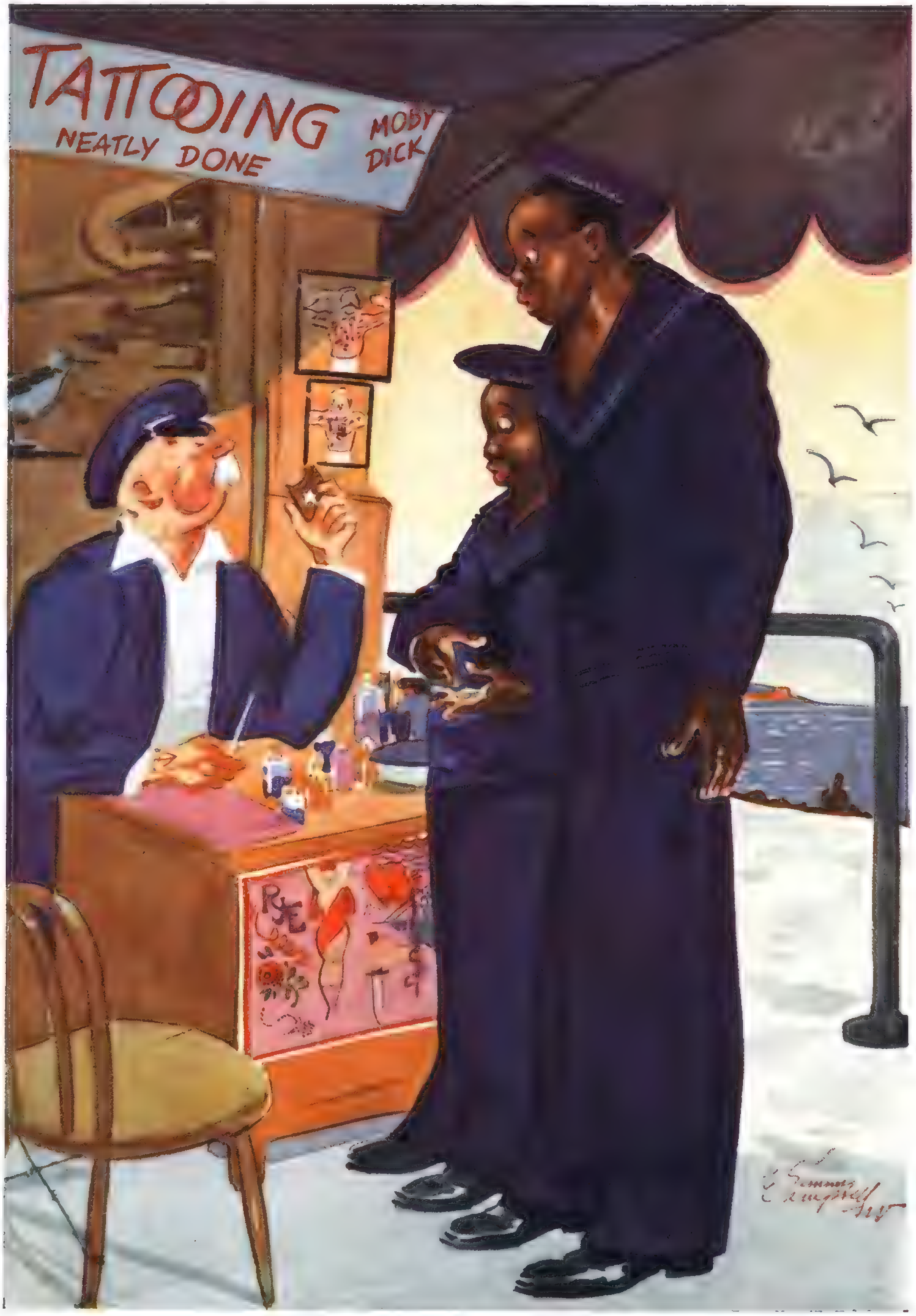
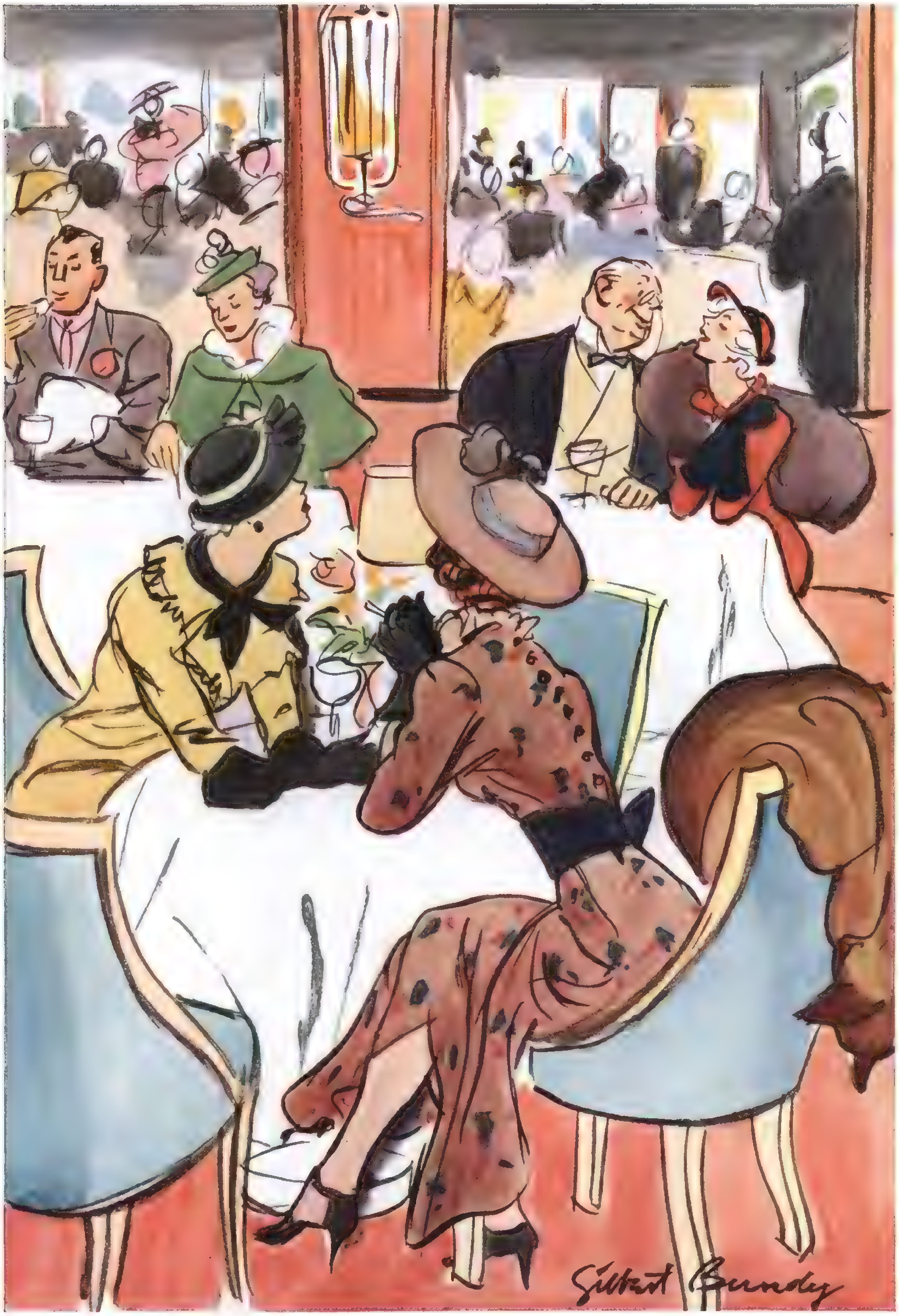

TATTOOING
NEATLY DONE
MOBY DICK

"—of course there's an extra charge for tatooing in reverse"


Gilbert Bundy

"You'd think she'd be satisfied with wrecking three banks"

Running the Country

This might be the way things are really run, and it might not: choose your own answer

by JAY FRANKLIN CARTER

▪ SATIRE ▪

ADMINISTRATOR

ASSISTANT TO THE ADMINISTRATOR

THERE was a sharp buzz. The young man with the china-blue eyes and the contours of a mildly stream-lined seal lifted the desk-telephone from its metal cradle.

"Administrator's Office. Boynton speaking," he said automatically. There was an answering throaty clucking from the transmitter.

"This morning?" Boynton asked. "Ho—hold the line a moment, Mr. Senator, and I'll find out when he'll be free."

He laid down the telephone and looked across the double-desk at the slender, dark-eyed girl with the pince-nez, who was typing steadily away behind a barricade of official documents and reference books: "I have been directed by the Administrator to acknowledge receipt of your letter. . . . I have been directed by the Administrator I have been directed. . . ."

"How are Mr. Cunningham's appointments this morning, Miss Cairns?"

The girl turned from her machine and picked up the black leather appointment book, with the current page held open by a heavy rubber band.

"He's busy at ten and ten fifteen," she said, "and has a division chiefs' meeting at ten-thirty. Then he's due at the White House at twelve."

"Eleven all right?" asked Boynton.

The girl nodded.

Boynton picked up the telephone again. "How about eleven o'clock this morning, Mr. Senator?"

There was a series of affirmative clucks. Boynton dropped the instrument back with a sigh. "Senator Ambruster to see the Administrator at eleven, Miss Cairns," he remarked. "Hot damn!"

* * *

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE ADMINISTRATOR

Lola Cairns wrote "Senator Ambruster" opposite the "11:00 A.M." line in the appointment book.

The stream-lined young man whistled quietly. "What do you know about that?" he asked. "Senator Carl R. Ambruster himself, in person. Wonder what he's after now? Let's see, he hasn't been as much in the papers these last few weeks."

Miss Cairns' lips curled, revealing a row of surprisingly little teeth. "They say he's going social these days," she said. "Learning which fork to use."

Boynton raised his eyebrows and thrashed through the pages of the morning paper rapidly. "Here we are," he announced. " 'Senator Carl R. Ambruster and Mrs. Ambruster entertained a small party of friends at the Continental Restaurant last evening.' And here's a picture of his wife. Not bad looking either, is she? Can you beat it? Going social!"

The Private Secretary rose and smoothed her skirt. "I'd better tell Mr. Fleming," she said.

She left Boynton chuckling over the paper and stepped into the inner office. A lanky, middle-aged man, with a long red nose and shrewd grey eyes, looked up at her from a heap of letters. "What's on your mind, Lola?"

"Senator Ambruster's coming to see the Administrator at eleven. I thought you'd want to let him know at once."

She returned to her desk and resumed typing. "I am director by the Administer. . . ." She grimaced, yanked the botched sheet out of the machine, tossed it into the waste-basket, and began again: "I am directed. . . ."

* * *

SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE ADMINISTRATOR

The lanky man with the long nose craned his head around the side of the door which connected the outer with the inner office.

"Say, Buttsy," he beckoned to Boynton. "Come in here. I want to talk to you a minute."

Jerome Fleming closed the door of the inner office behind Boynton and smiled down at the plump young Assistant. "What does Ambruster want?" Fleming asked.

"He didn't say. All he said was that he wanted an appointment to see E. T. this morning."

"He didn't drop a hint about his business?"

Boynton shook his head.

"Hell! You ought to have asked him," Fleming drawled. "E. T. won't want to go up against a guy like Ambruster cold, like this. Now we'll have to check with the White House. You ought to learn a little sense, Buttsy." He grinned disarmingly. A mere Special Assistant does not reprove the nephew of a member of the Ways and Means Committee very vigorously or any too often.

1936
SOCIAL
CHECK AT THE WHITE HOUSE!

Boynton's face lighted impishly. "I know what he's after, all right. We've been chasing votes on these amendments and he's chasing jobs for his constituents. He wants to make a trade."

Jerome Fleming laughed. "Well, that's better. I thought at first he might want to look at some of your snappy stenographers. Sort of *droit de Sénateur.* No, seriously, Buttsy, shall I tell E. T. to tell the White House that Ambruster's breaking down and may come across on the amendments if we loosen up with a few State appointments?"

Boynton frowned and puckered his lips. "That's just my guess," he said. "You'd better see what E. T. thinks of it himself before you bother anybody at the White House. He may know what it's all about."

* * *

ADMINISTRATOR

The man with the heavy shoulders and the smooth-shaven ruddy face looked up from the crackling blue-prints with an air of disgust. The Honorable Edward T. Cunningham was coming for the thousandth time to the conclusion that his Deputy Administrator's complicated blue-prints were no substitute for red corpuscles.

"What is it, Jerry?" he asked.

The lanky Special Assistant kept his face straight. "Just wanted to suggest that we'd better give the girls the rest of the morning off, E. T."

The Administrator smiled tolerantly. "What's the matter? Spring fever?"

Fleming shook his head. "They don't get enough money to rate spring fever. Only Senator Ambruster's coming to see you at eleven o'clock and they say he's hell with the girls."

Cunningham's smile froze and his face turned wary. "Ambruster, eh? Wish he'd tell me where he got that inside stuff he pulled in the Senate the other day. There's a leak somewhere in this organization. What more does he want?"

Fleming sprawled his gangling body in the deep leather armchair beside the Administrator's desk. "Buttsy thinks he wants to swap his vote on the amendments for a flock of appointments."

Cunningham shook his head vigorously. "I doubt it. He's too far committed against us to switch now. There's more to it than that."

The Special Assistant pursed his lips reflectively and scratched his thinning hair. "Maybe he's suffering from nineteen thirty-six trouble. It's got a lot of the boys feverish," he suggested.

The Administrator

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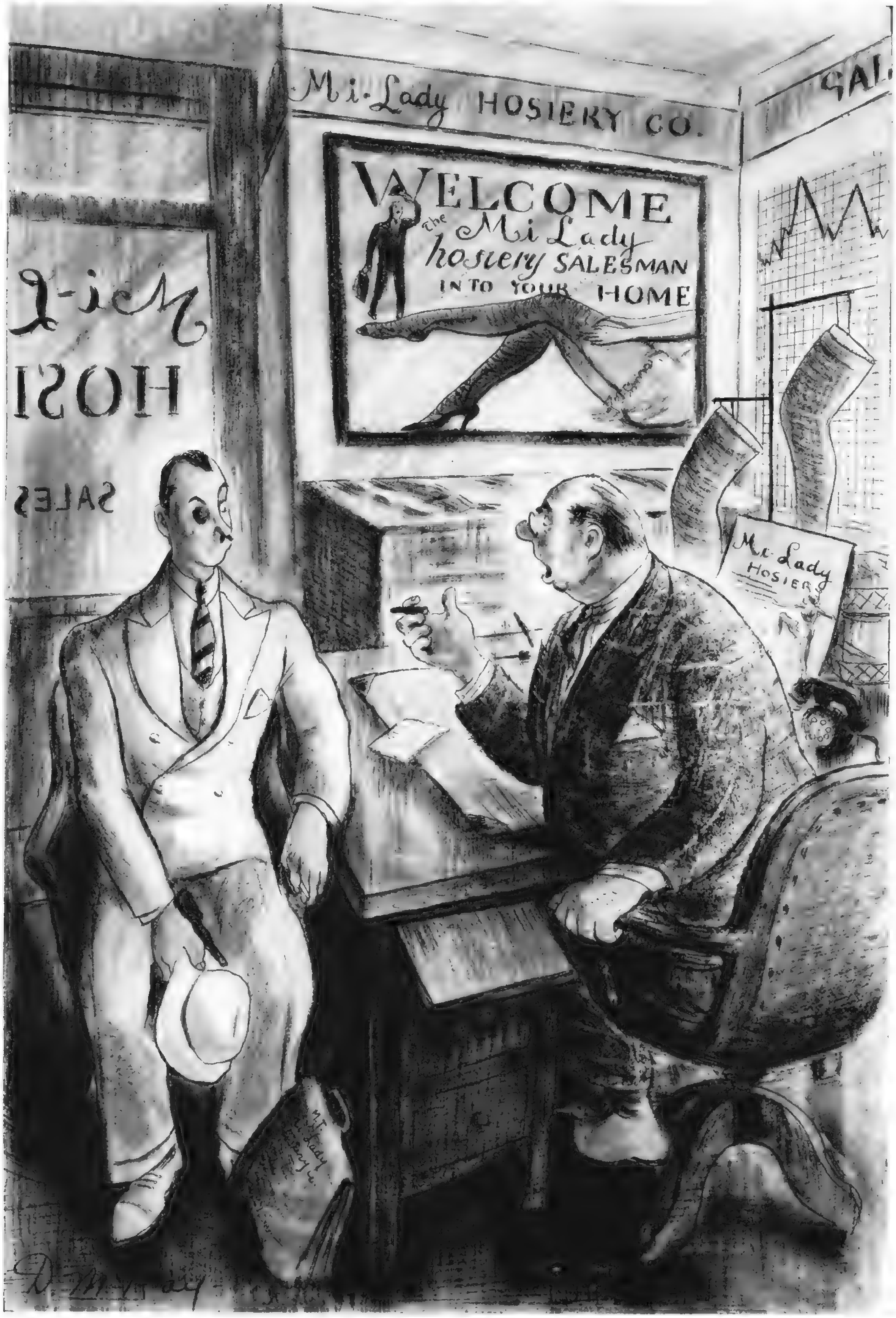

Mi-Lady HOSIERY CO.
SAL
WELCOME the Mi Lady hosiery SALESMAN INTO YOUR HOME
Mi-L
HOSI
SALES
Mi-Lady HOSIER
Mi Lady Hosiery Co.
D. Murray

"Hereafter you better let them try the stockings on themselves!"

Fuller Brush Man

At last a real portrait of the creature who is the innocent father of so much Americana

by MARK CARLSON

• ARTICLE •

"They say every cloud has a silver lining;" Mr. Pettit says. "I believe in that."

Perhaps he has in mind the circumstances that resulted in his becoming a Fuller Brush man. When Arthur G. (for Garfield) Pettit was graduated as salutatorian from High School in Rockville Center, L. I., his ambition was to go into Chemical Engineering. In this, he was encouraged by his mother, whose crocheted nightingales and sunshine cakes are still the pride of many a local church bazaar. She wanted her only son to be a Professional Man. Arthur's father, however, hoped to share with him the onus and profits of a flourishing hardware store. Pettit studied Chemical Engineering. "Whatever talent for salesmanship I have," he says with a modest blush, "I inherit from my good mother."

Pettit's year with a large chemical manufacturing company was not a happy one. It wasn't being on the night shift that bothered him so much as the fact that he was not expected to use his initiative. "There's nothing like Initiative and Responsibility," Mr. Pettit is fond of saying, "to keep a man interested in his job." However, being a dogged sort of person, he might have stuck to the Chemical Company for years, with his Initiative in an abortive state, had it not been for the untimely (but fortuitous) death of his father in a motor crash on the Merrick Road. Pettit was then twenty-two, and felt keenly his responsibility as the sole support of a widowed mother. A friend who had left Accounting to sell Fuller brushes, urged him to try his hand at being a salesman, too. At first, Pettit thought the idea beneath his dignity as a Professional Man. But when he learned that the friend's earning capacity had jumped within six months from thirty to sixty dollars a week, he thought he'd try selling brushes, just until something more in his line turned up. That was seven years ago. Now, at twenty-nine, he is a Field Manager with a territory of 20,000 persons exclusively his and a yearly income close to $13,000. That is the silver lining.

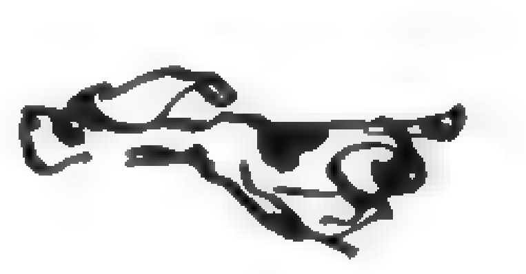
Meeting Mr. Pettit, you would think him the last man in the world to be so successful a salesman. There is nothing high-pressure about him. In fact, low pressure is his outstanding characteristic. He is of average height, has pleasant, undistinguished features, is slightly bald on top, and diffident in his manner. So gentle and refined is his voice that often customers ask him to repeat a word or a phrase. He dresses quietly in dark suits—no sweaters and knickers for a Fuller man—and wears inconspicuous ties. His only jewelry is a BPOE watch charm. (He is not an active Elk, just belongs for business reasons.) In bad weather he is never without overshoes and umbrella. "What's the use of taking chances?" he says. He is meticulous about wiping his feet on the doormat, knowing how housewives appreciate that sort of thing. Chewing gum he considers vulgar, but he never fails to carry breath-sweetening tablets in his pocket. "I owe it to my customers," he says. "A successful salesman must be able to put himself in the other person's place."

Pettit has a lot to say about being a successful salesman. He is an assiduous student of the many leaflets printed by the Company for its men, and has missed only one of the two weekly meetings in his seven year connection with the Company. That was when an aunt died, and it didn't count against him. "Never try to sell a housewife something she doesn't need," he says. "Let her discover by looking at the samples what her needs are. A brush is a tool to work with. She will soon find out for herself that Fuller brushes do the work better. There is a Fuller brush for every need in the home, 47 kinds for 71 uses, from head to foot, from cellar to attic. A good salesman can always uncover a need." Another thing, he says, is to *know your product* and *have faith in it.* No salesman can hope to convince others if he is not convinced himself, to the extent of using at least five dollars' worth of brushes a year. That is, according to the LOA. And the LOA, says Pettit, is unbeatable.

These initials are not another wrinkle in the brow of our Chief Executive, but stand for the Law Of Averages, the Fuller man's best friend. Without it, he would hardly know where to turn. The whole Fuller organization is based on the Law Of Averages. For instance, the average time figured for one man—the average man—to cover the average territory, is four months. If it takes him longer, another man is added, for it is estimated that overwork and overstrain, though temporarily profitable in money, have disastrous results in the long run. Another axiom of the LOA is that for each sample handy brush given away, $1.25 worth of business (according to Company figures) is averaged. Therefore, if you feel embarrassed before the pressing desire of the Fuller Brush Man to leave with you this irreplaceable gift, remember that sometime, somewhere, it will mean $1.25 worth of business to him. Unless the Company and the LOA are wrong. And they are never wrong.

Pettit's respect for the Company is as profound as his love for Our Country's Flag, his filial devotion, and his pride in the wife and kiddies. Its saga is indeed a success story par excellence. The beginnings of Benjamin Franklin, John Jacob Astor, Henry Ford and King David were no more humble, nor their rise more meteoric than the beginnings of Alfred C. Fuller, a poor farm boy, and his rise to become president of a company that has four to five thousand salesmen in the United States and Canada alone, and branches in England, Africa, Australia and South America. "He began like any of us," Pettit says with awe. "There's a chance for us all," he adds with hope.

In 1908, Fuller, who had tried with uniform lack of success the professions of street-car conductor, gardener and express-wagon driver, on a capital of less than four hundred dollars, started a little brush business in the cellar of his sister's home in Somerville, Mass. He made the brushes himself and sold them himself. Five years later he was doing $20,000 worth of business a year. Today, despite the depression, it is many times that. This enormous growth Mr. Fuller attributes not to any particular talent or ingenuity on his part, but to the spirit of the men working with him. He is, he feels, an average man surrounded by average men. "Bring any group of average men into an organization," he writes, "and they have underlying power to move mountains.



"I get a thrill out of reading things like that," says Mr. Pettit. "It makes you feel important."

To see Pettit's modest bearing as he stands upon the doormat, looking as though he hated above all things to intrude upon the privacy of your home, you would never guess how important he feels. Even before he became a Field Manager, when he was only a regular salesman, he felt important. Doubtless this was due to the Company policy of one hundred per cent individual

Continued on page 92

Overruling the Sportsmen

The good golfer carries his own lawyer around the course to interpret 183 regulations

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

Most optimistic of all God's chilluns are the grave gentlemen and mesdames who make rules for sports.

Their bland belief that more than the tiniest fraction of the pastiming populace knows, understands, or pays any attention to the profuse and complex rules enacted by sports governing bodies is very firm and beautiful, like unto the lungs of the young ladies in Esquire's works of art.

It is undeniably a great pity that the functions and activities of the rules committees of the various pastimes fall with all the noise and splash of a cigarette paper floating down onto a quiet pool, into the who-gives-a-damn category so far as the pastimers are concerned. However, the pastimers are not to be blamed because so very few of them have been able to get around to learning the Ten Commandments even at this late date, although no rules committees make annual amendments to the Ten Commandments so they will be more baffling for the players.

That is where the game experts demonstrate their business superiority. You see people flocking to buy new bridge rule books. When the Spalding annuals come out with revised rules of games, amateurs, professionals, coaches and feverish fans rush through store doors for The Word. With life as complex as it is and games as simple as they should be it does seem as though there is more need for annual editions of the Holy Writ with the New, Revised and Annotated Rules As Approved and Adopted. Instead, the rules business has provoked persistent messing around of the sports committees.

There is no aspect of a racket to the rules changes. Even the bridge rule committee whose edicts probably are more seriously heeded than the seventh commandment among pastimers in the upper brackets, has its evangelistic experts who proclaim through their newspaper syndicate articles that more money is spent in the revision of the rules than is secured in profit from the revised editions of bridge books. No figures are given in support of this statement, but if one does not accept the words of rule committees as inspired and holy, one is not a gentleman sportsman.

Right there is where the rules committee have you stopped on two counts. You can't disregard the involved, ambiguous and extensive laws of the multitudinous rules committees on the ground that you will have no part in paying tribute to someone's racket nor can you risk, even in your own conscience, excommunication as a gentleman sportsman.

The whole thing simmers down to a firmly entrenched and generally unnecessary nuisance having its roots in the deep desire of mankind to mind the business of everybody else. Gratification of this normal impulse is the only pay most of the rules committees get. Their committee work costs them their own money, which in a number of cases they would be devoting to a more rational use were they to buy the missus a new dress.

Maybe the nearest answer to the rules problem is that adopted by the major league baseball clubs in hiring Kenesaw Mountain Landis for making rules to order while you wait. Landis pleased the public and saved his employers embarrassment during the last game of the 1934 World's Series at Detroit by detouring around Rule 68, Section 2, of baseball's present collection of 71 rules. This is the section which calls for the visitors' claiming forfeiture of the game from the home team in the event of the home team's inability to preserve order.

You may recall how Detroit's bleacherites welcomed Mr. Medwick of St. Louis back to his mandate in left field after Mr. Medwick had spiked into a three point landing into the shins and lap of Mr. Owen, third baser of the Tigers. A cascade of produce from the citrus groves of California and Florida and of filled and/or drained containers of the cut juice of the cola berry arched over the bleacher wire netting to the playing field in Mr. Medwick's vicinage.

Thrice crowning was offered Mr. Medwick and thrice he ducked whilst the constabulary shook scolding batons at the naughty crowd. By the rules in print the game could have been claimed by St. Louis as forfeited but by Landis' law delay was countenanced until the fruit and bottle gunners had exhausted their ammunition and Medwick was removed, whereupon the game continued.

The procedure was sane and sound on the part of Landis. The crowd was not denied the fun and fury of the sport regardless of the rules. But you are not going to outbid baseball to have Landis sit over your bridge table shaking shreds from his leonine fright wig into your drinks just so rules can be made up special delivery to suit the circumstances.

The United States Golf Association and the world's three million golfers on which the association, in international co-operation with the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Scotland, rides herd, probably have the most hopeless of all sports rules education and enforcement problems. There are 70 rules, 23 definitions and 90 sections of the rules of golf, which ought to be sufficient to make everything clear, but in addition to the rule book there has been required Shenstone's weighty volume of interpretations and British, Australian, United States, South African, South American, French and Japanese golf magazines have links lawyers on their staffs to try to further interpret rules to the enlightenment of inquiring readers. The inquiring readers, you may generally be sure, are interested in the explanation of the rules not because they are ablaze with any inward fire of pure sportsmanship but because they have put up pounds, shillings, pence, dollars, dimes, pesos and yens to say they are right. When the answers appear in print, those on the losing end pay off but without any conviction that justice has been done. The sad, clear cry of the prize fight manager, "We was robbed!" is echoed in golf's genteel precincts after most of these rules decisions are made.

As bringing into sharp focus the futility of enforcement of these 183 details of the rules of golf, observe closely any of the National Open golf championships. The golf rules present an interesting Exhibit A of confusion thrice confounded. In the 1933 championship at North Shore, Paul Runyan and his scorer, the noted veteran Chick Evans, were victims of a scoring technicality which ruled Runyan out of further play while he was in a fine position for racing down the stretch, and which reddened the face of the innocent Evans.

In the 1934 championship at

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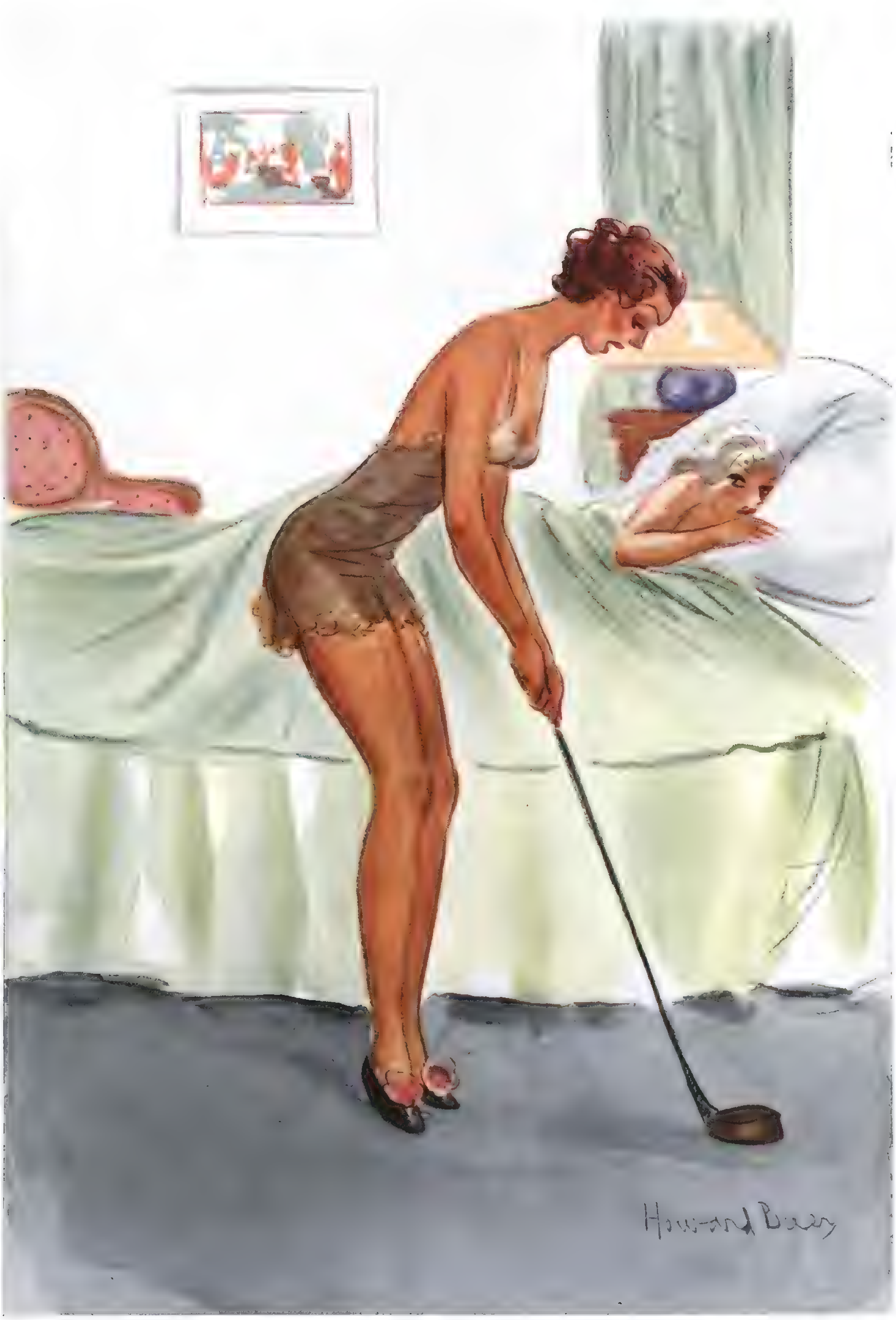
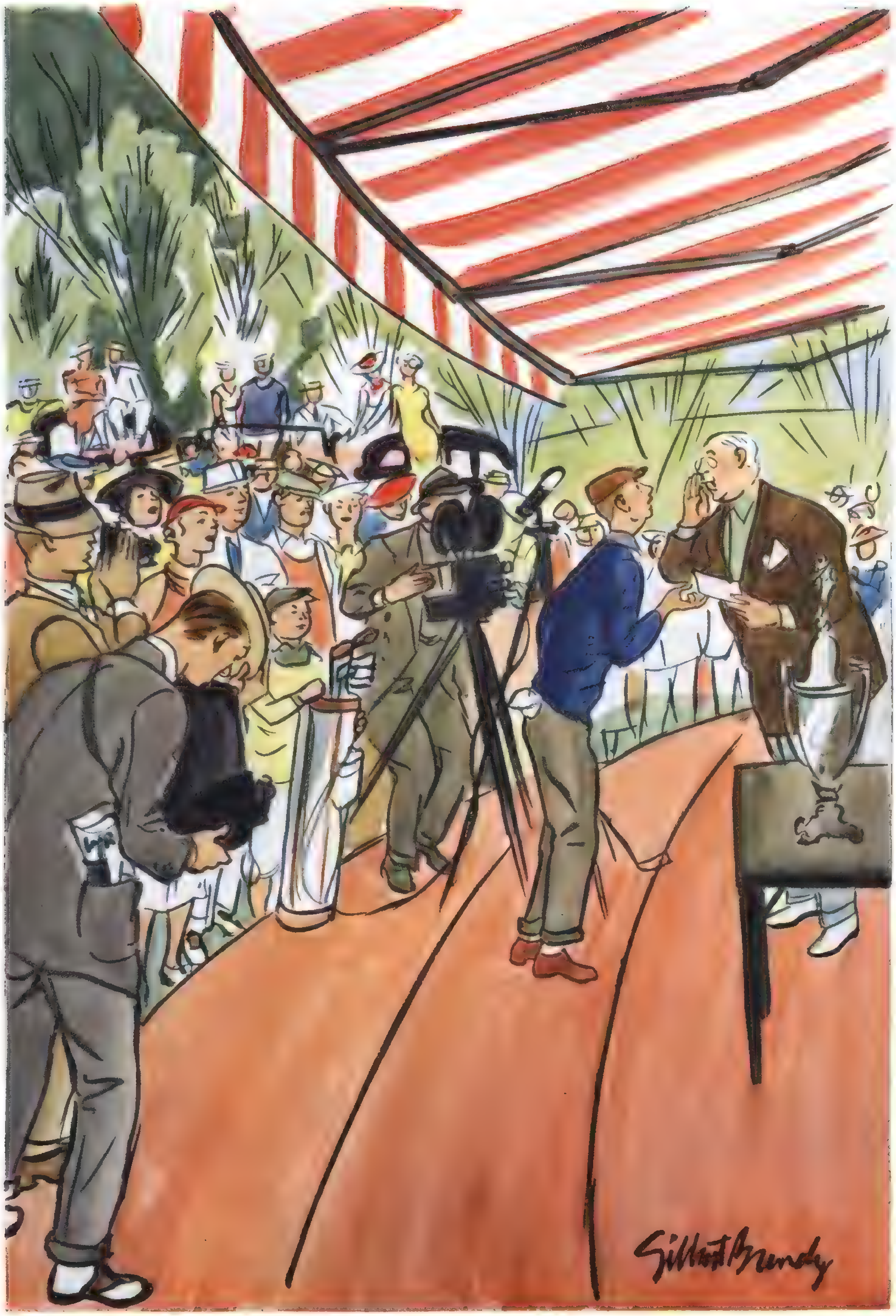

Howard Baer

"The pro said my form was the best part of my game"


Gilbert Bundy

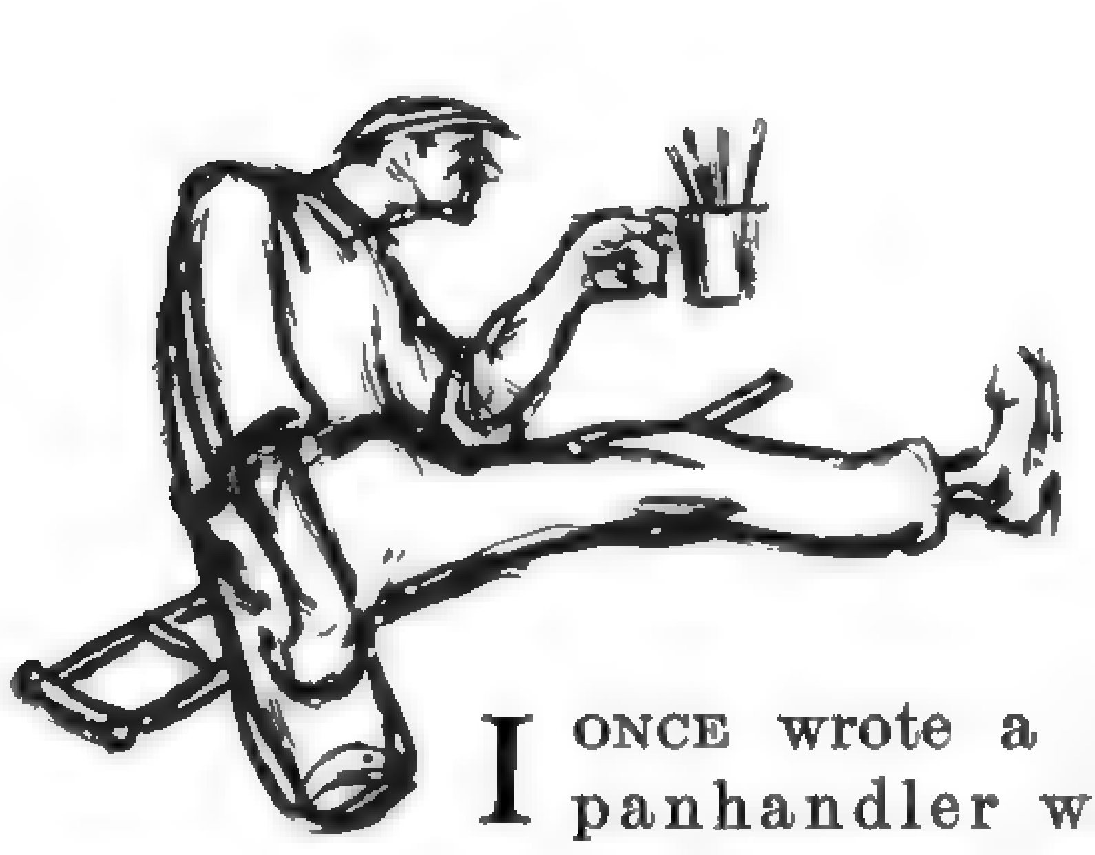
"Could we ask you not to cash this check until next Monday?"

March of the Wooden-leg Soldiers

Several celebrities prove that a man with but one leg to stand on can go places in the arts

by FRANK SCULLY

▪ ARTICLE ▪



I once wrote a story about a panhandler who, trusting neither brokers nor bankers, kept his dough in his right shoe. When he had ten dimes he changed them to a dollar and stuck that in his shoe. When he had a hundred dollars he changed that to a single century, and when he had ten centuries he changed them to a grand.

He finally saved ten grand and figured he could retire for the rest of his days, but after the depression, fear came on him and he decided he needed another thousand for a rainy day. So he went on the road again still carrying his bank roll in the sole of his shoe, to make that extra grand.

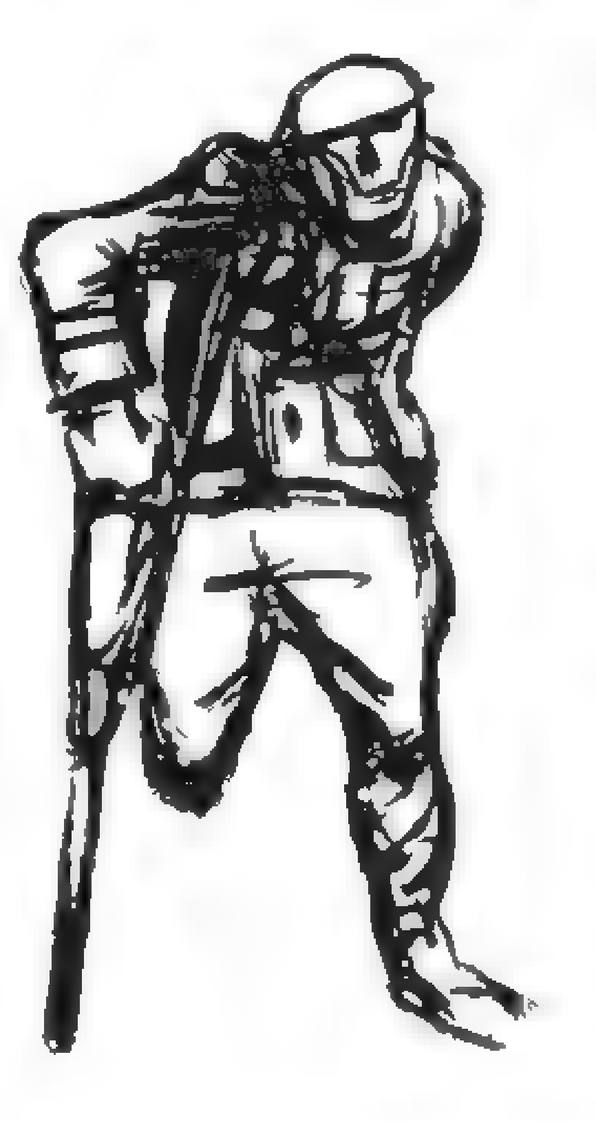
A railroad smash-up cut off his right foot. They pulled him out of the wreckage, but his foot and his dough were burned in the conflagration.

"How did you ever think of such a dizzy idea?" the editors who said "no thanks" wanted to know. I couldn't for the life of me tell. The emphasis was all wet, and as soupily sentimental as a Hearst cartoon on Armistice Day. From Stevenson's Long John Silver to Tully's Pegleg in *Shanty Irish* (who was always begging money for a wooden leg and always using it to get a drink instead) the one-legged lads of literature usually got pretty good breaks, even when they were the villains.

As for those in life most of those who had lost a leg had climbed into *Who's Who* on the handicap. One guy clipped of both legs and arms, an Irishman, had got into Parliament. Imagine "running" for office from a wheeled chair. And Peter Stuyvesant ran New York on a peg-leg, didn't he?

And how about Peter Freuchen, who wrote *Eskimo?* His leg was frozen in the Arctic and he amputated it himself, which isn't as tough as it sounds because if it were frozen it had about as much feeling as a banker anyway.

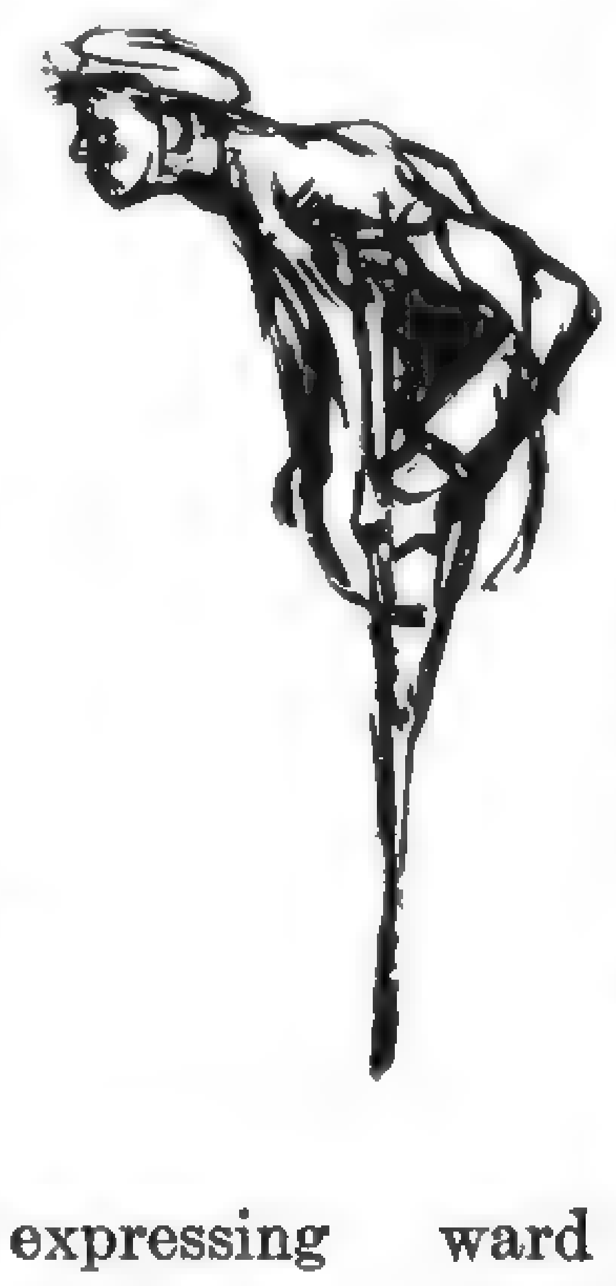
This isn't an unfeeling attitude on my part, because in my own case I was quite conscious when I had a right leg amputated and after the croakers had foozled around for an hour and a half trying to save it and had turned to me in despair saying, "What'll we do?" I said "Take it away!" If you've ever been m. c. at your own decapitation you've topped that, but not otherwise.



All the one-legged Lotharios I ever met galloped out of the west with lots more gusto than if they had two, among them being Laurence Stallings, Walter Duranty, Herbert Marshall, St. John Ervine and the previously mentioned Peter Freuchen.

I met most of these literary Long John Silvers when I was an inquiring reporter who only had one leg to stand on himself. I used to run a column called *The European Runaround.* This was a pretentious private gag, because the insiders knew I was hiding behind a date-line in Nice at the time and couldn't even run around the corner bistro let alone all Europe.

But all the world-weary travelers eventually precipitated to the Riviera in those days, and so on meeting them I'd get their inside stuff about the crowns and clowns of European capitals better than if I had been there myself. Thus the next week the *Runaround* would carry a date-line of Berlin, and the week after that of Vienna, and after that, Moscow. London and Paris were of course, push-overs, as every big shot visited them before he came to spend the rest of his dough *en plein* at Monte Carlo, and was only too glad to tell me *in camera* the latest chatter from those capitals.



I thought it was a pretty easy racket, though when a guy like George Barnum Shaw as much as told me so it burned me up. "You shouldn't bewail the loss of a leg," was his quaint way of expressing sympathy. "I couldn't write better if I had three."

"What's that got to do with it?" I said. "Maybe you could write better if you had none. And maybe if you had dozens like a centipede you couldn't write at all. The issue isn't legs or lack of them. The issue is pain and I suffer more from a leg that's no longer there than I ever did when its wounds were obvious even to a doctor."

Having himself the handsomest pair of gams outside the back row of a burlesque troupe, Shaw had nothing much to worry about at 79, though Joffre lost his almost as late in life. The nearest Shaw came to a similar plight was in his middle years when a wound in his leg refused to heal for two years, but he got over it and today the spring in his step is the envy of men half his years. It's the springs in his skull which have dried up.

But a writer who can't walk, though he may never become a peripatetic Aristotlean giving instructions in philosophy while moseying along the streets of his own home town, isn't really badly handicapped. Suppose he were a ballet master like Sebastian Spinola and had to teach dancing on a pair of artificial legs?

Or an actor like Herbert Marshall who couldn't hide his infirmity behind anything but a pair of long trousers? Today Marshall can play any scene except walk upstairs or put up his fists in defence of a lady's honor. He's tried both with no great success.

But years ago when I first learned in London about Herbert Marshall's peg-leg he became my favorite hero for the moment. He came out of the war with a nine inch stump, and even so he walked his way into the hearts of an army of flappers and philosophers with his talent as a trouper.

I was told about his handicap and went to see him perform in *The Swan* to see how well he got away with it. I studied every move he made for a whole act before I suspected which was the artificial leg. The tip-off was the crease in his trousers. However well tailored, there is a little bag to trousers which have been pushed about by natural knees. One leg of Marshall's trousers was as sharp as a sword. That one, I decided, housed a manufactured gam.

Afterward I went back stage and had a trade talk with him. He showed me the gadget. It was a De Soutter Four, with three speeds forward and one reverse. It was made by a British firm that, in this age of specialization, manufactured airplanes and artificial legs. In fact he was so enthusiastic about it that I decided to get one myself.

I thought I might trade them a slogan, "Fly with Our Legs" in exchange for a De Soutter shin, but being a conservative British firm they preferred bank notes. The leg took longer to make than a Rolls-Royce, and cost nearly as much. They made it of American Duralumin, and after six weeks it was ready for a try-out.

They taught you how to walk so there was no swing or stumping along, but a natural, deft movement such as nature had ordained.

After a try-out they took the leg back for ten days to put in the sex appeal. They shaped the calf, padded it, and did such a swell job of it that it would fool many casting directors.

I was delighted with the idea, but after trying to be a second Herbert Marshall for several months, I tossed the gimmick in the garage and went back to cheaper methods of transportation. Austins, for instance. I suffered so from sciatica every time I used the artificial leg that I just couldn't make the grade.

Marshall had a mental attitude that was

Continued in center of page 138

Interior of Mexico

A second group of imprints from the mind of a young ethnologist learning of peons and publicans

by OLIVER LA FARGE

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

RECEPTION

WE RODE out of the jungle, as through a door, into evening sunlight striking yellow on a jumble of weeds and low scrub, throwing deep holes of shadow from barely projecting leaf-clusters, towards where the village stood, a couple of hundred huts loosely grouped, a scattering of high palms. Beyond the settlement, about half a mile away, the jungle continued its fence around the clearing; above and behind it, looking at once near and far, Pajapan volcano blocked the sky from north to east with a flat, blue-green triangle. The long slopes of the mass were unbroken, slightly concave—natural sweeping brush lines; from near the top a string of quite white cloud trailed against a clear sky, Japanese painting brought to life, even to the greater haziness at the hidden horizon line. Towards us, the village reached arms around a square—some five acres of grass—with the white-walled, simple church on the side nearest us. We entered along the path, passing close by the church, and just inside it the Guard met us.

They were a score or more of lively young men, some stripped to the waist, some in cotton shirts. A few had muzzle-loaders and 30-30s, the majority bolt-action Mausers, Mexican army issue. What was our business, what were we doing here, where going? We went through the routine explanation—looking for relics of *Los Antiguos*, writing a book about the country. . . . We carried a letter from the President. A hand took the paper, brown thumb on white, heads bent, examining the marks, the seal. The Presidente Municipal arrived, an elderly Indian with a few whiskers under his chin, and after him the Secretario, a youth possessed of the miracle of literacy. With flourish of manner he read the letter aloud in a perfectly flat, singsong voice. Muzzles of guns waved vaguely towards us. The Presidente pored over the document, communing with the seal as though it might speak to him, as its great original had with his ancient forebears.

Slouched in our saddles, tired from the long day's ride, intervals of cutting trail, the low sun still hot on our backs, dried sweat upon us, hungry, we watched. It seemed a long way from Tatahuicapa to the strong men in Mexico City. This was the heart of the Pajapan country, where even the Teuxcos said we could not enter. With what genial, loutish curiosity might not one of these men try his shiny, modern rifle.

The Presidente Municipal said, "It is from a Secretario of the Tata Presidente—the Father President—it is strong. Come to the Town Hall."

We rode over and entered a hut different from others only in size. The pack animals grazed outside, uninterested. The Guard crowded after us. We got out cigars, distributed them, and set a demijohn on the floor as a promise of further generosity.

Questions continued, suspicion fading and reawakening, and we bringing thought back over and again to the inescapable fact of the letter, the stamp of the Eagle and the Serpent for even the illiterate to interpret. A slow conviction as of the existence of something contrary to nature grew up. We could stay here tonight—why should we want to remain four weeks? Perhaps—one would see. Well, they would sell us food, our horses could pasture in the plaza. We filled a tin mug and sent it round. We thought that friendliness was appearing. We unpacked, performed the unfailing miracle of our folding table, established ourselves, directing casual, well-considered conversation towards the Presidente. Half the Guard went away, the remainder lounged outside the door, talking in Nahua, laughing occasionally. Other people watched from a distance, but none approached.

As dusk settled, a couple of older women brought food. The whole Guard entered with them. When the eggs, bananas, tortillas, were on the table, we could feel a slight tension, watchfulness The men were silent. We asked the price, were told a reasonable number of centavos, paid. The tension ended, a movement of reassurance passed through the company.

To one who was not accustomed to them, these women were unattractive. The two braids of their hair were not so heavy as they once had been; close-wrapped skirts, native woven, with stripes of handsome buff, yellow, red and blue, the big golden flowers in their hair, waxy blooms too smooth and brilliant for nature, were inappropriate to wrinkled faces, the repellant continuation of wrinkles down back and breast. They carried themselves well, and had poise; towards us they assumed a negative, indrawn attitude difficult to describe. It was not that they ignored us, but that they withdrew from us even while they set down the food. Their departure subtracted nothing.

After another drink and cigar, the Presidente excused himself. The Guard settled around three sides of the room, facing us, their guns between their knees or propped against the wall. With frank, unwavering stares and cheerful faces they watched the strangers feed. Their captain leaned against the door jamb, a medium tall, slender man with a keen face, his white clothing vaguely emphatic against the darkness behind him. Projecting from the crook of his elbow, his rifle barrel carried a thread of metallic light diagonally upwards, perpendicular to the horizon slope of the volcano, intersecting the stars.

He had an opinion of himself, conscious character, a reputation. Relatively fluent in Spanish, he took up the burden of talk, after a few questions not primarily interested in hearing, but in telling us. He spoke of the old days of the revolutions, when the Pajapan country was anybody's territory, and they with their few muzzle-loaders and their bows tried to protect themselves against wave after wave of bandits and defeated troops. Here at Tatahuicapa, seventeen houses burned, a year's corn taken, fifty pigs butchered, at Mecapa fourteen houses, at Ocozotepec all but three, Piedra Labrada utterly destroyed. . . . He recited the roster of pillage, memorized, engraved in the tribal motivation, personally vivid. Now, since General Obregón and latterly Father Calles were presidents, the Indian had a chance. Those men had a heart, they gave the Pajapan people good rifles and plenty of ammunition, and their country was no longer a safe playground for broken armies. The Indian wants peace, he wants to be let alone, to attend to crops, to the important things of life; now by their rifles this was possible.

The young men listened closely to the quiet, monotonous voice out of an almost invisible face above white clothing, reciting death and disaster and a people's determination. It was not new to them, but the very completeness with which they knew it and acted by it held their attention, cradling the guns, their black eyes moving from him to us.

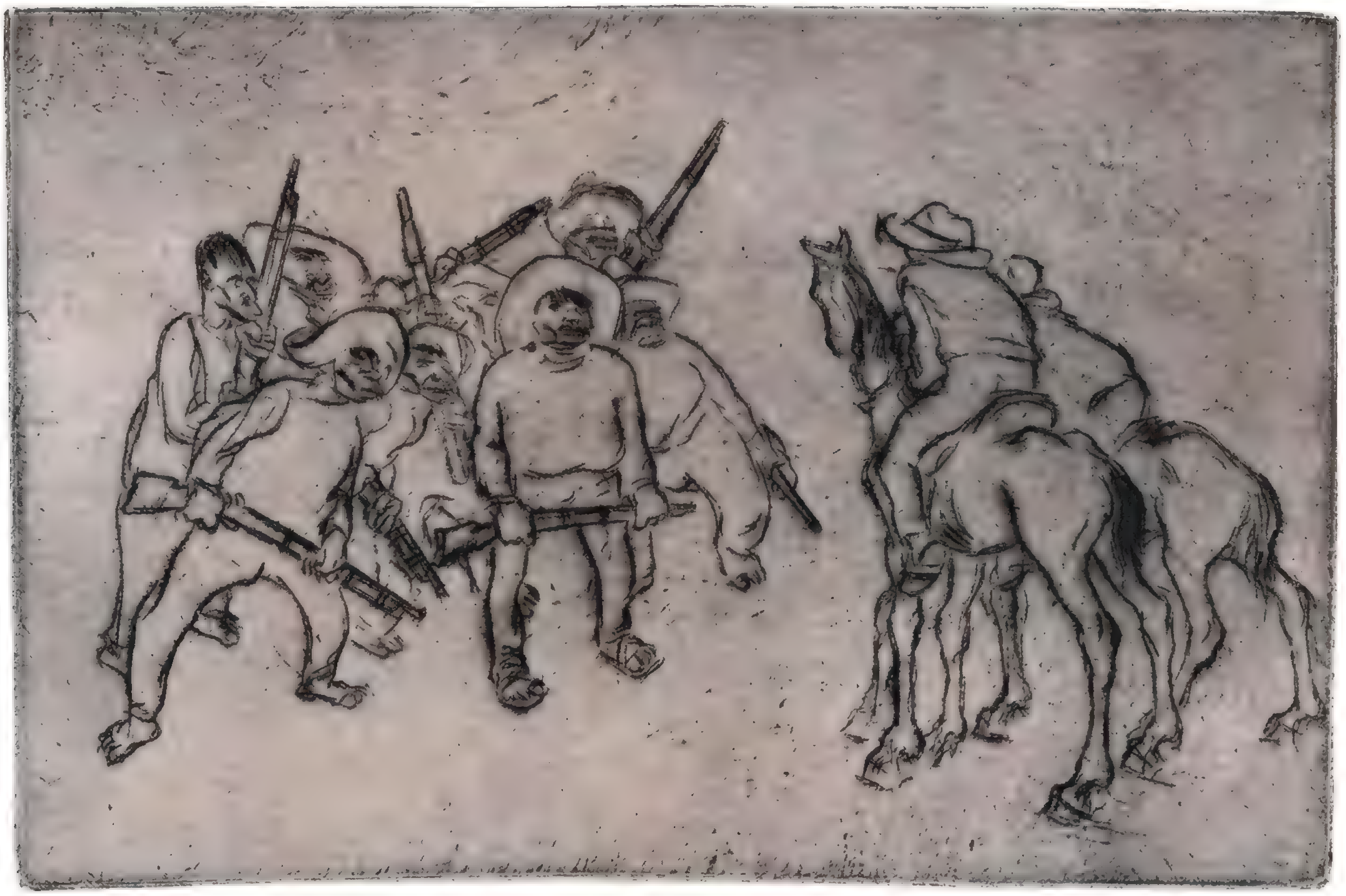
One felt the basic strength of the new régime in Mexico, manifested here as it could not be by words of officials. The peasant Indian, the earth over which the alien, the Spaniard, the professional warrior marched, had received power, had found a voice. The modern rifles had been put into hands whose purpose would not be altered by any political deal of pronunciamento, and the people knew how, and why, they had those rifles.

They wanted no white men among them, he continued. White men made trouble, they meant plunder and oppression, under whatever name, by whatever authority. He shifted his position, his level, narrative voice changed slightly.

"Did you notice the three crosses beside the church, there where you rode in?"

Yes, we had seen them.

"Those were the last three white men who came to Tatahuicapa. We shot them



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

down. I stood by my house over there, and shot them myself, with this rifle Tata Calles gave me."

We murmured something; what was the correct response?

We came unarmed, something quite new in their experience. They saw that we were different; they thought perhaps that we were all right. A strange thing, white men coming without weapons, polite, and paying our way.

We had finished eating. Cigars and the mug of liquor went round, breaking the thread of monologue. It had not been mere talk, just boasting, but a purposeful, planned exposition. We cleared the table. The Guard rose, filed out to make its rounds, wishing us cordial good nights—*Que pasen muy buena noch', muy feliz noch', que duermen bien.*

We pushed notebooks into the immediate light of our lantern, against the glass of which a steady traffic of insects thudded. A day's records to set down; if one were not too tired, some attempt at subjective diary. A drum, beaten at a quickstep march, stopped our pencils. It was drawing nearer. Through the doorway, we could see the beginnings of a radiance, presumably torches, still out of sight. We stared and shifted our positions, feeling empty-handed.

The sound became louder, the light increased, then there came into the range of our view, perhaps a hundred feet away, a file of ten young women going down to the river, water-jars on their heads, beside them a small boy drumming to keep them company.

Their torches glowed on the soft, rich colors of their skirts, and turned their torsos to pure, ruddy gold. At that distance one could not see features distinctly, but there were the perfect, straight backs, wide, rounded shoulders, highlight and shadow of firm breasts, the flat, muscled stomachs. Their hair made a blackness beyond shadow, around heads and in thick braids on either side of their breasts, punctuated by the waxy flowers over their ears. Crowning them, the ten big jars took on their lower sides spherical light of dull, red-brown grading slowly into shadow at the tops almost indistinguishable in the night. They passed diagonally from us at a swift, floating walk, under two trees, then down into a hollow from which the torches threw reflections upwards onto leaves, then disappeared as they went down further towards the water, the drums became distant, faded out.

OIL MEN'S REST

One's standards of comfort change readily. By the time we hit Puerto México it looked pretty good to us, though in remembering it, it's hard to tell why. We planned to be there a week, and we stayed nearly a month, waiting for a man, daily, to meet us. We got to know the town pretty well.

The boom of transcontinental trade, following the gold rush, had been finished off by the Panama Canal; Mexico was no longer selling her soul to corporations, and the oil companies were pulling in their horns. The town had been checked at a stage of half growth, a hap-chance layout of the foreign companies' bungalows, miscellaneous frame buildings, native houses with tile or thatch roofs, a few recent public buildings and here and there an old stone edifice, running back to ancient prosperities, Colonial times and the port of Coatzocoalcos. The streets were mostly sand, the docks idle save where the fishermen put out. Everything showed the effect of erratic intrusions of foreign enterprise.

There were still enough oil men coming and going to make company for us. The hotel gave us decent beds and an electric light. At the best bar, one side of which was completely open to the street, one could sit at marble-topped tables in relative coolness, drinking beer or the mild *sangriñas* or stronger drinks, and order up a dozen delicious, small, flat oysters from the Laguna de Ostiones. They came in on a plate, a tooth-pick through each one, hardly an hour out of the water, and we ate them as hors d'oeuvres.

It could have been a lot worse, particularly as we knew we weren't going to stay long. I'd hate to spend a year in Puerto México. The oil men were pretty good fellows, sometimes crude, but real. Their casual information about their life and work was pretty interesting. All kinds of them sat at the round tables and rolled poker dice with us, drillers, roughnecks, scouts, transportation men, office and refinery workers, and those very special individuals, the spies.

An oil spy's business is to lend money to men from other companies who have hit town on two weeks' leave and find themselves broke and in a bad way at the end of twenty-four hours, to drink with them and help and lodge them, and in the course of things when tongues are loose to learn that they've drilled to three thousand feet at Zona Sala and struck nothing yet, that

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Masters of Moulage

How modern criminologists make permanent record of a print in the snow, a mark in the dust

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

• ARTICLE •

That maestro of scientific detectives, Alphonse Bertillon, once declared that a bird flying through a cloud would register on the floating vapor a definite record of its passage. Precisely how this impression could be reproduced was a matter that not even Bertillon, adroit technician that he was, could encompass with the materials and methods then known to science. Yet modern criminologists are now translating only slightly less nebulous traces into three-dimensional, factual evidence by a new process of scientific crime detection known as "moulage."

Moulage literally means "moulding," or the making of delicate casts of material evidence so ephemeral that it would evaporate or be otherwise destroyed unless it were immediately caught and preserved. Footprints in snow, suggestive wounds on the body of a man who must be buried, teethmarks in cheese, fruit and other rapidly decomposing substances—the copying and preservation of these for purposes of judicial proof has always presented a problem that was never satisfactorily solved until the advent of a perfected method of moulage.

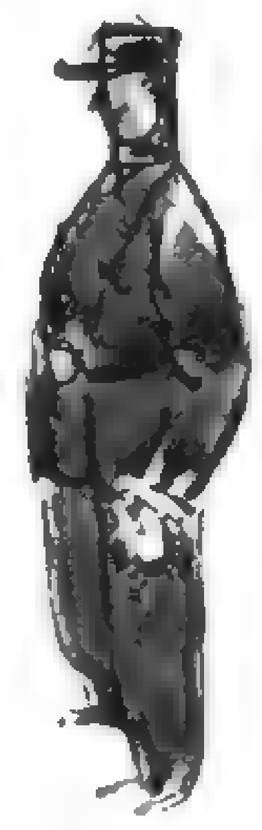
The making of crude impressions either in wax or clay is nothing particularly new; footprints and wheelmarks in mud have always been a favorite method of linking a suspect to his crime. Some robbers of a Greek temple were traced and convicted on the evidence of their muddy footprints found on the white marble of the desecrated shrine. The imprint of a patched boot found in a Surrey bog, clumsily reproduced in a clay model, was admitted as evidence by an English judge early in the 18th century. Even today one occasionally sees a perspiring chief of detectives surrounded by bags of plaster and an armory of saucepans, stewing over a footprint or tire track. He believes quite properly that if he can "lift the print" he will thereby secure a conclusive link in the solution of the crime. The idea is sound; it is only his miserable execution of it and the stodgy materials he employs that differentiate him from the expert practitioner of moulage.

When Alphonse Bertillon first set his ingenious mind to work on the problem of reproducing some marks left on a doorjamb by a burglar's "jimmy," he discovered that he would have to use a material softer than wax and more sensitive than clay. He hit upon the expedient of applying a layer of pure rubber, not unlike that used by dentists, to the marks he wished to copy. First, however, he softened the rubber in warm water, then carefully brushed some graphite over the jimmy-marks in order to avoid having the rubber adhere to the bottom of the indentations. He then pressed in the rubber with a small instrument until it penetrated into every part of the depression. When the mold had completely hardened, he removed it with extreme care and found that he had obtained a cast of such delicacy that even the grain of the wood was reproduced! With the aid of this negative cast he prepared a positive model by using plaster of Paris. Finally he compared this model with a "jimmy" found in the burglary-kit of a suspect; the comparison showed many points of identity (every jimmy, chisel, or crow-bar leaves microscopically differing marks on all material it touches) which not only convicted the burglar, but also laid a very substantial basis for the modern development of moulage.

Improvements on Bertillon's method came slowly; one of the most successful adaptations of his technique involves the use of thin sheet-aluminum, laid over the marks and hammered in with light, uniform blows. The very delicate copy thus obtained may be lifted off without difficulty. For strength, a layer of plaster of Paris is poured over the obverse side of the model. The copies of tool-markings thus secured are now compared with "test" markings made by the suspected tool, in much the same manner as a firearms expert compares a lethal bullet with test bullets fired from the suspect's gun. This method, while serviceable, was far from perfect because even the thinnest sheet of aluminum or tinfoil is unable to record the minute scratches and indentations that might be the basis of damning comparisons.

Moulage as a means of crime detection remained practically stationary until the post-war researches of Dr. Alphonse Poller, the Viennese scientist who has so dominated this plastic science that moulage is now known in Germany and Austria as "pollern." In making large casts of the human head and body, Poller soon realized that he needed special moulding material not to be found in a native raw state. Clay was too soft; wax, rubber, and tin-foil, too hard for his purposes. Accordingly he devised two new materials with a secret formula: *negocoll* and *hominit.* Negocoll is a material which makes the negative cast of the object to be reproduced; in making a life-mask, for example, it is warmed and spread lightly over the face in a thin, even layer. When applied, it coagulates quickly into a semi-plastic state of great strength and durability. Impressions taken with negocoll are microscopically true to nature; they show, for instance, with absolute exactness, not only the papillary ridges on the human fingertip, but even the sweat-gland outlets, and the tiniest pores on the body.

When the negative cast is removed, it forms the mould into which the positive compound *hominit* is poured. Hominit, a semi-liquid substance, stiffens almost instantly into a solid material which can be immediately separated from the negative cast without danger of breakage. This cast can now be colored or painted to show the location, depth, and direction of all wounds or identifying marks; in cases where an unknown corpse is disfigured by gross wounds, a degree of reconstruction may be undertaken upon the cast which would of course be impossible on the corpse itself. For example, Dr. Poller once took casts from the bodies of three unknown men so badly mutilated that they were unrecognizable. In one of these, the forehead was terribly disfigured by a deep gash reaching to the root of his nose, through which the brain was oozing. The contour of the damaged area was easily restored on the cast, and thus through a simple reconstruction, a life-like result was obtained. The father who identified his son was thereby spared the shock which the disfiguring wounds would have otherwise caused him.



In the second body the face was of a dark blue-red color, variously mottled by decomposition. A photograph naturally resulted in an unrecognizable picture. The moulage cast, however, reproduced only the colorless form, and could be painted in natural living tones, thus making the identification much easier. A cast of the third victim was taken without any alterations and provided the police with positive identification of the deceased. It is interesting to note that in all three cases, the relatives were not able to recognize their dead from the photographs shown them, but the three-dimensional casts made identification not only possible but both easy and certain.

Moulage provided the means by which the murder of Katherina Fellner, a pretty

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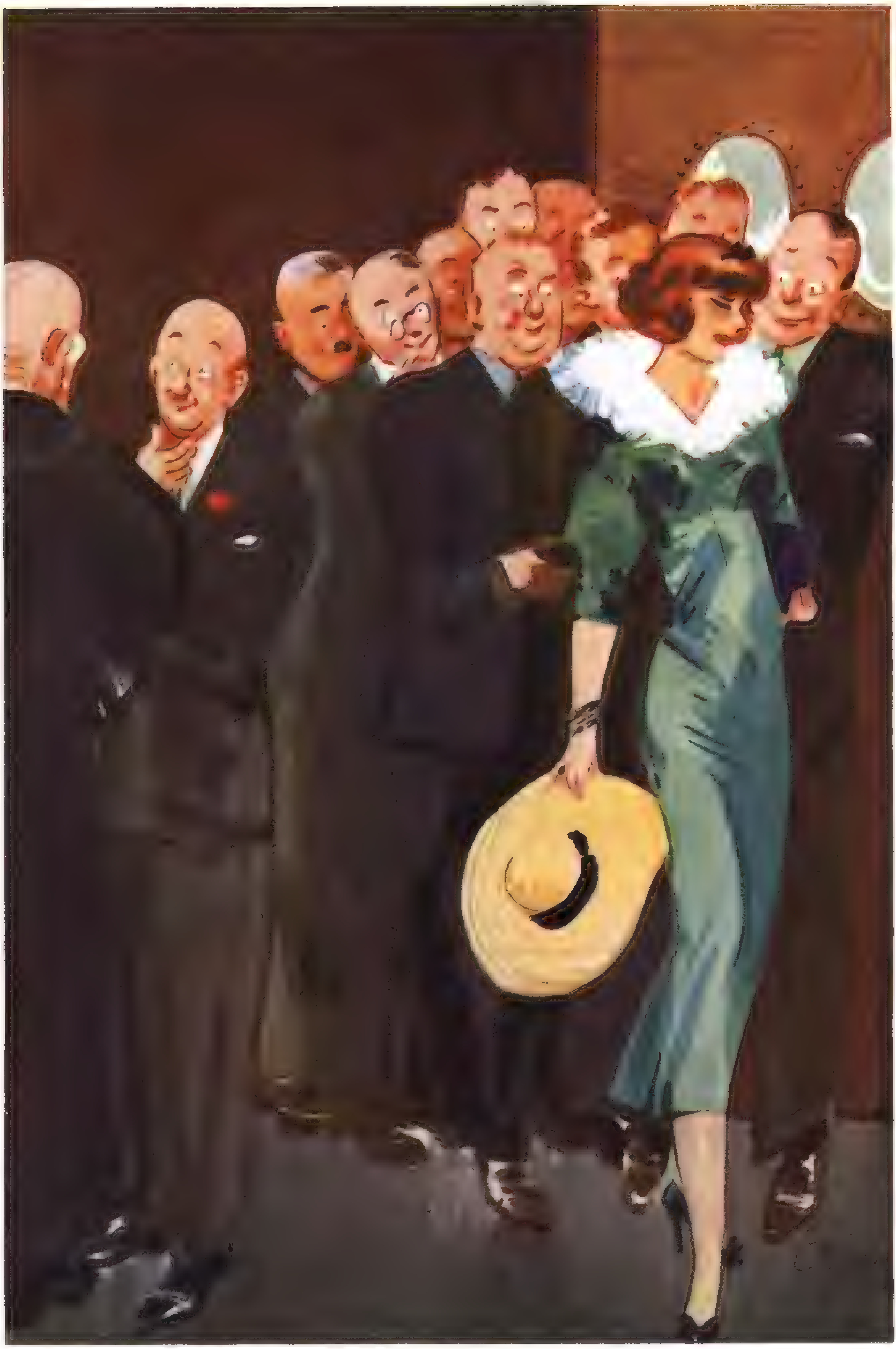
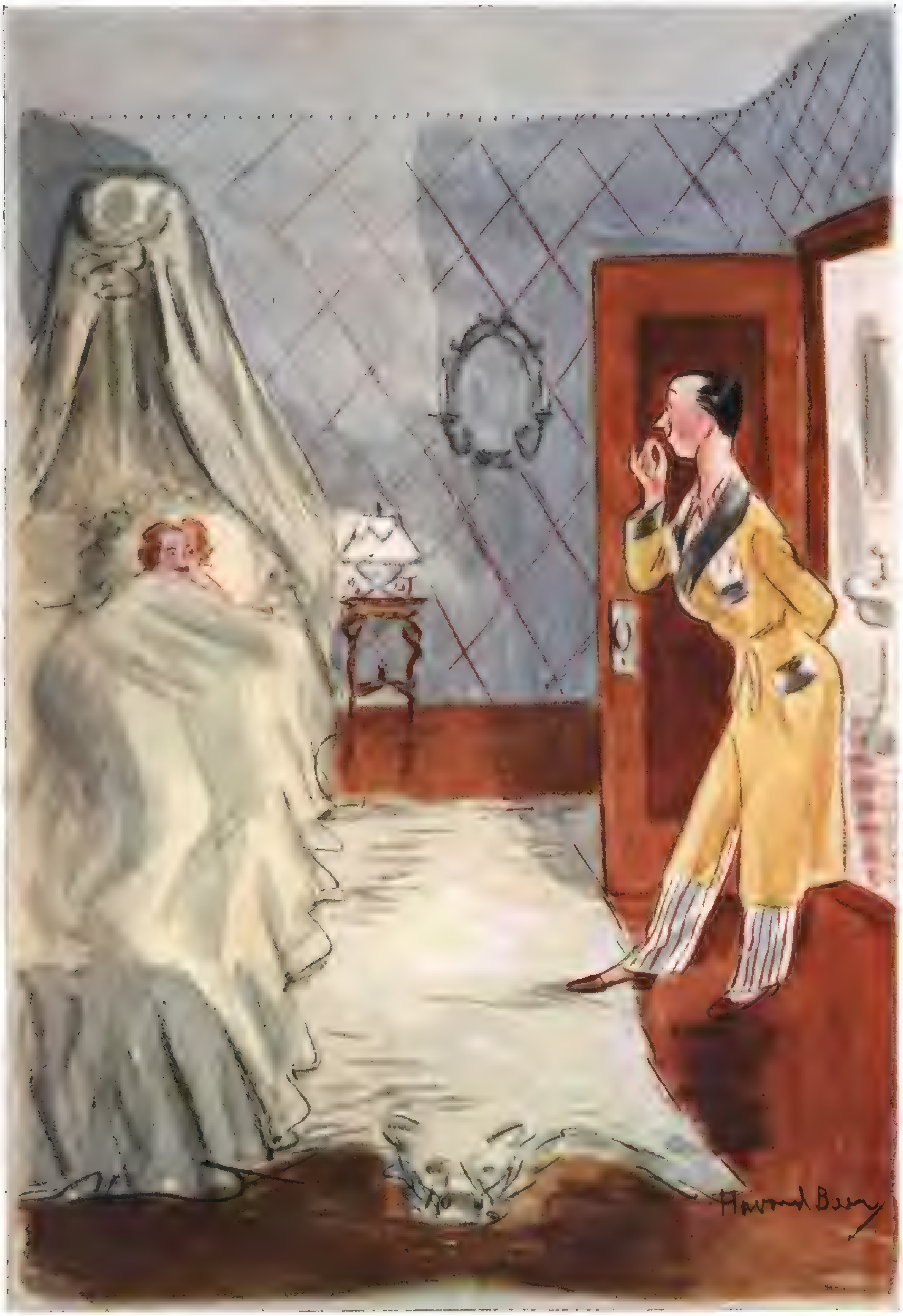


"Are you going to lock us up for the night, Your Honor?"


Howard Baer

"Now then, Mrs. Pettibone—"

One o'Clock Sunday Dinner

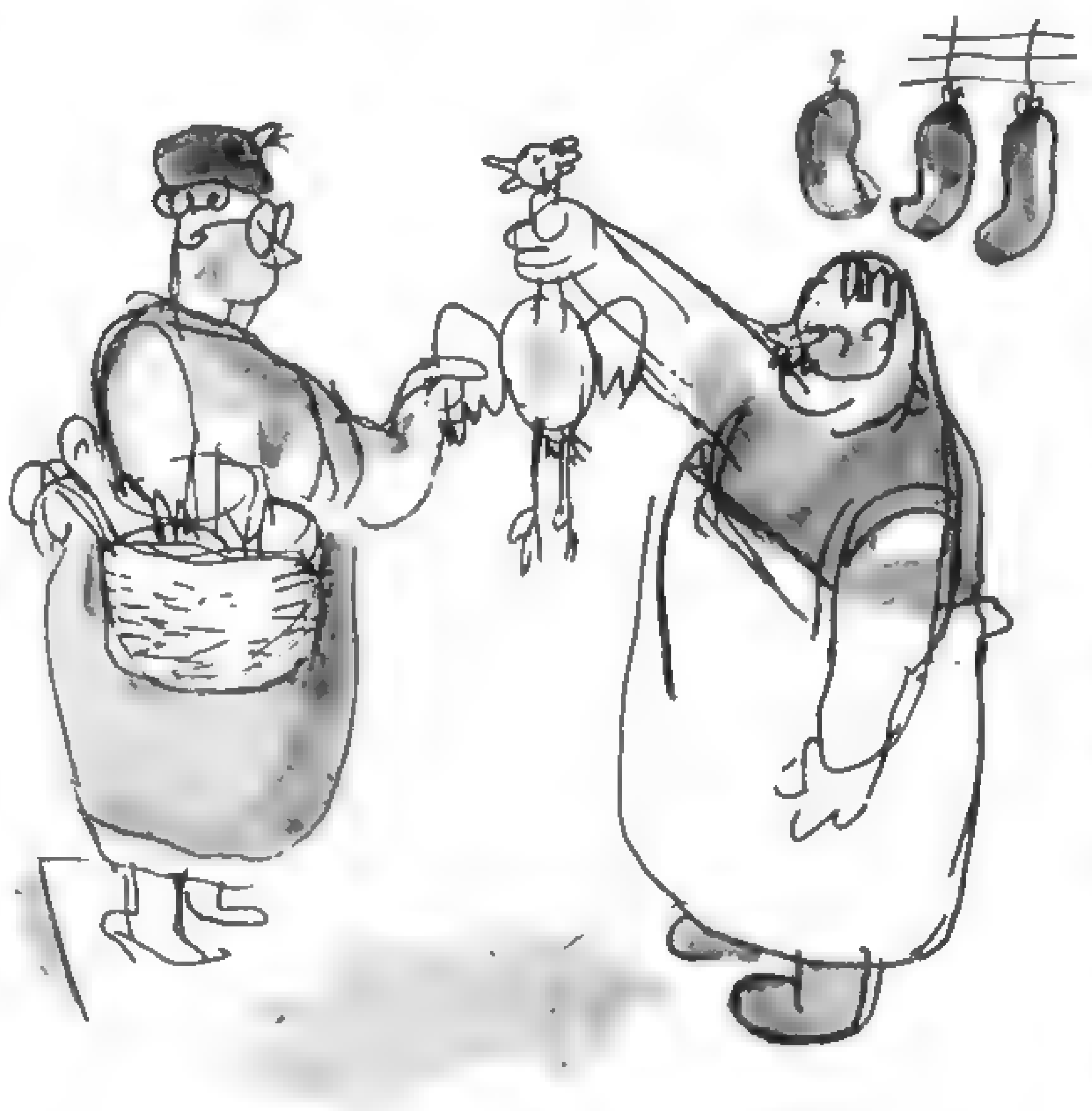
Homage to that great American institution and to the mothers who are loyal to roast beef

by RUBE GOLDBERG

• SATIRE •

If you don't like a constitutional law all you have to do is write your Congressman and he will have it changed. But if you don't like an unwritten law there is nothing you can do about it. An unwritten law floats around somewhere in the ether and there is no way to press an eraser against it and rub it out.

One of the unwritten laws that is beyond repeal is the precept that Sunday dinner must be eaten at one o'clock regardless of inclination, mood, convenience or appetite. It is the traditional law of wives and mothers. And wives and mothers are omnipotent.



On Saturday morning mother awakens with a fiendish chuckle, wraps herself in a dark witchlike cloak and slinks off to the butcher's on her errand of infamy. Ha ha! She must order the family's Sunday dinner. She examines every turkey and chicken in the shop and then buys a nice, large, red three-rib roast beef. Then she sidles towards the gentleman known as Tony, who is vice president in charge of vegetables and groceries. She asks Tony if he thinks the folks would like broccoli. He ventures the opinion that they might fancy the fresh asparagus that just came in. Mother thanks him for the suggestion and then takes two cans of corn.

That afternoon mother goes into executive session with Velma, the cook, and together they toss off a chocolate layer cake, a slew of nut cookies, a freezer of ice cream and a mess of apple pies. The larder is bursting with choice provender for the morrow's midday meal.

At eight-thirty on Sunday morning father is catapulted out of bed by the sound of an automobile horn screeching impatiently in front of the house. He snatches a cup of coffee as he puts his right arm in the left sleeve of his golf sweater and stands on his head in a dark closet looking for his other crepe-soled moccasin. He tosses a change of underwear into a drooping leather grip and dashes madly out the front door as mother calls after him, "Be home promptly at one, Fred. I'll have dinner on the table."

Junior, who has come home at four-thirty A.M., awakens in a cold sweat after dreaming that he was stuck for a ninety-eight dollar check. He eats a light breakfast consisting of several succulent grapefruit, three stacks of porous pancakes, a nondescript pile of country sausages and four glasses of grade-A milk. As he rushes from the house munching on a tennis ball, mother says, "Be home promptly at one, Junior. I'll have dinner on the table."

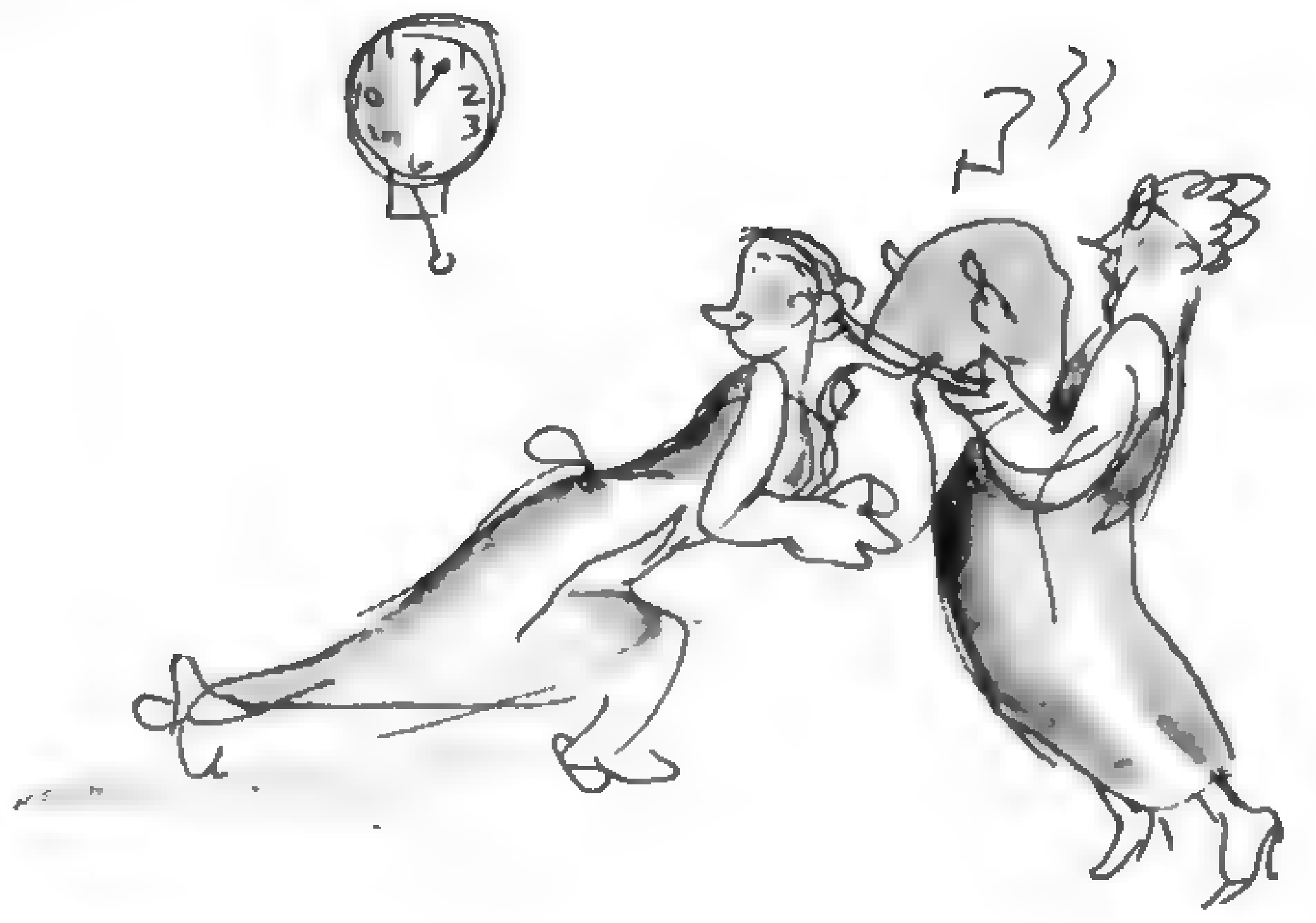
The phone keeps ringing all morning for Elizabeth, the wire-haired daughter of the family. The louder it rings the more peacefully she sleeps. Once her head hits the pillow after a night of the rhumba, the continental and the hotchamatoch it takes an epochal Japanese earthquake to dislodge her.

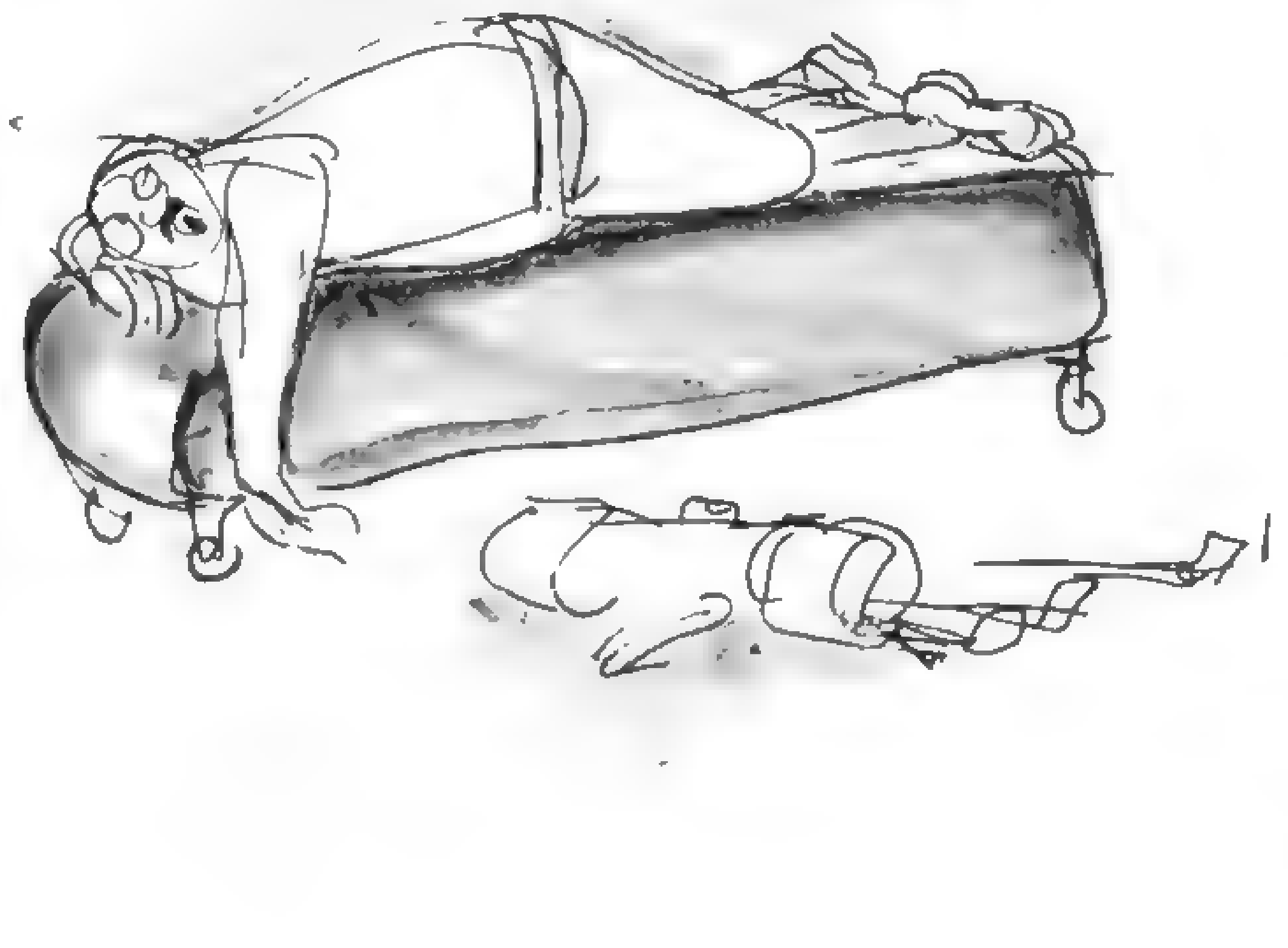
Just as mother is about to hit on the right seasoning for the roast beef gravy the phone rings for the fourteenth time. Mother takes the gravy to the phone with her, also some potatoes that she might peel between calls. At ten minutes to twelve Elizabeth awakens with a luxurious yawn and asks mother if a boy named Luther called. Mother says fourteen Luthers called. She also informs Elizabeth there is another Luther waiting outside for her in a prehistoric green roadster.

Elizabeth gobbles down her breakfast with the skill of a sword-swallower, tosses her clothes all over the room and emerges behind a brilliant coat of fresh crimson lipstick.

"I'll have dinner up the road with Luther," she coos before mother has a chance to issue her ultimatum about dinner being on the table promptly at one.

Mother is a woman of her word. At one o'clock the roast beef, stewed corn, gravy, potatoes and salad are ready to be served in provocative array. The minutes march on. Velma, the cook, stares at the kitchen clock until its very hands quiver with embarrassment. The roast beef cowers in the oven and withers to the size of a sick oyster trapped in a tangle of burnt seaweed. Velma is also burned to a crisp because it is her afternoon off and she is already late for the regular keno game at the turnverein. She and mother walk impatiently around the house and keep bumping into one another. At two-eighteen-and-a-half father's key is heard in the front door. He has had three old-fashioned cocktails and eleven helpings of crackers and cheese at the club. His hair is dandruffed with sand from sand traps and he threw one of his back muscles out of joint on his last midiron shot. The one thing he is not interested in is dinner. He flops on the couch and goes to sleep.





Junior calls up just as father negotiates his first snore and says Bud Mills wants him to meet his sister. He is calling from a booth in a drug store and has to hang up because somebody might swipe his frosted chocolate.

Velma, the cook, stalks grimly out of the house in a huff and mother looks dolefully at the shriveled remains of the roast beef wondering if there is enough of it left to make hash for Monday night.

This routine is repeated every Sunday until Junior and Elizabeth get married and have homes of their own where they can prepare Sunday dinners that nobody wants to eat.

It makes one positively sad to think of all the Sunday dinners that go untouched every week. As long as it is impossible to annul the unwritten law that compels housewives to prepare these futile repasts it is our duty to find a way in which to prevent this willful waste of food.

Possibly storekeepers can arrange to sell our wives and mothers nothing but paper turkeys, celluloid potatoes, wooden asparagus and rubber hams which will disappear completely as soon as they are placed inside the hot kitchen stove. In this way the women will have the pleasure of preparing the Sunday meal without suffering the chagrin of seeing it go uneaten. ⧺

It's an Ill Wind

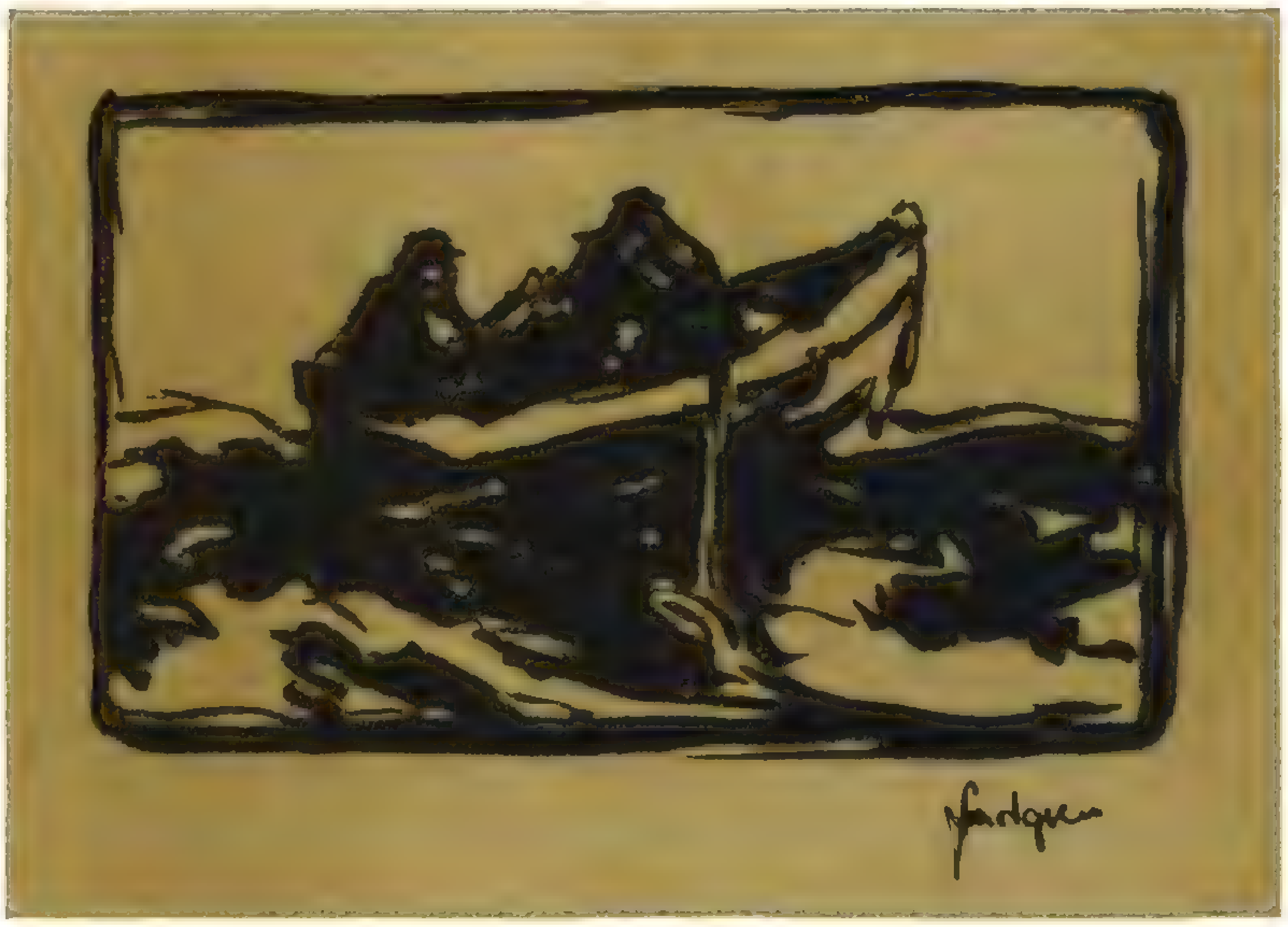
Home port is the last place in the world to anchor for a bos'n who'd rather be dead than dry

by FRANCIS BRETT-YOUNG

▪ FICTION ▪

When a sailor—even a mere ship's surgeon—has been knocking about the seven seas as many years as I have, he finds it poor fun to settle down to life ashore. "A fish out of water," they say, and that's just about what I felt like when I retired. I missed a thousand things which I'd taken for granted, things that, without my knowing it, had become the best part of my life: such as the endless rise and fall of the ocean which, even in what we call a "flat calm," is never still; the oily smell of the engine-room, soupy steam from the galley; the faint, throbbing pulsation of engines, as regular as human heart-beats, that sends one to sleep.

And I missed the sea-going talk of fellows who were wrapped up in ships; their tales of old times; their memories of ships; their stories of old shipmates; all that leisurely, friendly gossip, unimportant in itself, which one associates with the tepid airs of a tropical night, a warm darkness pierced by the glow and aromatic with the reek of a Burmah cheroot.



It was dread of losing this sort of companionship that determined me to settle down in a spot where company of that kind could be found—within sight of the ocean lanes.

I wanted a window at which I could sit in the sun, with a pipe in my mouth and a telescope at my elbow, because, don't you see, the sight of ships and their house flags would carry me back to all sorts of memories; such as the Manhattan skyline lifted like a cliff of sheer ice above the mist and smoke of the Hudson, or the Bund at Shanghai with its hurrying indigo-shirted multitudes in the heat of a Chinese noon; or . . .

That's why I pitched upon Shellcombe . . .

It's a small fishing village down in the West of England, within sight of the Start, the tall lighthouse which marks the last land that the outward-bound steamers see and the first that the homeward-bound make. It lies in a bay that is sheltered from the southwest, where the great gales blow from, and has a deep-water anchorage where craft which have had enough of it can lie to. Since the trawling industry has declined it has been turned into a fuelling station, so that hardly a day passes without some salt-water craft putting in for coal or oil fuel. What is more, the place is sprinkled with old sailors; retired captains and mates and deckhands, for Shellcombe has been famous since the days of Drake as a nursery for seamen. And it *smelt* right; I knew as much from the moment I inhaled its odor of tar and manila and barnacles!

When I'd left my dunnage at the Inn, I went down to the harbor and chummed up with some old fellows lolling on the breakwater and swapping old lies and gazing out to sea. That wasn't so difficult. I had a passport in the brine-pickled look of me and soon struck luck with a square-rigger captain called Hawkins who'd sailed the China seas in the 1860's before I was born.

"Look here, doc," he said. "Don't you settle on a house till you've had a look round. Us Shellcombe people are proper old pirates, although I say it. You go into lodgings for a week or even a month or two. The season's over, the visitors are all gone and I reckon you'll get taken in cheap and save some money."

"Well, Captain, you'd better show me the ropes," I told him.

"I'll find you a berth that'll suit you," he said. "Mrs. Mummery on the Overgang—she's your woman. She's a sailor's widow, and knows what a man like you looks for in the way of victuals. You may get a shock when you see her, but don't take no notice. She's better than she looks, and as honest as a trade-wind."

That evening I walked up to the Overgang. I could see from the first that the position of Mrs. Mummery's house was superb.

It looked down on the harbor with its thicket of fishing-smack masts; beyond these, it commanded the fuelling station where tramp steamers came to coal and the ocean liners to drop their channel pilots; beyond that, again, it looked out to the Start and to South America. As I stood on the doorstep I could see the smoke trails of four or five steamers hull-down.

A middle-aged woman opened the door. She was tall, she was thin, she was—how shall I put it?—flat in every dimension. One couldn't deny for a moment that she was—or had been—handsome; one could feel she was honest to the degree of discomfort; yet from her fine blue eyes to her excessively low-heeled shoes one was aware of something inside her repressed—I had almost said compressed—which gave even her present politeness a defensive air and made it about as welcoming as an iceberg.

I said: "Mrs. Mummery?"

She bowed stiffly. "Yes, I am Mrs. Mummery."

Captain Hawkins, I told her, had given me her name; I was looking for rooms. A faint eagerness flushed her features—yes, indeed, she was handsome—as she asked me to "step in," and showed me the two front rooms she was in the habit of letting.

"My last visitors only moved out the day before yesterday," she told me. "I must apologize for my rooms."

I smiled to myself, for the cleanliness of those rooms was not merely noticeable, it was positively surgical.

Upstairs, there was a spacious bedroom with a bow-window curtained with white lace and an iron double bed—the most virginal bed, I think, I ever set eyes on. On the ground floor, the room corresponding had much the same bleakness and, as compensation, the same superb view. It was decorated with the kind of pictures that all sailors bring home: a view of Vesuvius in lurid eruption and another of Fujiyama capped with snow. On the mantelpiece there were a number of those enormous shells which are sold at Colombo, Kaffir gourds and a long tin funnel which I knew contained ostrich feathers.

But what dominated the room was a couple of enlargements of photographs taken many years since. One, obviously, portrayed Mrs. Mummery herself as a bride, which confirmed my conjecture that, once upon a time, she had actually been physically attractive; for, in those days, in place of that guarded air of repression, her face showed no more than a charming timidity.

The second portrait was that of a man in ship's officer's uniform; a sanguine, handsome young man with masses of strong growing hair and a moustache that did not conceal a smiling, sensuous mouth; a young man with bold eyes of the kind that one knows by the dozen among sailors—particularly among unmarried sailors.

When Mrs. Mummery saw me examining this picture her cheeks flushed faintly.

"Your husband?" I said.

"My poor dear husband," she replied. Her voice, which had been hard, grew tender, and her face had the illumination of a snow-peak at dawn. I was touched.

The terms she mentioned for my board and lodging were quite satisfactory. I certainly had no complaint either then or later. Mrs. Mummery was one of the best plain cooks I've ever met. And she didn't worry me, or thrust her personality upon me. Indeed there was only one thing about her that *did* worry me. That was her attitude towards my modest potations. Mrs. Mummery appeared to regard the mere presence of liquor in the house as a mortal sin. She always locked my whisky up in the cellarette and never left the key in the keyhole. When she handled a bottle she did so as if it were poison; when she saw me drinking her face was as full of horror and distaste as if she thought I was booked for perdition.

I mentioned this to my friend Captain Hawkins. He laughed.

"Sarah Mummery has always had that bee in her bonnet," he said. "That's partly Jim's fault."

"Was her husband a heavy drinker? She always speaks as if she'd been very fond of him."

"Well, she was . . . there's no doubt about that; but she certainly made life hell for him. If Jim drank, she drove him to it. Not purposely, mind; and not actively, as you might say."

"Then what *do* you mean?"

"Well, Sarah was always what you might call a superior woman, and poor old Jim Mummery was just human, like you and me. He was a happy-go-lucky chap who always fancied good company; he'd an eye for the girls, and he liked his spot of grog. The fact of the matter is, his wife was *too* good for him, and you know what a nuisance people who know that they're good can make of themselves. As far as outsiders went she was the perfect wife . . ."

"Then how can you say . . .?"

"Well, she was a sight *too* perfect. Poor Jim couldn't live up to it, any more than you or me, doc. When Jim came ashore, that woman was like a wet blanket. However he acted, she just managed to put him in the wrong and made the poor beggar feel he'd done her an injury. So, after a day or two, Jim used to loosen up, like . . ."

"You mean he drank?"

"Well, he would drink just enough to take the chill off his reception when he got home. Not that *he'd* have put it like that."

"And how did she take it?"

"Like a Christian martyr. I don't believe she ever gave him a hard word. But looks! Well, you know what I mean."

I did indeed. I could remember the icy scorn on Mrs. Mummery's tight lips when she locked up my harmless bottle of whisky.

"And it told on him, doc." Captain Hawkins went on. "Poor Jim was like a whipped cur. He had to keep himself oiled to retain his self-respect. The day he went back to his ship you could see what a relief it was to him. And when he was drowned out in Java, I couldn't help thinking to myself it was a happy release."

"He was drowned?"

"Ay, slipped off the gangway, they say, one dark night in harbor, coming aboard a bit tiddly."

"And how long ago was that?"

"Oh, a good twenty years."

Autumn darkened to winter. I was settling down in Shellcombe, so contentedly that it hardly seemed worth while buying or building a house. The winter gales broke on us. I loved that wild weather. When the wind shook the house on the Overgang it was almost like being at sea. Sometimes, at the worst, as many as a dozen tramp steamers sought refuge in the anchorage from the southwester's fury.

At night I could see their riding lights tossed up and down like a flight of fire-flies. Three times in a week the lifeboat went out to craft in distress.

Well, one wild morning the doctor from the village ran up in a hurry. He had been called away on some urgent business and asked me if I'd hold the fort till he returned. Of course I consented.

The day passed without any call, but in the middle of the night a coast guard came hammering at the door. I was wanted on a tramp lying out in Shellcombe bay homeward-bound from China. She had been battered to hell, and the boatswain had broken his leg.

It was blowing great guns that night. "We shall have to go out in the lifeboat," the coast guard told me. "No ordinary boat could live in a sea like this."

Well, I didn't mind that; it was just like old times. It took us a good hour to get near the ship. Even when we swung up alongside, it seemed doubtful that I could ever get aboard. I can see it now: the blistered black flank of that iron ship towering sheer above us, then heeling over as though she would crush us to matchwood. I can see the name embossed on her starboard side, *Karen Larsen* — she was a Dane — and hear the windblown shouting of Danish voices.

There was only one thing to be done—to wait for my chance and jump for the monkey-ladder they'd swung over the side. I made a leap for it; and there I was, as the next surge passed and the ship heeled over, suspended in midair like a spider on the end of his thread! Another surge—and now I was crawling up the side like a fly on an elephant's flank. I reached the top just in time and they hauled me in.

The injured boatswain berthed for'ard, in a division of the fo'c'sle close to the Chinese crew. The Scandinavian captain talked to me as we went there, in tolerable English. They had been lucky to get under cover of the land without greater damage. Three boats had carried away and the lighting-plant put out of commission. I had to examine my patient by the glimmer of a hurricane lamp. The first thing I did was to give him a squirt of morphine.

He was a middle-aged man. I should put him at fifty-five, but his face was masked by a week's growth of beard. He gritted his teeth and groaned whenever I touched him, but I managed to roll him over and to discover his injury: a fractured hip — the neck of the femur had snapped.

Now that wasn't the kind of damage one could treat on board a tramp steamer. His place was in a hospital; but the first thing to do was to rig up a splint of some kind. I got hold of the carpenter and he cut me a piece of wood more or less to the shape that I wanted—what we call a long Liston splint.

By this time the morphine had got to work and the patient's face looked less agonized. He hadn't spoken a word, then, suddenly, I must have hurt him a bit more than usual, and he let out a flood of good old British profanity.

"Why, you're English!" I said. "I took you for a Scandinavian."

"Yes I'm English all right," he admitted sulkily.

"Why didn't you say so before?" He was silent. "What is your name?"

"Never mind my name," he snarled. "These chaps call me Jack."

"You're a west countryman, anyway," I laughed.

"Yes, I'm Devonshire . . . or was."

"Well that is a bit of good luck," I said. "You'll feel quite at home when we get you ashore and into the hospital."

"At home?" he said anxiously.

"Don't you know we're lying in Shellcombe Bay?"

"Shellcombe Bay? My God!" He jumped up as if he'd been shot, and the movement made him howl with pain. "Shellcombe . . . Shellcombe? If this is Shellcombe," he said, "This is the dirtiest damned trick that's ever been played me! Look here, doc, I'd sooner die on this rotten packet than go ashore here. I'm a Shellcombe man. I left this port thirty years ago, and I swore I'd never set foot in the place again. What's more, I won't!"

"You don't want to be lame for life?" I said.

"Oh, that's nothing. I tell you, I won't go ashore."

"Look here, Jack, or whatever your name is," I told him firmly, "I'm a doctor, and doctors are used to keeping secrets. I'll try to help you. What is it? The police?"

"The police?" He laughed out loud. "The police? It's far worse than that, sir. It's

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Over the Hill

Surely he was in the land of his dreams, for days went, and where else could he have been

by MICHAEL FESSIER

• FICTION •

I guess it was imagining things that brought it about. I mean imagining some things and not imagining others; not even daring to think about them. I'd always liked to imagine about going over the hill and finding everything changed but I never let myself imagine the other thing at all. Just the same I must have been thinking about it or it wouldn't have happened. I suppose I must have been thinking about it and didn't know I was.

Oney had been getting on my nerves and it got so that even when I was away from her she bothered me. When I was home she nagged me and when I was away I thought about her nagging and it was just as bad thinking about it as it was hearing it. She cried, too, and that's what I hated most. Her crying. She would cry and I would try to get away from the sound; but I couldn't. I would go outside and if I couldn't hear her crying, I would think about it and it was as bad as hearing it. Nagging and crying. It was a wonder I didn't go crazy.

The only times I had peace was when I'd think things to myself. It was hard not to think of Oney and her nagging and her crying but sometimes I managed it. And then I was happy in a way. I liked best to think about that hill. It was about halfway between San Ramon, where I lived, and the city.

It would be nice, I would think, if sometime I would drive over the hill and on the other side everything would be different. The service station and the nursery and the dairy farm would be gone and something different would be there. There wouldn't be any job to go to and there wouldn't be any home to come back to.

This thought came to me one day when I was trying to forget about Oney and her nagging and crying and it came back to me almost every time I drove to the city. It'd be nice, I would think, if I drove over the hill and on the other side I found everything different and there was no job to go to and no home to come back to.

I was thinking this on that day and when I drove over the hill I found everything was different on the other side. The service station and the nursery and the dairy farm were gone and it seemed like a park. The sun was shining and there were a lot of colored flowers in the grass and the water in the creek was blue.

"There are probably a lot of children," I thought.

And then I said, "My God! This is the other side of the hill and it is different."

And then it seemed quite natural and I wasn't amazed or frightened. I just took it for granted. I don't remember getting out of the car but I realized that I was walking through the grass and smelling the flowers. The flowers were beautiful and their odor was sweet but what I liked best was the smell of the grass and the earth. The earth smelled as if there had just been a rain.

I wasn't surprised at all when I saw the children. It was as if the flowers had come to life. They wore bright clothes and they moved about as if the wind were playing with them. They called out to me and smiled at me and I felt that they knew me and weren't a bit surprised to see me walking among them.

I walked as if I knew where I was going and what I would find. I took a path that branched off from the one I was following and I came to a house that was white and had flowers growing around the base. The stream flowed through the yard and the water was blue except where the sun shone on it and made it gold.

A woman came out and smiled at me and I smiled at her and said hello. She was beautiful and I knew how her voice would sound even before she spoke. It was soft and kind and happy. She sat on a white bench that had vines around the legs and back and she motioned for me to sit beside her. I sat down and took off my hat and threw it on the grass and I felt the breeze blowing through my hair.

"I've been a long way off and I've come a long way back," I said.

I didn't know why I said it but she understood. She nodded and smiled.

"You are beautiful," I said. "And kind."

"Everything is beautiful," she said. "You are beautiful."

I thought awhile.

"I guess I am," I said, "in a way. But I didn't know it."

"You forgot," she said.

"Yes," I said, "I forgot."

"It has been a long time," she said.

"Yes," I said, "it has been a long time."

"But it isn't any more," she said.

"No, it isn't," I said.

She got up and went into the house. She walked gracefully and although there were many flowers on the grass she didn't step on any of them. She came out and she had a yellow pitcher filled with milk. The milk was foamy and I could tell it was cool before I tasted it. She had bread, too. It was as white as the milk and its crust was as golden as the pitcher.

"It's funny how I remembered something I didn't know," I said. "I knew you would do that."

She smiled and sat down beside me and I ate the bread and drank the milk.

"I am tired," I said. "And I want to sleep."

She sat on the grass and took my head on her lap and her fingers were soft and cool as she moved them over my face. The shrub that gave us shade had flowers on it.

When I woke up there were two children playing on the grass. I called to them and they came over to me. They smiled and sat down beside me.

"I'm remembering again," I said. "I'm remembering something I didn't know. If I were to ask them who they are they would tell me, but I don't have to ask because I remember."

The woman went into the house and we followed her. The two children and I followed. The house was cool and clean and cheerful and it seemed to me that somehow the sunshine and green grass and flowers and fresh air had been transformed slightly and confined within four walls and under a roof. I sat down by a window and although I had not felt tired I felt rested.

The woman sat on the floor at my feet and talked to me. Her voice was cool and pleasant and happy and we talked for a long time. I don't know what we talked about. It didn't matter. Her voice told me things without words. The sun went down and the night came quickly and it didn't matter that I couldn't see the grass or the flowers or the stream because I could smell them and feel them in the wind.

The woman sat at a piano and she played tunes that I had never heard but that I knew. It was music that rippled and flowed and then laughed and bubbled. I watched her hands as they moved over the black and white glistening keys.

"It wouldn't matter if there were no piano and no music," I thought, "just watching her hands would be enough."

It was night and then it was day again and I woke up feeling that it didn't matter that the night had gone because the day would be wonderful, too, and then night would come again. Night came again and

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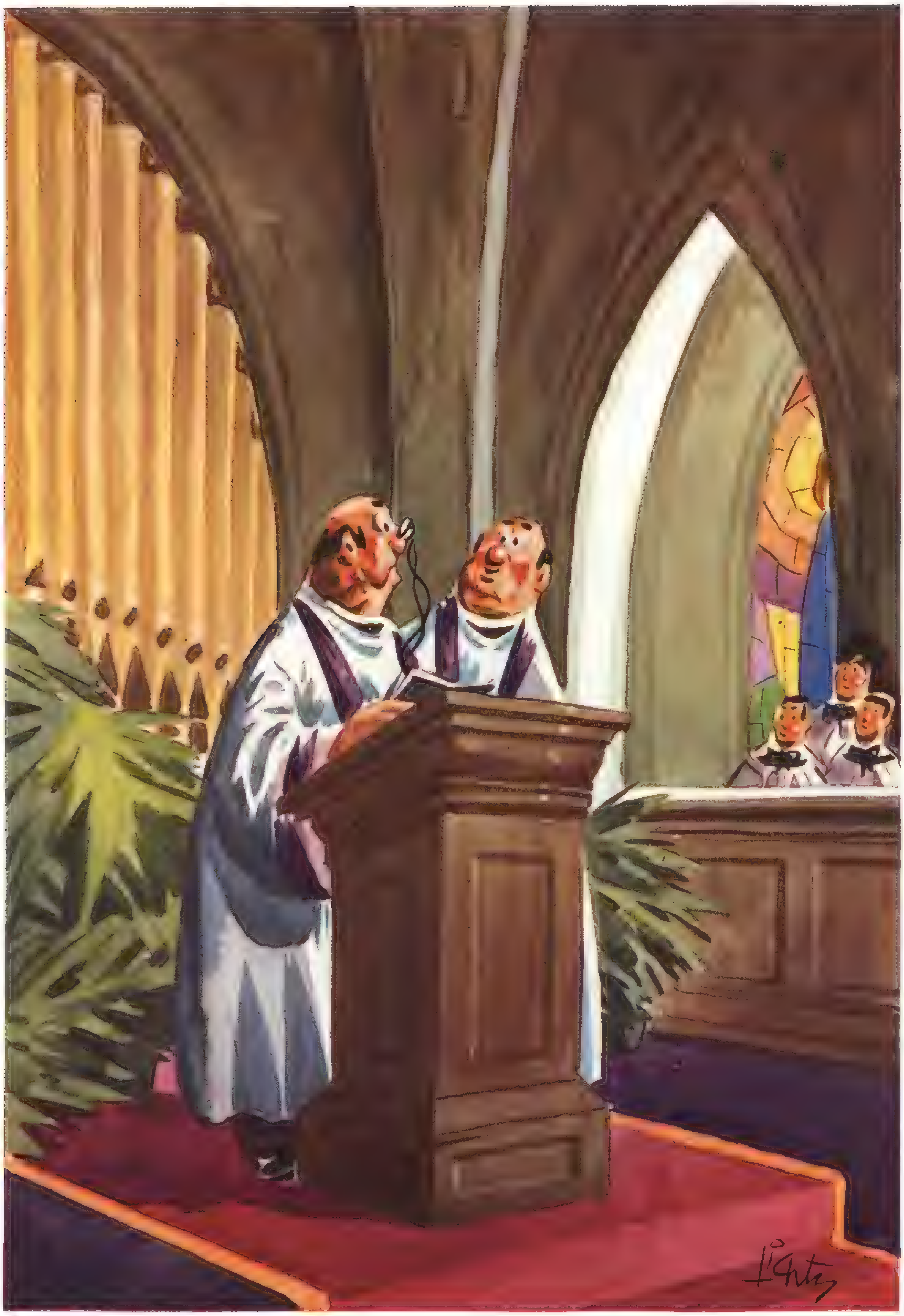
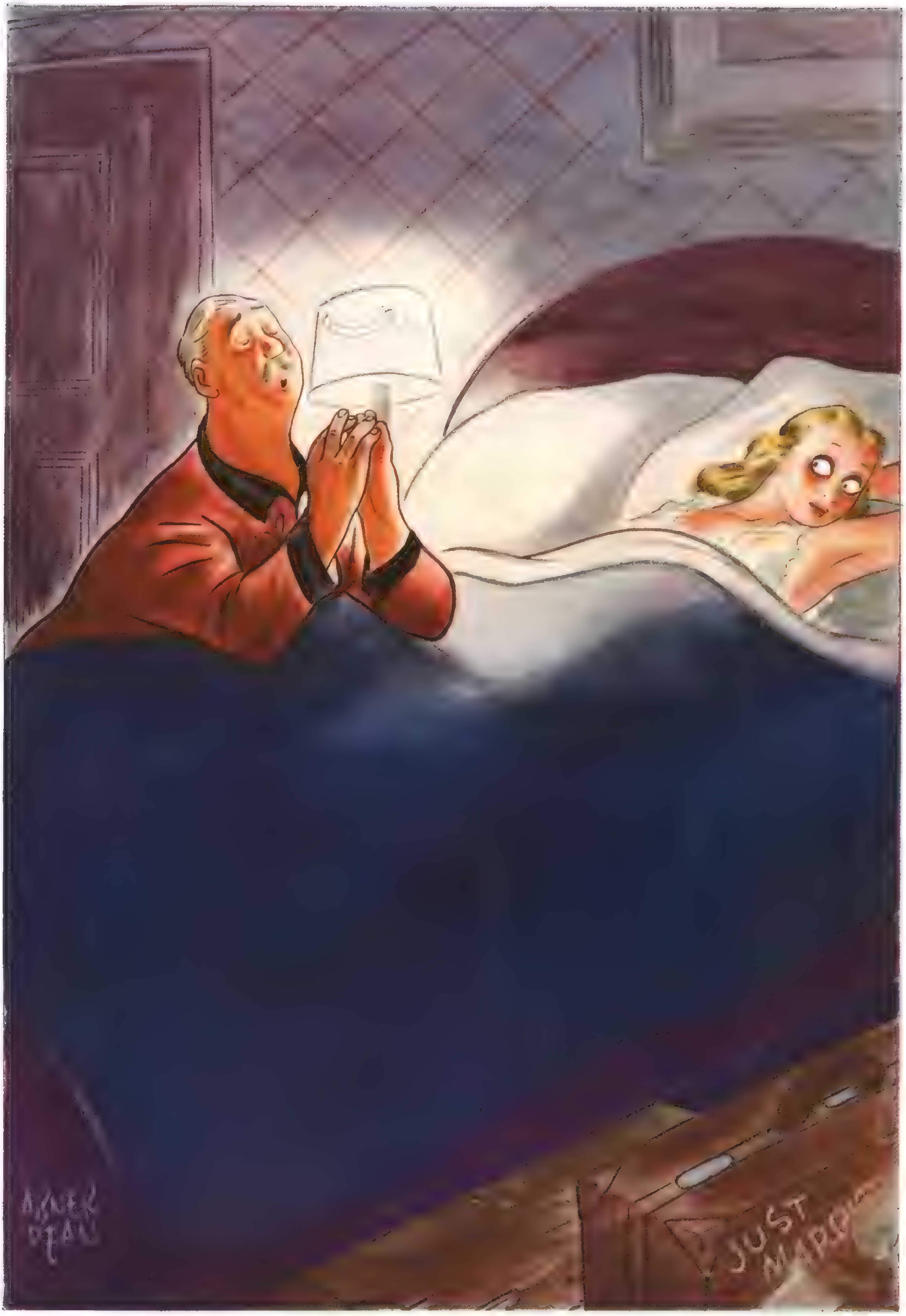


"Better give 'em the old blessing, Bishop—you got a golf date at two"


ABNER DEAN
JUST
MARR

Cafeteria Complex

A dissertation on restaurant regimentation or you takes what you gets and you eats it, see

by FRED S. TOBEY

SATIRE

"I GUESS you didn't get me the first time," said the chap behind the cafeteria counter, genially enough. "I asked if you wanted hard rolls or soft." For emphasis, he held up a hard roll in one hand, and a soft roll in the other. I nodded to show comprehension.

"I don't want any rolls at all," said I.

Grinning broadly, he loaded my platter with Broiled Sdfsh, Fr. Fr. Pot., Cup Coffee.

"Now, Sir," said he cajolingly, "will you have hard rolls or soft?"

I think I had a premonitory sense of what was ahead. Nevertheless I took the bit in my teeth.

"I really don't want any rolls at all," said I, enunciating clearly. "I really don't. Now if you'll just punch my check, I'll be taking this tray along to the table."

A look of amazement suffused the chap's countenance. Gone was the happy, carefree grin.

"Are you quite serious about this, Sir?" said he, searching my face for a sign of mirth.

"Quite."

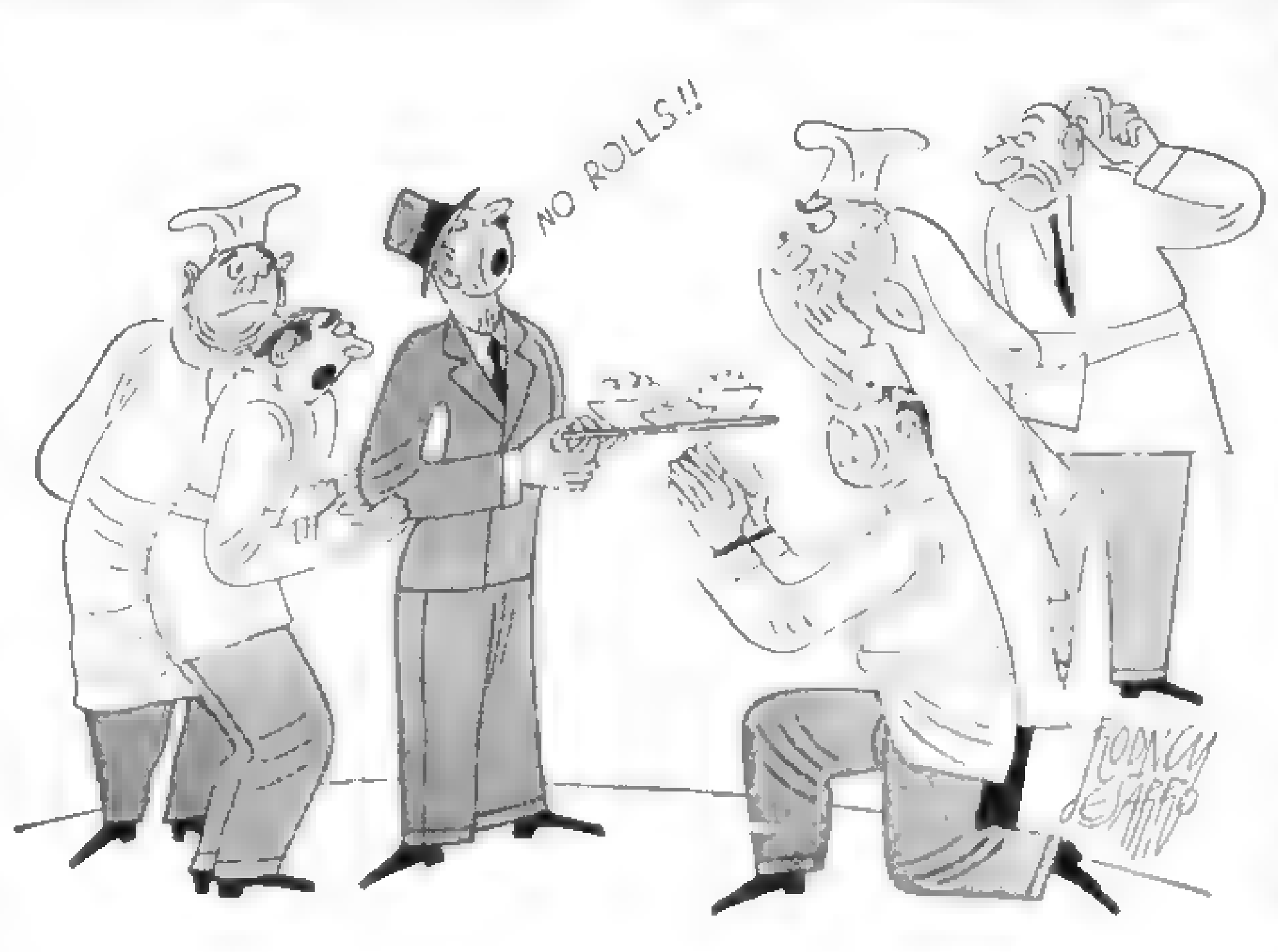
"But the special you ordered includes rolls, Sir, so you must have one sort or another."

"That" I replied, "is an underhanded attack upon individualism, and cannot be countenanced by thinking persons."

The chap seemed impressed with this, and turned to a companion, who was busily loading a tray.

"What do you do, Joe," he whispered, "when a gentleman don't want no rolls?"

"There ain't no gentlemen don't want no rolls," said Joe. "Ask him does he want hard rolls or soft rolls."



"Says he doesn't want either."

"Then he's kidding you. Make him take 'em."

"Look here," said the chap nervously, coming back to me, "even if you don't want any rolls, why don't you have one—just one—to straighten the thing out. Just say 'hard' or 'soft'—like that—and everything will be all right."

"No," I repeated, kindly yet without yielding my position, "I do not want them and it would be economically unsound to take them."

"All right then," said the chap. "All right then, I'll call the manager." He called the manager.

"And what is the trouble?" asked that functionary, very pleasantly indeed, as he bustled up in response to the call. Can we do something for one of our patrons?"

"The gentleman won't have any rolls with his special," said the chap, plaintively.

"Now, now!" said the manager, patting him on the shoulder with a friendly hand, "surely a little tact would straighten matters out. Did you ask him what *kind* of rolls he would like?"

"Yes, Sir." Plainly, he was on the verge of tears.

"And he said—?"

"Said he wouldn't have any at all, Sir," sobbed the chap.

Executives are far-seeing people. The manager turned to me gravely.

"Sir," said he, "this cafeteria is but one of a great chain. Though I am manager here I cannot initiate any policy which might seem to set a precedent for the entire organization. If you persist in your stand I shall be forced to take the matter to headquarters. The very structural core of the nation may quiver. What is your reply, Sir?"

We stood silently a moment, he with his piercing eyes fixed upon my face; I thoughtfully considering every phase of the situation.

My decision was made at last.

"Nuts," said I, politely but firmly.

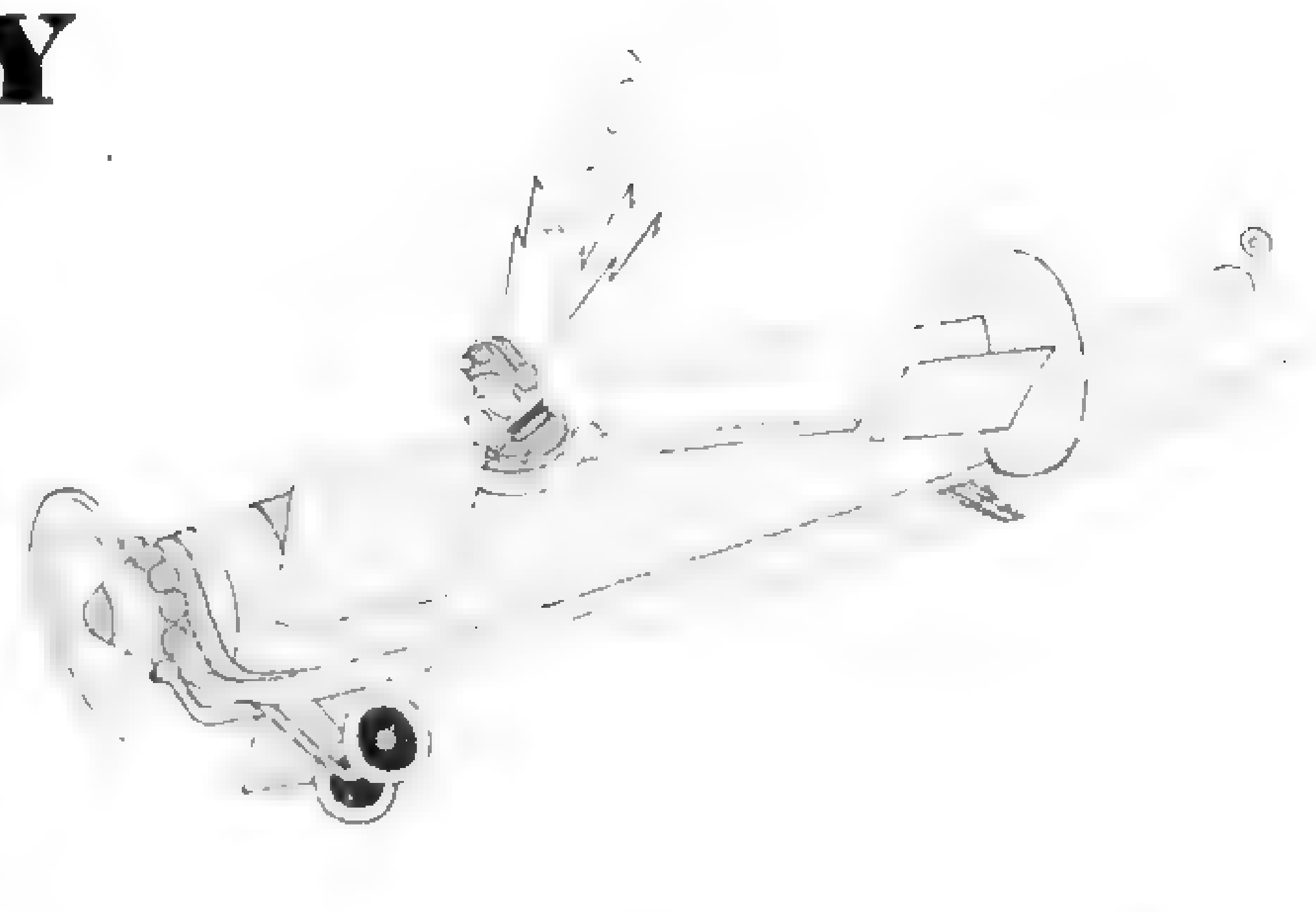
"In that case, Sir," said the manager, I will ask you to have a seat in my office while I wire the district supervisor."

Half an hour later he handed me a telegram from the district office in New Jersey. It read as follows:

AM AT LOSS SOLVE PROBLEM IN YOUR UNIT STOP CIRCUMSTANCES NEW MY EXPERIENCE STOP AM FLYING DETROIT WITHIN HOUR TO TAKE UP WITH CENTRAL OFFICE STOP WAIT INSTRUCTIONS
L X JONQUIL DIST SUPER

The manager was apologetic, and very nice about everything. Said he was having the Gimmer Furniture Company bring in a studio couch for me, in case the central office might be a bit slow reaching an agreement. Sometimes had an awful lot on their minds, he said.

I spent a restless night on the studio couch, biting my finger nails, while the manager sat at his desk and did cross-word puzzles. By the time morning came—and another wire—we both were pretty well on edge.



OFFICIALS DEADLOCKED YOUR CASE STOP HESITATE ACT WITHOUT ADVICE PRESIDENT OF CORPORATION WHO IS CRUISING IN PACIFIC STOP EXPECT REACH HIM BY RADIO PHONE THIS MORNING
L X JONQUIL DIST SUPER

The next telegram sent a thrill through the manager, and I must admit to having taken a little pride in it myself.

PRESIDENT OF CORPORATION INTERESTED YOUR CASE STOP HE WILL TAKE PLANE AT LOS ANGELES ARRIVING NEW YORK TOMORROW NIGHT STOP WATCH YOUR LINEN
L X JONQUIL DIST SUPER

The Gimmer Furniture truck rolled up with another studio couch, and the manager and I both bit our finger nails the second night.

Somehow or other the newspapers got hold of the thing. By next evening four theatrical companies had offered me sums of money to make a stage tour and six nationally advertised products had sought my testimonials at $100 a word. The Betty's Bigger Buns Company wanted me to say the trouble was all because the cafeteria didn't serve Betty's Bigger Buns. I turned them all down. I am in the hot water bottle business and believe a man should stick to what he knows.

At 5:45 a boy rushed in with a tabloid showing the President of the Corporation stepping from a plane and into a high-powered car at the airport. He was saying, "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today. That motto is as good here and now as it was when Abraham Lincoln first said it!"

At 5:55 a boy rushed in with another tabloid, showing the President of the Corporation flashing past the Empire State Building with four motorcycle officers front and rear.

"That's only a few blocks from here," said I. "He ought to be here any minute."

Sure enough, scarcely were the words out of my mouth than there appeared in the doorway the President of the Corporation.

"Good day, Sir!" said he abruptly to the manager. "I am the President of the Cross-Country Cafeteria Corporation!"

"Yes, Sir," said the manager.

"You have a customer here who has ordered our Special Broiled Sdfsh., Fr. Fr. Pot., Cup Coffee, Rolls, 35 Cents—and

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Serenade to Terror

A sweet life, a rich life they had on the submarine, and all he wanted was to have it again

by GEORGES SURDEZ

▪ FICTION ▪

A young surgeon at the Military Hospital of Sidi-bel-Abbès pointed him out one afternoon: "There's a curious specimen for your collection. He's fighting his discharge from the Foreign Legion, which rather discredits certain rumors that this is hell on Earth, doesn't it? But aside from that, he offers some very nice complications."

Walter Meinrich was crossing the yard toward the gate. He was tall, a rather handsome man, still young; his khaki uniform was new and neat, the blue sash rolled around his waist enhanced the grace of his torso, the fine width of the shoulders. The multi-colored *fourragères* of the Third Regiment showed that he had but recently returned from Morocco. It appeared evident that he was physically sound, probably exceptionally powerful and agile. Yet there was something wrong with him, for the Corps does not release enlisted men easily.

"Mental case?" I asked.

"Hard to know." The surgeon smiled: "He may be simulating. But he's not ordinary. If I were in your business—"

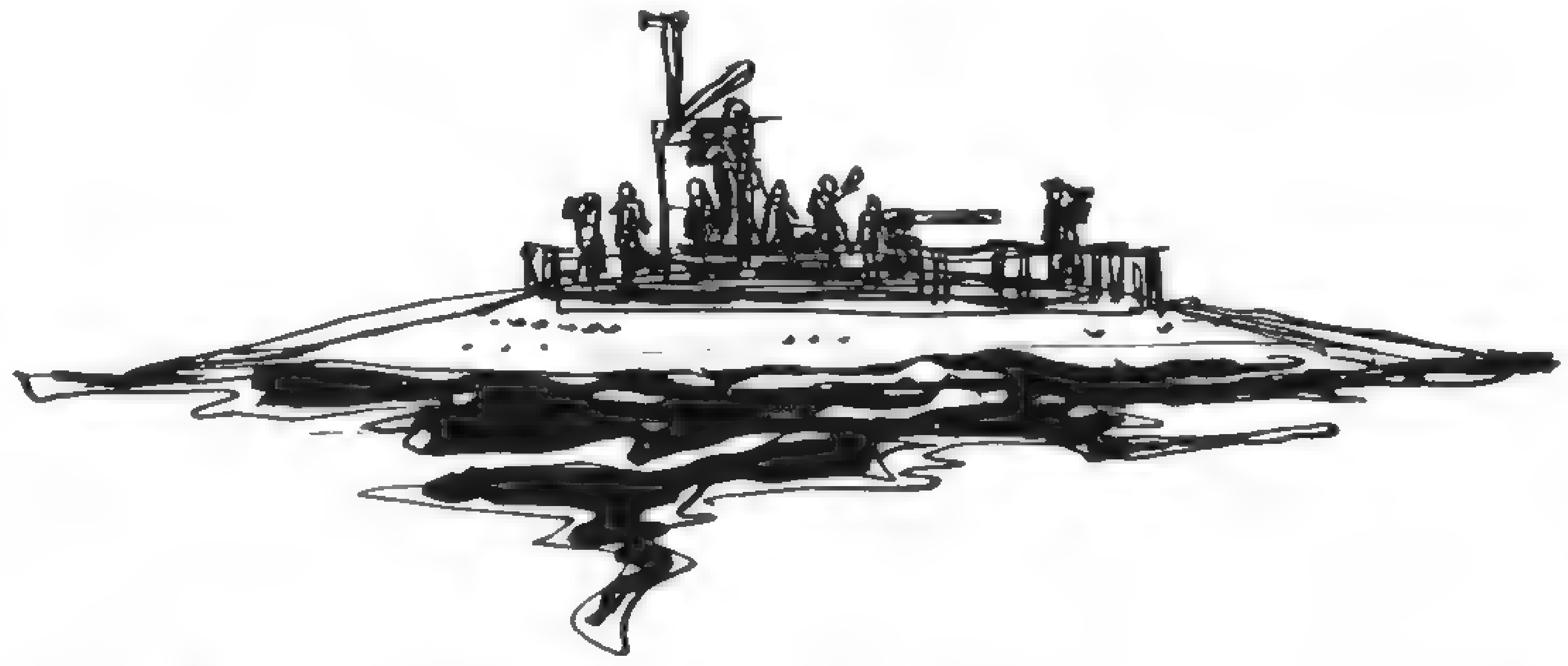
He forgot, or pretended to forget, that it would be a difficult matter to accost a man and ask him about his peculiarities at first meeting. To start with, it would not be tactful; then the fellow was large and perhaps short-tempered. Moreover, I had good reason to presume he was not quite sane. I discovered that Meinrich had been in town but a few days, that he had kept to himself, made no friends. And that was all.

However, I saw him again two nights later, in the downstairs room of the *Soleil d'Afrique*, on Rue Verte. He sat alone, at a table in the corner of the noisy place, rising from time to time to insert a bronze franc piece in the slot of the mechanical piano. Then he would go back to his beer. Save for the number on his collar tabs, there was nothing to distinguish him from other soldiers. Only as an afterthought did it seem strange that he had no companion.

We exchanged courtesies before the piano, over the choice of a selection. And within a few minutes, I had a sketchy biography. He had been born in Bremen, Germany, was serving his third year in the Legion. Previous to that, he had been an electrician, and earlier, he had served in the Imperial Navy.

"I was married a few months after the Armistice," he explained. His French was good, although strongly accented. "Did not work out very well. No trouble that you could lay a finger on, you understand. My wife somehow seemed afraid of me. I'd wake up in the middle of the night to find her shivering, sitting up in the darkness. She took to staying more and more with her people. I didn't like that. No man does. Then I felt sort of lost and aimless, and drifted to the Legion. I had another purpose, too, in coming out here."

He paused, thought the matter over: "I hardly dare tell you, because it seems to strike other people as queer, although I can't see why. No, really, I don't understand it.



"I used to keep quiet about it, too, since my early days here. But, about a month ago—it was in Morocco, in the Middle Atlas, in a small post south of Azerdoun—yes, Post Mueller, that's the place—the captain comes on a tour of inspection from the Principal Station, and calls me in for a talk. You see, I applied long ago for citizenship, I want to become French. And there was some formality about papers to prove my identity, a request for a birth-certificate, I think.

"So I tell him I'll write myself and get it. Then the captain asked me if I intended to stay in the Legion or seek outside employment when my present enlistment was finished. Captains always do that; if a man intends to stay, they promote him quicker. He was so friendly, I told him what I had in mind.

"Remember I told you I was in the Navy during the War? In the submarine service, too. Germany has no more submarines since the treaty of Versailles. I explained to the captain that I intended to enlist in the French Navy after I was a citizen, if that was possible. To serve on submarines, naturally, as that was my specialty. He said nothing for a long time, then asked me questions. I answered them as well as I could, and he promised to do his best for me. The next thing I knew, I was ordered to Hospital Louis, in Meknès, and placed under observation.

"That was just the beginning. I was shunted to the hospital in Fez, then to this place. They want to discharge me, send me home. I have to go before a Medical Board in Oran next week!

"All that, as far as I can make out, simply because I want to go back into my old trade. I'm a mechanic, an electrician. I started to serve in undersea boats a year before the War started.

I've been on long cruises, in the Baltic, in the North Sea, in the Atlantic, once in the Mediterranean. I have experience, experience that's useless at home. What's crazy about my wanting to use it?"

His deeply set blue eyes considered me. They were calm, clear. If ever a man had appeared solid physically and mentally, Meinrich was that man. One could see that he was a capable seaman. It was plain that he loved the work. His words were logical enough. But they startled me.

"I understand why you puzzle people," I declared. "Everybody knows that existence aboard the submarines must have been extremely hard. Danger and suffering every minute, harsh orders to carry out, hardships, hatred, and a good chance of dying like a trapped rat. Doesn't seem as if anyone would wish to go back to that—"

Meinrich laughed, an honest, cheerful laugh.

"Sure, that's the way the story's told! Even submarine-men will tell you hair-raising yarns, to make their parts seem bigger. But I can tell you that I have never had a better time in my life than aboard the submarines. I served in all types, from the first small ones with the kerosene motors, to the big Diesel cruisers. For a time, I was with the UC's, the small ones that laid mines off the coasts. That last wasn't so good, short trips and a lot of hard work. But the long cruises were wonderful.

"People have an idea submarines were under water all the time, dodging patrol boats. That's crazy. Most of the time, we were on the surface.

"Sure, the air gets foul, and after a long dive you feel pretty rotten. And you usually wake up with a thick feeling in the mouth, like a bad hang-over. But a turn on deck, a few deep breaths, and you were right again.

"In 1915, cruising off Norway, we were a week without having to dive. The North Sea may look small, but we had to hunt for ships. When operating off England, we had the *Foxgloves* to look out for, small, fast ships, constructed to fight us. But we usually spotted them first. And we could get away from them easily enough. Then there were the decoy-ships, what the British called Q-ships. They sank a few submarines, but not as many as is claimed.

"Our officers were pretty wise to such tricks, and were careful. More often than not, the ships would uncover their guns too soon—you only read about the successes, remember. Then what did it all amount to? We would be under shell fire for a while, sometimes a few minutes, sometimes longer, when our captain thought we weren't overmatched by too great a margin. That wouldn't happen often.

"There you have it: Occasionally, for a short time, we'd be shelled. But the poor devils in the trenches had that sort of thing and much worse every day. The chance of drowning if we were sunk? Drowning's no worse inside a submarine than in the open sea, you'll admit that? For my part, I'd prefer drowning to being buried alive as happened to a lot of men at the front. Except for the first few seconds, drowning isn't painful. Ask someone who's been revived. It's pleasant, you hear music, you feel drowsy—

"Between that and being hung up in barbed wire with a machine gun bullet through your guts, or croaking in some shell hole with your body mashed by a shell, is there any comparison? It's quicker, for one thing, and undoubtedly cleaner. Ever hear of cooties on a submarine?

"Then our service was privileged. We had pretty long leaves to rest in. I'd loaf about and watch the poor guys let out of the trenches for a few days, just long enough to get the vibrations out of their ears, listen to their stories of sleeping in mud, of long days without food, of bitterly cold nights without a chance to get warm, with your feet freezing inside three pairs of socks and a pair of thick boots, and I was glad of my lot.

"Take the aviation, for instance, supposed to be a privileged, selected service, war de luxe! I had a cousin in the aviation, a sergeant-pilot. His nerves were like guitar strings. The man was a wreck at the Armistice. There was nothing the matter with me, I can tell you. I wouldn't duck when I heard an automobile start or a truck roll by. I wouldn't flop face down when I heard a motorcycle, I wouldn't fumble for a missing gas-mask when I heard certain bells and whistles. Yet you'd see men from other services do all that, act like a gang of dislocated marionettes.

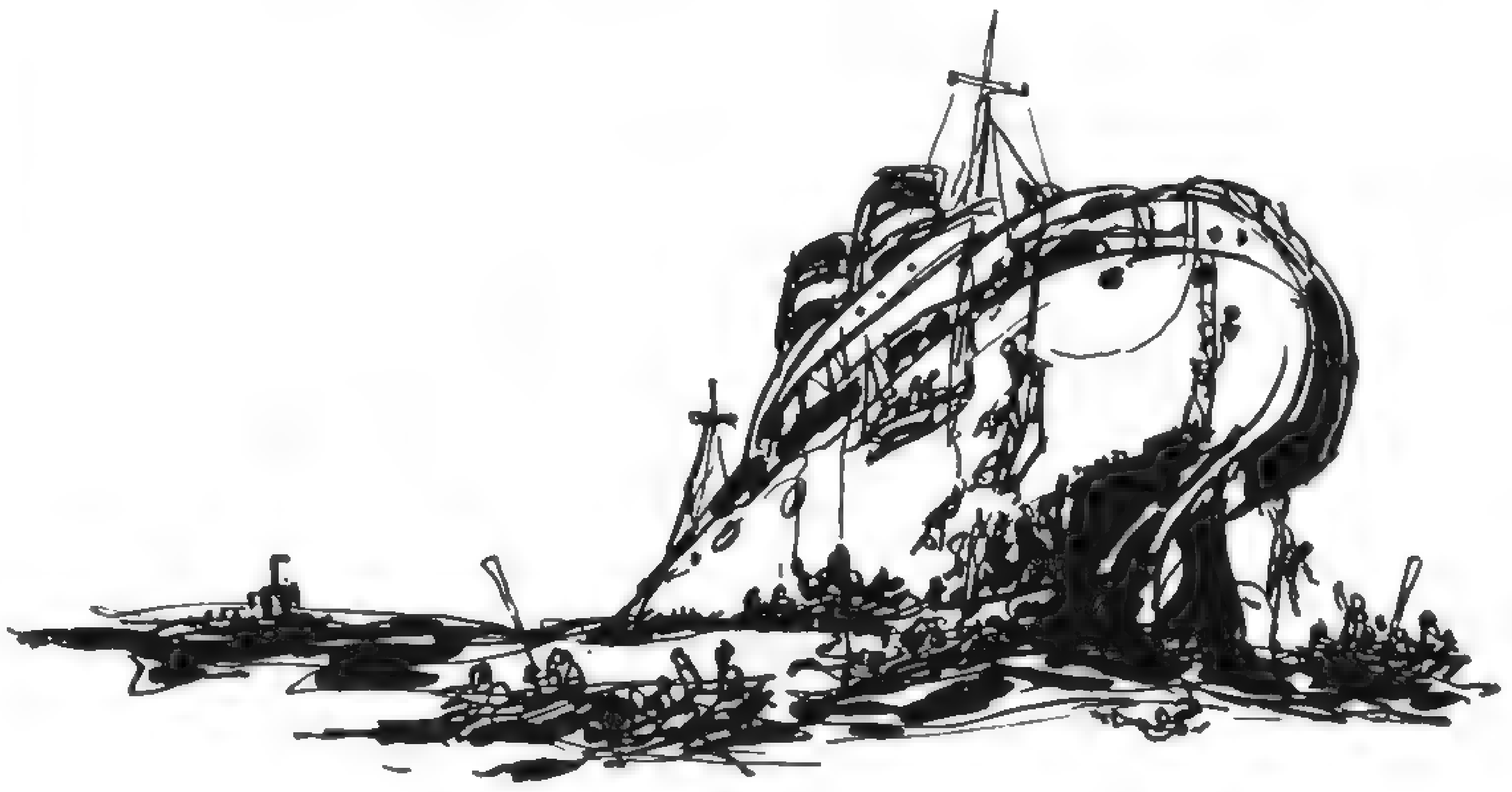
"Hardships? All right, about the same as those faced by fishermen in peace time. But compensations! Germany was starving during the last two years. Well, some of the best feeds of my life I had during those same years. There was once when we were sinking some fishing smacks off the English Coast. Too small game for torpedoes, for cannon. We'd send boarding parties with explosives. They'd collect a lot of food. Hams as big as your thigh, sides of bacon, fancy jams and canned fruit. We'd pick up fine things to wear, boots and hats.

"If you were with the boarding parties, you could pick up stuff that sold well back home. Nobody ever said anything against looting—the stuff was lost anyway, as the ships would be sunk in a few minutes. Anything that was of reasonable size and didn't stink, the officers would pretend not to notice. Once I got a fine set of glasses and a gold watch, just by reaching my hand inside a cabin as I passed and lifting them off hooks. Got over a thousand marks for them.

"Remember this, too: There was a War on, and we wanted action, excitement, honors, something to boast about on leave. What was the matter with the submarine service for all these?

"When your boat pulled off a big stunt, it was not rare for the whole crew to be decorated. I've got several crosses myself. We were popular ashore, too, because of the stories told about us. You know, people didn't get half as excited over their men being killed in the trenches some hundreds of miles away, as they did when the food was short.

The enemy was blamed for acorn coffee and rotten bread. They starved us because they controlled the seas. And we were the avengers.



"Excitement? You talk about sport, hunting, fishing, anything, including air fights, and you can't know what we had. That was a kick, when the captain took over the periscope, grinned and mumbled to the officers from time to time. They'd generally give us an idea of what we were after. When it was a cruiser, or a very big ship, we were thrilled as hell.

" 'Tube One, attention! Tube One, ready! Tube One, fire!'

"You'd hear the torpedo start, you'd see the captain jerk the periscope up and down. Then you'd feel the shock of the explosion. And you'd yell all together because you could relax.

"Right off this coast, outside the port of Oran, not a hundred miles from here, I was on a big submarine. That must have been early in 1917. We had been on the surface all morning, in sight of that Santa-Cruz Mountain. There was a transport due to come out, with two thousand troopers. We trailed her for a few miles, and put two torpedoes into her, with the convoying destroyers making circles and shooting off their guns. They couldn't pick up many. We were around there again, a couple of days later, and the sea was blue with corpses, like corn-flowers in a wheat-field. Two torpedoes and ten seconds, and more accomplished than could be done by a regiment of artillery in a week!

"What a trip that was! No patrol ships about. We even went swimming in coves near the Coast. Then we went north, near Sardinia, and stopped a big British merchantman. The boarding party brought back the captain's stores, and the whole crew fed like kings for three days! A few days later, we ran the gauntlet at Otranto, sailed up the Adriatic, sinking a half-dozen ships on the way, bombing the trawlers. We entered an Austrian port. What a reception! Nothing was too good for us. The women—Ach! I wasn't even an officer, but I had my pick. And a gold decoration too. That was worth some trouble, eh?"

"Sounds pretty good," I admitted. "But there must have been some nasty moments? It was distasteful for some of you to carry out the drastic orders—"

Meinrich eyed me with wide, amiable scorn.

"That's post-war sentimentality. You ought to know that when you're in service you never concern yourself with what you do under orders. Your responsibility, including the moral burden, is fully covered. Usually, when the submarines carried out what your press termed atrocities, there was some good reason for it.

"Yes, I have seen lifeboats shelled, as they were pulling away from a sinking ship. But every time, we had been double-crossed. It's against international rights to arm merchantmen. Some of them would try to sink us. When they succeeded, all well and good, some more German swine killed off. But what did you expect us to do when they failed? Pay them compliments and issue hot rum? We were sore as hell, and anxious to get square with them.

"Killing women and children? It was terrible for submarines to do that. But when it happened ashore, it was not noticed. Did you ever hear of a shell trained to distinguish ages and sexes? For instance, the Allied aviation would bomb the rear of our trenches, and often kill French civilians in occupied villages, in towns, in cities. Allied planes killing their own people. And they knew that they were doing it, too. But the war came first.

"I've read war books myself. But I can tell you that I never heard any officer weep at his orders, or worry much about it. As for me, it never occured to me to take things personally. I was living and enjoying myself. It wouldn't be the same thing in peace time, of course, and with the French. But I'd like to be back on a submarine again, because it would be familiar, it would feel good to me.

"I've been wanting it for years, never stopped hoping. For a time, after I was married, I tried to settle down. But when she took to waking me up at night, howling in the darkness, I decided to do what I wanted. I was willing to change my nationality, willing to serve five years. And they're sending me before a Medical Board for it!"

"All you have to do, Meinrich, is to tell your story." I hesitated, then volunteered advice: "However, I'd keep off questions of right and wrong, old man. Shade your en-

Continued in center of page 132

Man of Decency

Ex-reporter Joe Breen, father of six, has seen all the things movie goers shouldn't ever see

by JOHN J. McCARTHY

• ARTICLE •

Deciding exactly what is morally fit for 75,000,000 movie patrons to see when they go to their local cinema houses every week.

Approving only those movies which meet unequivocally the ethical standards of the thousands and thousands of priests, ministers and rabbis who safeguard the spiritual lives of these 75,000,000 weekly movie goers.

Forecasting instantly what scenes and dialogues will satisfy the personal whims and local prejudices of hundreds of official censors in all parts of the country.

Telling — not advising — highly opinionated producers, directors, story editors and authors, unaccustomed as they are to accepting suggestions from anyone, particularly an outsider, what they can put in and what they must take out of a film.

Receiving hundreds of bitterly critical letters from pastors, women's clubs, trade associations, white collar and labor organizations, congressmen, etc., and being forced to heed not a small percentage of their contents.

Such are the daily chores of Joseph Ignatius Breen, the decency dictator of Hollywood—the one man who has the final say today on all the pictures in the billionaire motion picture industry. The annual box-office take of the movies is estimated at one and a quarter billion dollars. And it is Breen's word as to what bait the producers can use to lure that colossal sum to the 13,500 cinema houses in America.

Being personally responsible for what can be offered to snare an annual one and a quarter billion dollar market is a tough spot for any man to be in. The spot is not made any easier when said man who is on it draws his salary from the moguls who have their all in that particular mart. But then, Joseph Ignatius Breen is one hard-boiled, two-fisted Irishman who can outshout the pick of Hollywood hog-callers. Equally as hardy with hands as with his tongue, Breen, bespectacled, six feet tall and husky, too, has yet to lose a single fight-to-a-finish, verbal or otherwise, since he went on the spot last July.

That is a real achievement in moviedom. If you doubt this, ask any lad who has tried to out-argue Sam Goldwyn, Darryl Zanuck, Carl Laemmle, Junior or Senior, the Warner Boys, Adolph Zukor, Joseph M. Schenck, Harry Cohn or Winfield Sheehan. He knows. He will quickly tell you that these movie potentates are not exactly push-overs in verbal tilts nor are the legions of "yes-men" which they command legendary.

Furthermore, Breen does not simply confine his persuasive powers to Hollywood satraps. When a Pennsylvania, Ohio or another censor board reverses his ideas on what is the acme of purity in a film, he does not hesitate to hop a plane and swoop down upon these chevying censors.

One of the initial pictures in which Breen demanded many changes was the Goldwyn presentation of *We Live Again*, an adaptation of the Tolstoy novel *Resurrection.* Goldwyn protested vigorously but finally accepted all the changes, following exactly Breen's purifying suggestions. Despite Breen's seal of purity, the censors in an Eastern state took many exceptions to *We Live Again*. How they went to work on it! When Goldwyn got the sad news of how these Eastern censors intended to launder his masterpiece of all its remaining box-office features, he went after Breen and bluntly told him that, according to Eastern state censor standards, he still had a lot to learn about decency. Goldwyn dwelt at length on the fact that he had made *We Live Again* entirely upon Breen's ideas of purity and morals. To do this had cost Goldwyn many extra thousands. For him now to submit to the Eastern censors' deletions would mean many more thousands of additional expense.

Breen listened to all Goldwyn had to say and agreed with him. Then, to prove to him that censors were no different from producers as far as he was concerned, Breen flew East and went into immediate session with the censor board. To battle local censors any time is a hard proposition but to get them to entirely change their decision is regarded as next to impossible. Traditional odds mean nothing to Breen. He is that kind of a fighter. For hours on end he argued, pleaded and finally convinced the Eastern state censors that their rulings upon *We Live Again* were all wrong. The morality barometer established by one Joseph Ignatius Breen was the only one for a smart censor board to go by. They believed him and gave *We Live Again* their complete approval and benediction.

This inherent aptitude to get at the source of trouble and straighten it out pronto, yet at the same time conciliating all parties concerned, is what first attracted Will Hays to Joseph Ignatius Breen. This same quality, too, plus that he was Irish, Catholic and a big family man, probably prompted Czar Hays to second Breen's nomination as film censor supreme a year ago when the Catholic hierarchy and its Legion of Decency were engineering a nation-wide boycott of the movies.

Prior to joining the Hays organization some five years ago, Breen was associated with Stuyvesant Peabody, the Chicago tycoon who deals in bituminous coal. In this capacity, he had a lot to do with labor organizations and labor leaders. He had to know first hand how to break up strikes, protect mining property, outtalk and outswat delegations of belligerent miners. Whether Will Hays recognized some resemblance in truculent coal-miners to peeved movie moguls has never been established but the fact remains that after he had witnessed Breen competently handle a strikers' protest meeting, he offered him a job with the Hays organization in Hollywood.

Personally a very genial gent, Joseph Ignatius Breen first learned how to be really tough as a boy in the old Fairmount neighborhood of Philadelphia. This is the section of the Quaker City which adjoins the famous Fairmount Park and which gave to the world "Wild Bill" Donovan, the onetime great Detroit hurler, Kid Gleason, the old White-Black Sox pilot, and that pungent humorist Arthur "Bugs" Baer. In fact, the locale of not a few of Baer's tough-guy sagas smack of the old Fairmount district.

Breen was born in the Fairmount district of Philadelphia of Irish-American parents on October 14, 1890. He went to St. Francis Xavier Parochial School and later to the Catholic High School. After graduating from Catholic High, he entered the Jesuit College of St. Joseph's in Philadelphia. Upon the completion of his college courses Breen went into newspaper work. And stayed in it for some fourteen years, save for a short sabbatical period when he served as an assistant to Father Mulry, then President of Fordham College.

Before finally leaving Philadelphia journalism for other reportorial jobs in Washington, D. C., and Chicago, Joseph Ignatius Breen had built up a grand reportorial Odyssey. According to the tales told by old Philadelphia newspapermen, Breen was a local Charley MacArthur, Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler all rolled into one. Breen holds the unique distinction of having been fired

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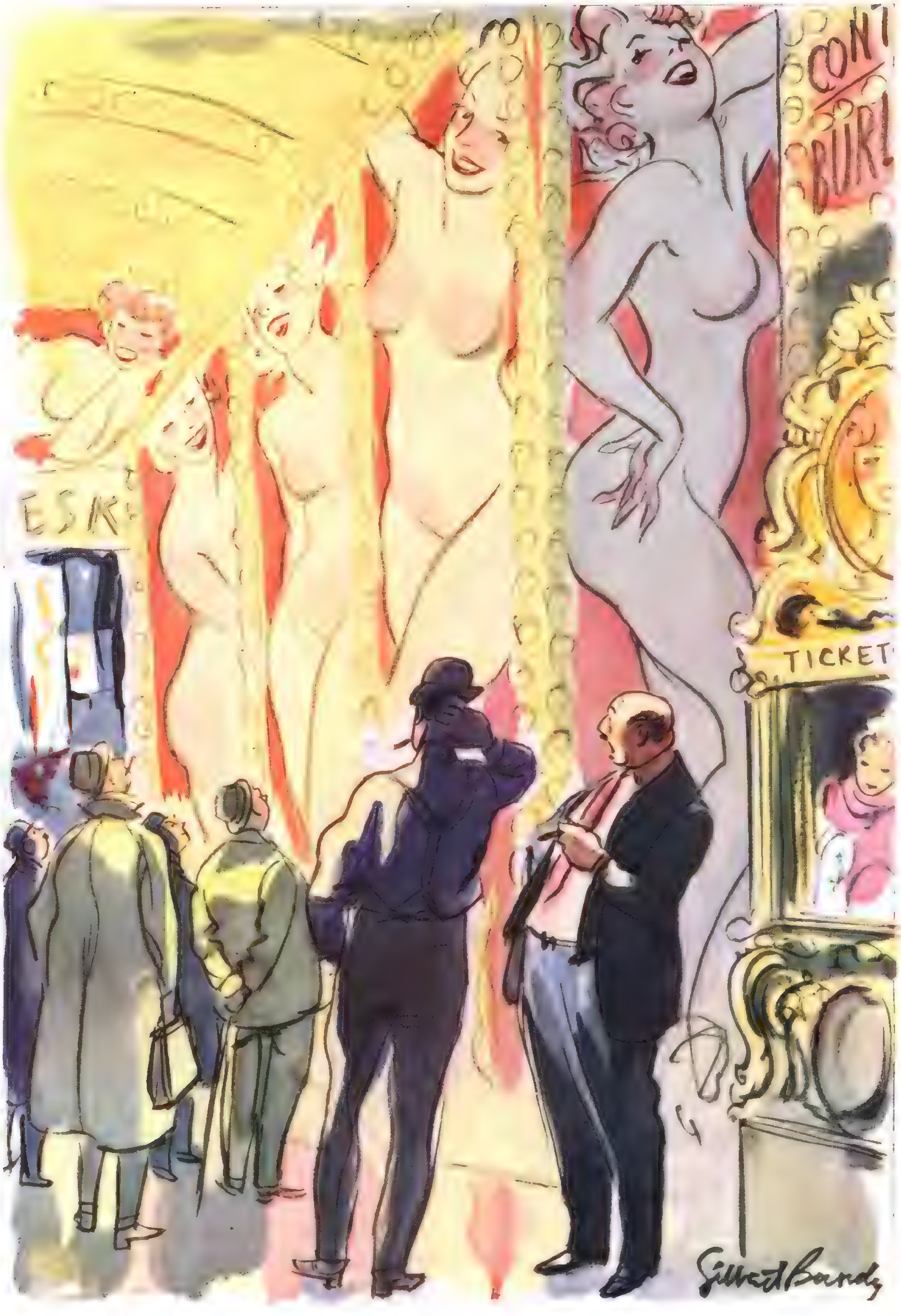
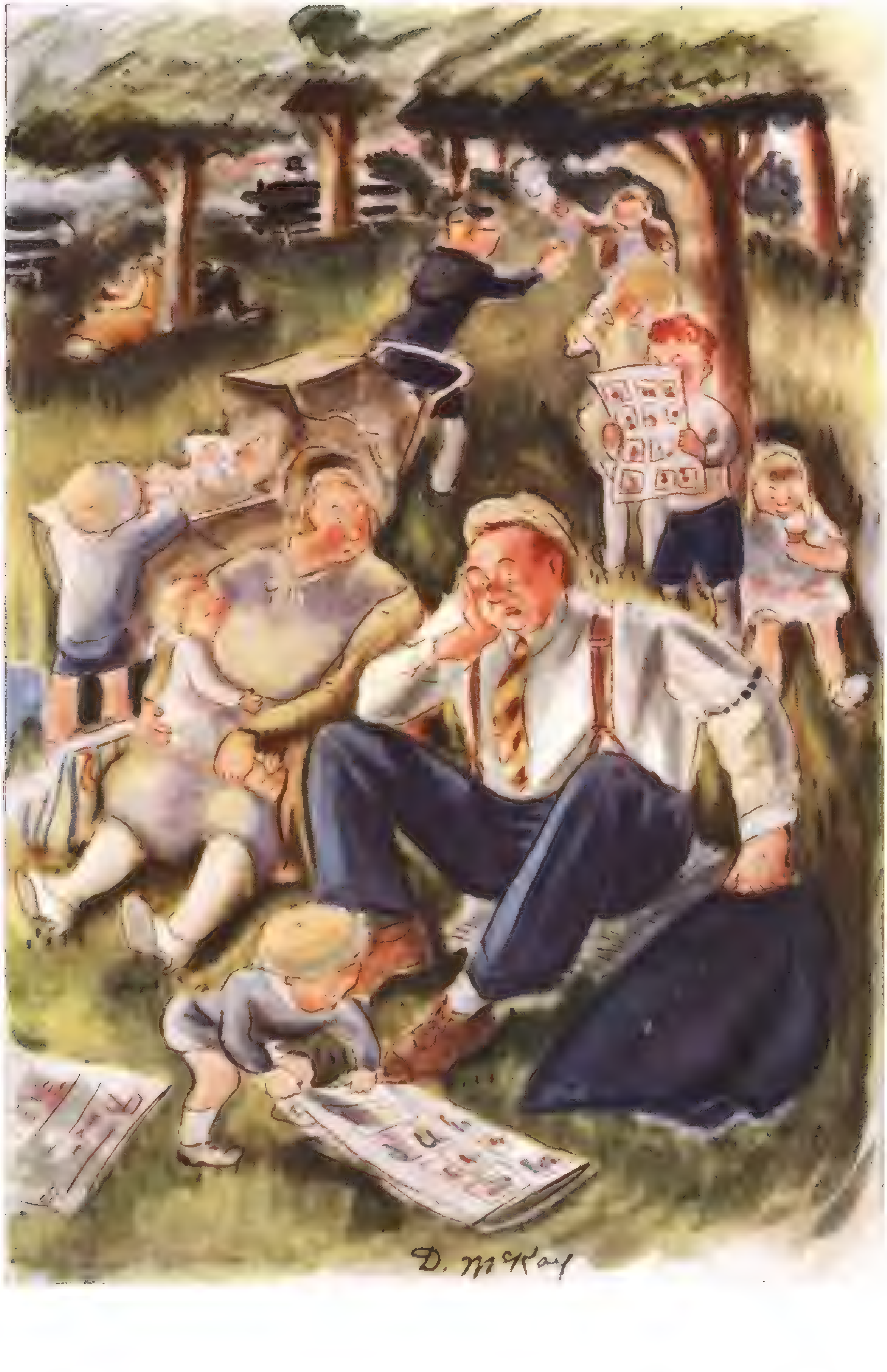

CON
BURL
ESK
TICKET
Gilbert Bundy

"I can't understand it—they stop and look, but they don't go in"



"Twelve years of married life and what have we got to show for it?"

Reminiscences of a Rabbit

He may just be meat for the
tennis lions but he always
has a chance to get a nibble

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ SPORTS ▪

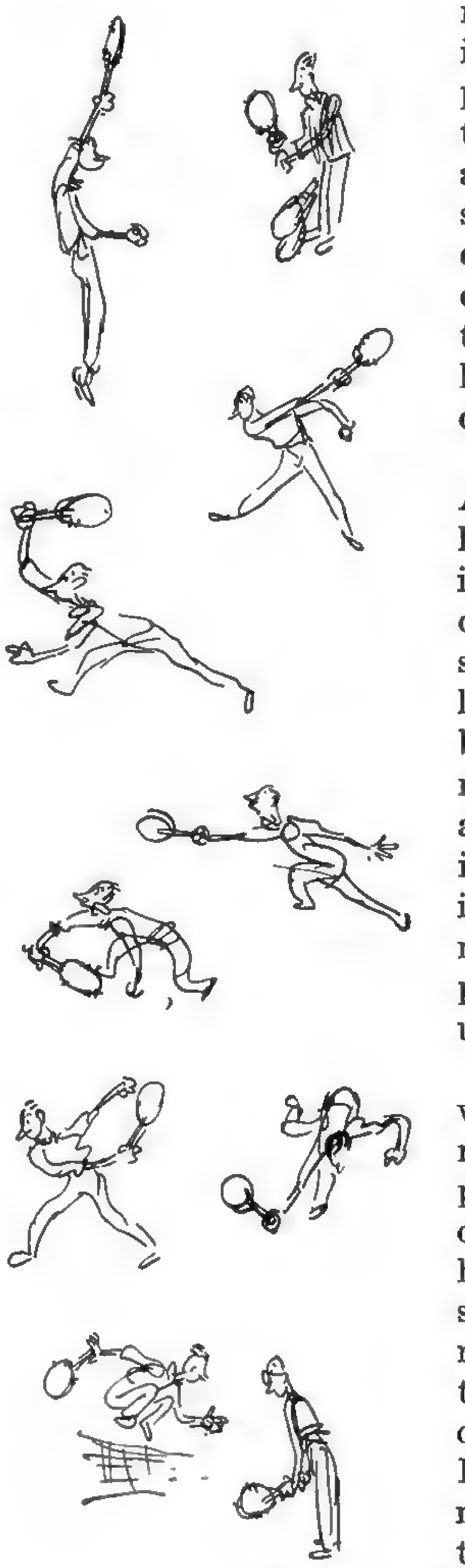
"RICHARDS and Cummings on court two!" Trembling, I went forth to meet my fate. A gangling youngster, equipped with boundless enthusiasm, a shrunken pair of flannel trousers, and a fairly fast and very inaccurate serve, I was playing in the National Junior Indoor Tennis Championships at the 7th Regiment Armory in New York City. Somehow or other I had managed to stumble through a few rounds, and now, in the quarter-finals, I was to play Vincent Richards. Vincent Richards! Even then, at eighteen, he was a veteran, an international star.

He won the first set six-love. Then, in the second one, I managed to get four games before he polished me off. Four games from the great Richards! A good deal better than anybody else had done against him so far in the tournament. Not bad for a rabbit! Wasn't I a hero, a coming star? My father followed me down to the locker room, patted me on the back, and told me he'd buy me a new racket. That night I couldn't sleep. What would the papers say on the morrow? I could vision the headlines. "Potential Star Uncovered" or "Richards Has Narrow Escape." I would be news! The next morning, bright and early, I scurried to the newsstand, bought a paper, and, with shaking hands, turned to the sports section. Here was the headline: "RICHARDS WAY OFF FORM IN JUNIOR TOURNEY."

Oh well, that's life for us poor rabbits. We read—and like it—about how the Tildens and the Vineses and the Lotts and the Richardses feel, how they make their shots, about their careers and their triumphs, sometimes their reverses, but when one of us—and there are millions of us in tennis and golf and other sports—puts up a little resistance before succumbing to a top-notcher, what do we get? Nasty cracks in the papers—if we even make the papers. Sly inquiries from our friends as to what time our opponent retired the night before. Or, at the best, polite yawns when we recount our exploits.

Well, let the stars look after themselves and defend themselves. They can do it. This is a rallying cry for rabbits. This is about how *we* feel. We—let us face the fact—are the type of player who causes a star, on perceiving our name bracketed with his own in a tournament, to remark: "And who do I play next?" We aren't, most of us, exactly dubs. We can beat somebody at our game, perhaps a good many people, but against the big shots it's usually just too bad. However, we go to tournaments, and we go gladly. In fact we make up the large majority of the field in most of them. Sometimes we have one fairly good shot. In tennis it may be, say, a forehand drive which enables us to beat some of our local rivals. And what happens the first time we run up against a star player? Does he give us a chance to use that forehand? He does not! He resorts to flagrantly unsporting tactics and plays our backhand—which is usually pretty bad. No two ways about it; those top-notchers simply aren't gentlemen.

But perhaps we salvage a few games from the wreckage. We may even make the star take off his sweater—or one of his sweaters. After the match, when he shakes our hand, he says: "It's too bad you were off your game." Star players always say this. It's part of their nefarious racket, because if they ran out of rabbits for their rabbit fricassee, what would keep them from starving? This come-on seldom fails. We have the virus now, and we can't stop. We've made a "good showing."



And so we go to slaughter after slaughter. Hawked at by Shields, foxed by Lott, and run to earth and torn to shreds by a pack of Cochets, Perrys, Allisons, Woods, Stoefens, Parkers, Crawfords and lesser hounds, we, or our ghosts, miraculously take on new bones and skin and fur and go forth once more to perish on the court, or the links, or whatever our favorite burial ground happens to be.

The first time we went out to do battle against a champion we were, we admit, pretty nervous. Our racket trembled in our hand, or we made a terrible flub of our drive from the first tee. But after we've been through the mill a few times, we change. Finally most of us reach the point where we actually rejoice when we find ourselves matched against a Perry or a Bobby Jones. We are going to get what we optimistically refer to as a "crack" at him.

Outwardly we may joke about our impending fate and lament that we are in for a quick slaughter, but deep in our breasts there is a fierce burning hope. Perhaps we'll go wild, and play as we never did before, making incredible half-volleys and backhand drives or sinking one fifty-foot putt after another. After all, we've made amazing shots on occasion, haven't we? Why mightn't we get an afternoon where we did it consistently? And perhaps our opponent has a weakness no one else has discovered. Maybe we'll be the one to ferret it out—and make history!

Disappointment soon comes, of course—save very rarely—as our serve or our mid-iron treacherously fails us, and back we trudge to the locker room. And now we feel like talking to someone. We *have* made a few good shots, perhaps even one or two sensational ones, and we've a few games or holes to show for our efforts. Or maybe we've had a string of incredibly bad breaks that prove once and for all that there is no God. We encounter a friend, and hold him with a skinny hand and glittering eye. "There was a shot—" quoth we. —And straightway the false friend says: "Yes, I know, but I've got a date for dinner, and I'm late already."

And there you are. If the Ancient Mariner could get off his line for ten or twelve pages it's a fine state of affairs if we can't at least tell how we served an ace on Tilden or relate how—of all the rotten breaks!—the ball was going right smack for the hole when a hawk swooped down, grabbed it out of the air, and swallowed it. I say there's going to be a revolution in this country if people don't start listening to us—and darn soon.

However, all is not futility with the rabbit. Sometimes he may actually beat a good player and enjoy a brief taste of glory. The rabbit doesn't have to train as much as the star, because, after the first round, he's usually out of the tournament. He can take a drink once in a while—and Lord knows sometimes he needs one! Being out of the tournament, he can go to some nice parties during tennis week at the various resorts, and stay up late while the star is pounding the pillow or lying awake worrying about what will happen to his ranking if he doesn't get at least to the semi-finals.

And after he is put out, he gets a chance to practise on the club courts during the rest of the week—sometimes with pretty fair players. Occasionally a star develops that way. One summer, six or seven years ago, I used

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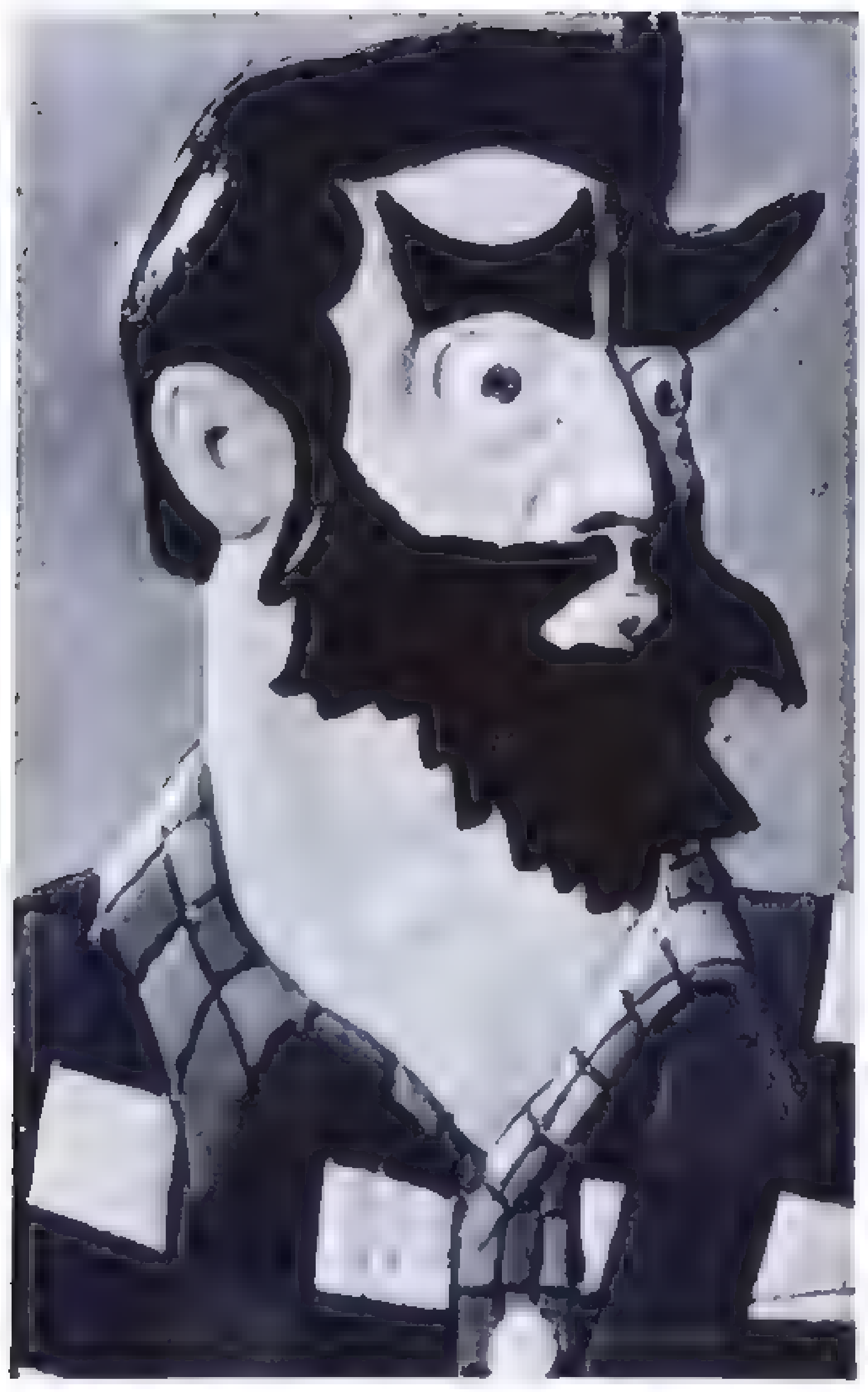


The Great American Paradise

by JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

I
CONCERNING PAUL INTIMATELY

Paul dint look like a man but like a god.
Fact is, one day he poked his head into Heaven one day,
and God he said "Hello, Thor,"
cause he thot Paul was one a them Skywegian gods.
Paul he'd think so much, he'd git to meditating
his brain it would hum out loud,
humming like a dynamo!
ticking like a clock!
a hum a hum a hum!
a tick a tock a tock!
Paul's beard and his mustache they was pitch black,
and they come to pints like daggers,
and his eyebrows they reacht back to his years.
And his eyes they was like seeing the Moon twice at one time.
And Paul's nose it lookt as long
as from Salt Lake City all the way to Chattanooga,
that nose were sharp as a battleship's prow.
And he certny knowed how to dress.
He weared corduroy pants they was blue and white stripes.
He weared a wool shirt orange blue and black checks.
He weared black boots and red socks
and he weared a pea green sash.
That shirt that he wore the wool was so scratchy
it would a killt one a them Hindu nail sitters,
but it was the same as silk to Paul Bunyan,
cause he worn it so long he got acclimated to it.
When Paul liked a thing he wore it for life,
hell, when a man does things the jigantic scale
Paul done 'em on he aint the time
to be changing shirts ever day.
Paul was a strange looking man,
when he passed you on the street
you'd look at him maybe fifteen times.
God a'mighty! you'd look a lot at any human man
if he was bigger'n the Washington Monument!

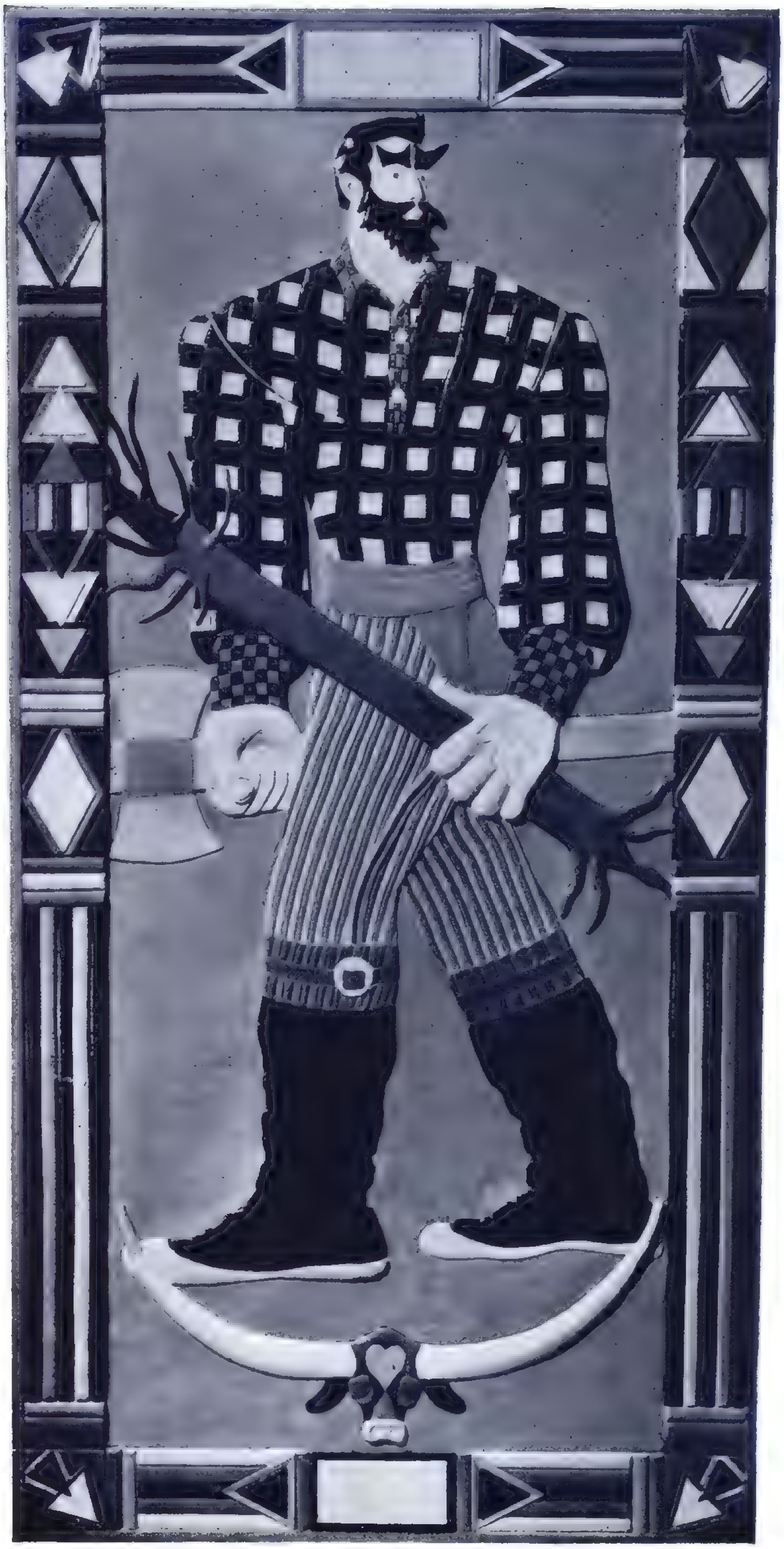
II
CREAM PUFF FATTY AND THE CYCLONE TORNADO

Did you ever ear the time the cyclone tornado
blowed in wreckt Paul Bunyan's camp?
It come up unexpected one day in Western Kansas
when Paul was a logging off that part a the country.

Well, Cream Puff Fatty the Camp Cook
he was a counting of his flour sacks
he was a hanging sacks a flour on the wall.
Cream Puff Fatty he was so fat he couldn't git in a door,
and for the same reason he couldn't git out,
it was on account a he was so fat,
so they jest knockt a whole wall out a the kitchen,
made it a three sided kitchen without a door
so's Fatty could waddle about.
That tornado it whistled up it dint leave nothing
except one wall a the kitchen where the flour hung,
blowed the sacks right on off a the flour,
left the flour a hanging there.
It lifted Fatty it blowed him out in Lake Superior,
and him, he was so fat he couldn't sink
he jest floated like the U S Steamboat Levi Nathan do.
But he started up a tremendious flood
it was bigger'n the one in the Bible, it's a fact.
Well, about that time Paul Bunyan he come back into camp.
Paul he leaned down cot that cyclone tonado in his hand.
Hit want sech a big one to Paul,
well, Paul he tucken it, he twist that thing
and he tied a knot in its tail,
and that sorta discouraged it kinda.
You'd a thought Paul Bunyan was satisfied with that,
but no sir, he tamed that cyclone tornado
he put it in a cage
and used it for a fan to cool the camp.
Lasted a whole Summer, nicest Summer they ever had,
it was always lovely weather with that cyclone breezing around.

III
CHIEF KICK-IN-THE-SHIN, THE FLATFOOT

That day I'm telling you about, Paul he met a Chief
he was a real Inyian Chief, he was a Flatfoot Inyian,
and he had two brothers that was Chiefs the same as him.
One a these brothers he was Chief Many Suits a Clothes
cause he had 569 suits for business wear
and 237 suits for holidays and Saddy nights and Sundays.
Now the third brother he was Chief No Clothes
on account a he dint have even a diaper to wear.
This Chief Kick in the Shin, he was a Flatfoot Inyian,
and his teepee it was in Fallen Arches, Arizona.
He was a damn sight bigger'n Paul so Paul he quizzed him.
But all that Kick in the Shin would say, he'd say, "Unh!"
Til after awhile he cut loose he spoke English like a perfessor.
He challenged Paul Bunyan to a contest
to see who is the best all around man.
So they decide to jump and it's Paul's turn to jump first.
Well, by God you won't believe it but Paul jumpt
he jumpt so high he went past gravity,
yes sir, Paul Bunyan jumpt past the Law a Gravity,
and the Chief he reacht him back.
His arms just could reach the seat a Paul's britches.
After that they decide as how they ought to swim and dive.
It was Kick in the Shin's turn to dive off first,
so he tuck a short run back into Californi-ay
dove off at Newport News, Virginia.
And I be damn if it aint the truth!
the old Flatfoot he come up under Mount Everset,
the Everset is in them Hindu Hot Tamale Mountings.
They is additional a Mount Everready, like the safety razor,
but I never hear un tell of it yet, so I aint sure.



MOSAICS BY JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

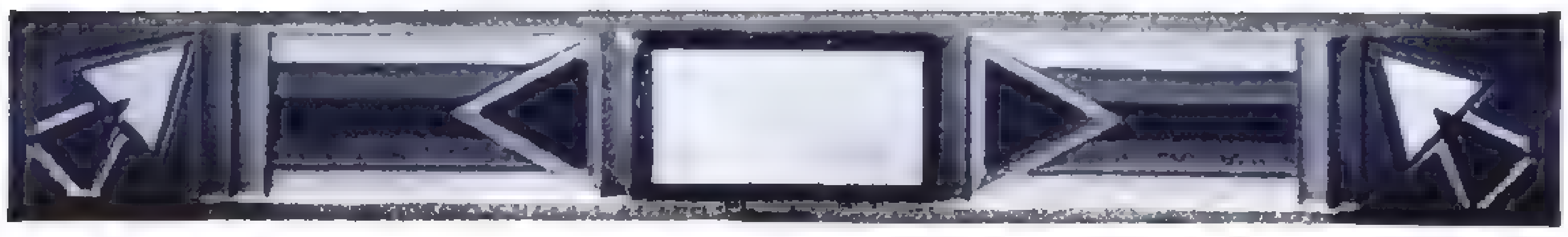
Well, they soon seed they was too athaletic
to do what they could do, so I god they had to quit.
Then they rigged up a new contest it was like this here:
them days the world it was oblong and not no round
and they decide to see who can squeeze it into a ball.
So Paul he wroppt his arms around the world
and he gan to squeeze the world pretty hard,
and the Chief he tucken hold on Paul's arms—
he almost pulled Paul's arms outn the socket.
My god, hit almost killt Paul, he raised hell,
he yowled and he carried on turrible.
But the Chief he got the worst of it after all,
cause when it was over he was teenier than Paul
while before, he was the biggest by far.
Cause you know what the Chief used for a leverage?
Give you three guesses. You give up?
Well, sir, he used the Moon.
Kick in the Shin he braced his feet on the Moon,
and them blue spots on the Moon is his footprints.
He braced his feet on the Moon and pulled on Paul's arms
til the World got to be round as a rooster egg.
You never seed a rooster egg?
alright, you aint never seed the World neither is you?
I mean you aint lookt at it like in the history books is you?
Course you aint, not neven Lindberger is done that.
Well by god, when the North Pole swang up
it lain against Paul's year it almost froze him to death.
When the World was a ball, all pulled into a rooster egg,
Paul pulled Kick in the Shin back to Earth,
pulled him in by his pants.
Cause the Chief could not walk back,
he had broke his arches in his feet, pore old Flatfoot!

IV

THE BOILED FISH JAMBOREE

They is one story about Paul Bunyan is such a good un
you owe it to yourself to hear it right now.
Paul he was the greatest American ever lived.
When he was a logging off the Canadian border
I god he went so durn fast he had to give ever man
he had to give him seven axes apiece.
Cause it was necessary, that's why,
and that's how come, too.
Cause them axes they'd git hot, git so hot
maybe the'd a burnt up,
so they had to chunk 'em in the river to cool off.
Well you know, that give to Paul Bunyan a grand idea.
It were so good you wouldn't believe me how good it were
even should I tell you.

It were like this:
now Paul Bunyan's cook shanties they moved so slow
they could not keep up with the axemen,
so they was allus without hot vittles,
and that is how Paul come to git this idea.
He got the idea he'd feed 'em on boiled fish.
You know why?
Cause them axes they got red hot they choppt so fast,
and when they hit the water they boiled the water hot,
and the fish'd come up fresh cookt to the surface.
All Paul had to do he'd squeeze lemons
and pur ketchup in the river, sprinkle salt and pepper,
and the fish could be et soon as they come up.
And some a the fish stayed under so long they got baked
and they was the best of all.
It was so good you et mock turtle soup right out a the shell,
them mock turtles they seed commercial possibilities
and sold theyselfs to the Heinz 57 Company
and now they're all in cans, but it used to weren't so.
But it was too much of a good thing.
Got to where Paul's men would faint dead away
if they even smellt a fish, and if they seed one
you jest could not bring 'em to atall.
So they threatened to go on strike for honest to god real food
and Paul had to bring up the camp wagons
and reinaugurate butter beans and hot cakes.
That was the Winter Paul bred a moose to a wolfhound
and got a pup so big he caved in through 27 feet of ice,
the ice was that thick on the river.
That dog so big that whenever he howled or barkt
you could hear him all the way to Argentina.



To My Darling

Some letters, like some lives,
are better left unfinished; the
reader supplies their meanings

by C. S. FORESTER

▪ FICTION ▪

When Fearon came home from the doctor's house he went by sheer force of habit into his study and seated himself automatically at his typewriter. He was preoccupied, as was only natural; it interested him very much to find that he was not afraid. He admitted to himself that it might have been different if it had been a painful death that the doctor had predicted for him—cancer, for instance—but this easy way out through failure of his heart, with no more notice than he had already received, held no terror for him. He was not frightened, nor particularly depressed, at the thought that some time soon—certainly within a year the doctor had said—Fearon the novelist would come to an end, and would go down in darkness, so that there would be no more of him, and even the memory of him on earth would fade more and more rapidly until at length it would be as if he had never existed. Fearon had no illusions about his books—they would be forgotten in five years as every book written save one in a million is forgotten.

He would have to do his best for Dorothy and the babies, of course. In a year he could get a couple of novels finished if he kept himself up to it, and probably he could rattle off a few short stories as well. That would provide Dorothy with a fair amount to go on with—Dorothy would be puzzled to find him suddenly turning economical—and if the worst came to the worst the Royal Literary Fund would help her. She would have a bad time, but Dorothy was the right stuff and would come through all right, he hoped. If not, he would at heart have done his duty. There was not much he could blame himself with in that way.

His fingers were moving over the typewriter keys. He had noticed long before that he did most of his thinking in this attitude. Other authors whom he knew went for long walks when they wanted to work things out. Old Hobday used to drive a car in thick traffic when he had a plot worrying him—he used to go into the City of London with the plot all in a muddle, and come out at the other end with it all straight and tidy. But Fearon had found that when sitting at his typewriter thoughts came to him and he was able to straighten them out; two hours of sitting and an hour of typewriting went a long way towards completing a day's work for him.

Yet today there was no need for constructive thinking. He wanted to write a few lines to Dorothy for her to read when he was dead. His will, of course, was already made and there was nothing in it to alter or supplement, but this would be something different from a will. Fearon thought that if he could give Dorothy a little comfort and advice and hope for the future it would help to tide her over the black period which would immediately follow his death. Almost before he realized what he was doing he typed "To My Darling" at the head of the sheet in the typewriter. He was fonder of Dorothy than ever, now that he would soon be losing her. And the act of typewriting, as usual, started him off at steady work. There was no need for creative effort; he was merely pouring forth thoughts that he had been accumulating all his life. With the habit of years his fingers flew over the keys, and he numbered each sheet in his usual orderly fashion and laid it when completed on the side table.

"I don't want you to be sorry about me" he wrote. "You remember how I have always said that it is only a waste of time and emotion to be sorry for things that have happened and can't be changed. I think you have some happy memories of me, dear, and I hope you have. Later, you will find that only the happy memories remain and you will have forgotten the unpleasant ones—memory is like a sundial and only counts the golden hours.

"So you will be able to forgive me about Helen. Although we have never spoken about her I feel that you know all about her, and if you know everything you can understand, as of course you do. Men are queer characters and never know what is best for them, and always go off seeking fresh trouble even when they are quite well aware how well off they are. Their instinct is to stray, and it was very sweet of you to be so kindly about it when I strayed. I love you all the more for it, sweetheart, if that is possible.

"It is because of that that it irks me now to leave you like this. But I don't want to complain. I think I have enjoyed every minute of these years together, and it is to you, dear, that I owe this happiness. Now that we are parting I want to tell you, as I have never been able to tell you to your face, how much I owe to you and how grateful I have always felt towards you, dear, besides the love I have always borne for you.

"And so you won't have anything to regret now that I have gone. You will find yourself a husband who will treat you far better than ever I have, dearest. I really mean that. I want you to have a happier life from now on. Don't let any misguided idea of loyalty to me or to my memory prevent you. You will make the best wife possible for any man you could bring yourself to care for—all I am afraid of is that you won't try, dear. A happy memory of me and a happy life with someone else is what I would like you to have, darling; I should be ever so pleased if I could know that is what has come about."

Fearon went on typing feverishly. He was so anxious to make amends to Dorothy for his unfaithfulnesses, and he was so urgent in his desire that she should make the most of her life after his death, that the paragraphs flowed from under his fingers with extraordinary rapidity. Three typewritten pages were finished before he came to a halt in the middle of a page; he stopped for a moment to consider what advice he ought to give her regarding Brian and Genevieve—the children would be a terrible problem for her. He felt he would have liked to have lived long enough to see Brian grown to manhood. But that was impossible. He had better do what he could in the matter of advice for the boy.

But Fearon never started the new paragraph, for Dorothy came knocking at the study door.

"Have you forgotten we promised to go to the Wallace's?" she said. "We're fearfully late already. Come along, old son."

Fearon left the completed sheets on the side table, and the incomplete page still in the typewriter, and he and Dorothy hurried out to where the car was waiting. Fearon got into the driver's seat, with Dorothy beside him, started the engine, got into gear, let in the clutch, and whirled off down the road anxious to make up for the time they had lost. He was too anxious, it is to be supposed. The road was wet and greasy, and he came round the corner too fast, and the approaching lorry was not as close to its near side of the road as it might have been. Fearon stamped a little too hard on the brake, and had no time to correct the skid. He was dead before the ambulance arrived, although fortunately Dorothy was not very severely hurt.

When Dorothy came out of the hospital,

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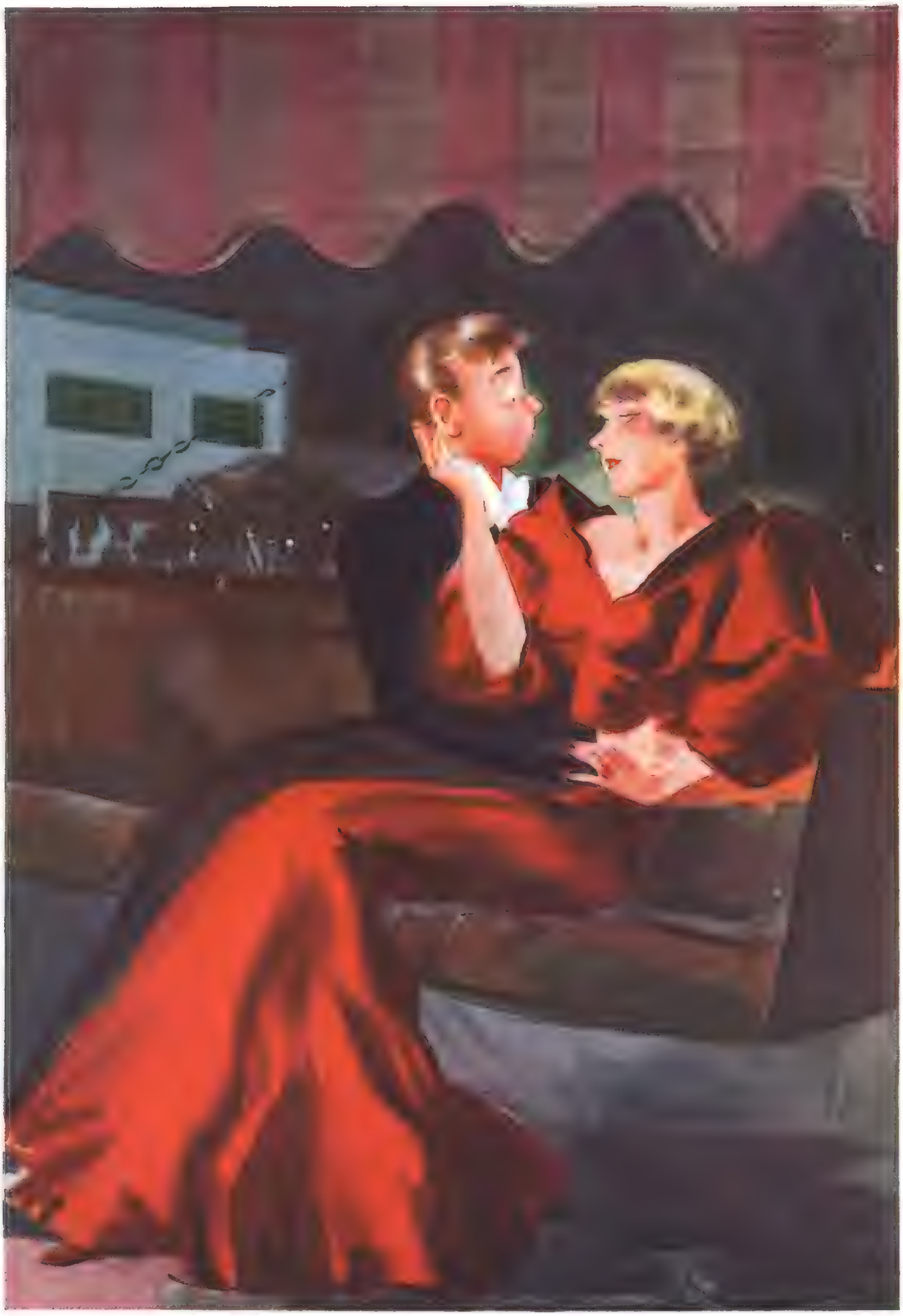
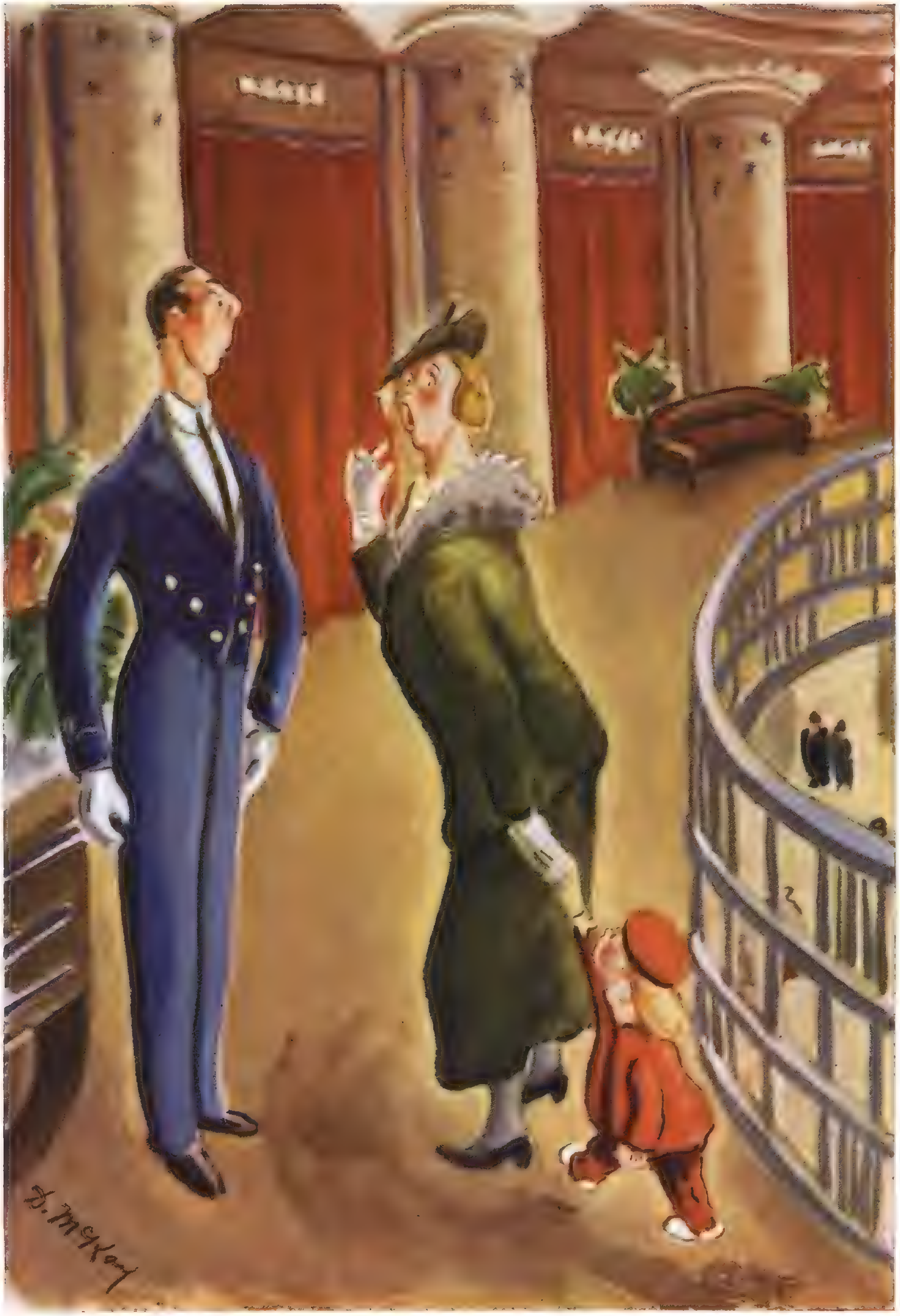


"That's just what I'm afraid of—that you are old enough"



"Can you tell me, where is the first door to the right?"

The Spider Spins Alone

Double and re-double for the master mind who crosses his partners in the snatch racket

by ROBERT BUCKNER

• FICTION •

Rocco and Steve sat on the floor in a litter of newspapers, cards and cigarette butts, shooting craps at five dollars a throw. The big amber dice with white spots clicked against the wall and stopped. After each throw Rocco and Steve exchanged a few matches. There was a box in front of each man, but Steve's box was filled. He held the rest in his left hand while he handled the dice. Whenever they lit a cigarette they were careful to use the paper matches the Spider brought back from the dog wagon, because the long blue-headed matches meant good money.

For two weeks they had been in this one small room in the upper Bronx, with the shades drawn day and night and with nothing to do but eat, sleep and wait. Only two weeks? The time that had passed between the snatch and the pay-off seemed more like two years. But now at two-thirty, in less than half an hour, the Spider would go out and come back with the cash. Then, after the Spider had collected, they would phone to Rocco's sister who was holding the kid. All Lolita had to do was to put her on a Concourse bus in the morning and the deal was closed.

Fifty grand split three ways worked out to nearly seventeen apiece. They had figured it out weeks ago, even before the job was pulled. They would have had to split it four ways if they hadn't given Gus the slip. Gus was yellow. You couldn't trust him. The Spider had figured that out too. The Spider had brains.

As the half hour grew shorter Steve and Rocco began to get nervous. Not scared. A little excited, maybe. Seventeen grand. The pause between throws became less and less until the noise of the dice galloping across the floor was almost a steady, unbroken sound.

The Spider looked at his watch, yawned, and climbed down from the white iron bed. He took a long time putting on his shoes, leaning over until he thought it would look natural if his face was red. They would be watching his every move now. As he tied the strings he could feel the pulse throbbing in his temples. Finally he stood up, walked across the room to the closet and put on his hat, while Rocco and Steve looked on silently.

"I'm going to walk," the Spider said, lighting a cigarette. "If I ain't back here inside a hour it won't mean only one thing. You take the car and clear out."

"Right," Steve nodded.

As he turned to the door the Spider's eye fell on the telephone. He pulled a pencil from his pocket, reached down and picked up a card from the floor, wrote the number on it and stuck the card in a vest pocket. "Just in case something happens," he explained, and went out. Rocco got up from the floor and locked the door behind him.

The Spider glanced again at his watch in the dim hall light. Two-twenty. He walked slowly down the deserted streets until he reached the vacant lot on Burke Avenue near the White Plains road. The spot agreed on was the billboard at the corner. As the Spider went by it the first time he saw the long envelope lying on the ground under the exact center of the sign. The second time he passed he reached down quickly and picked it up.

"Go back home," the Spider said quietly. 'The kid will be there alive and well before ten o'clock in the morning."

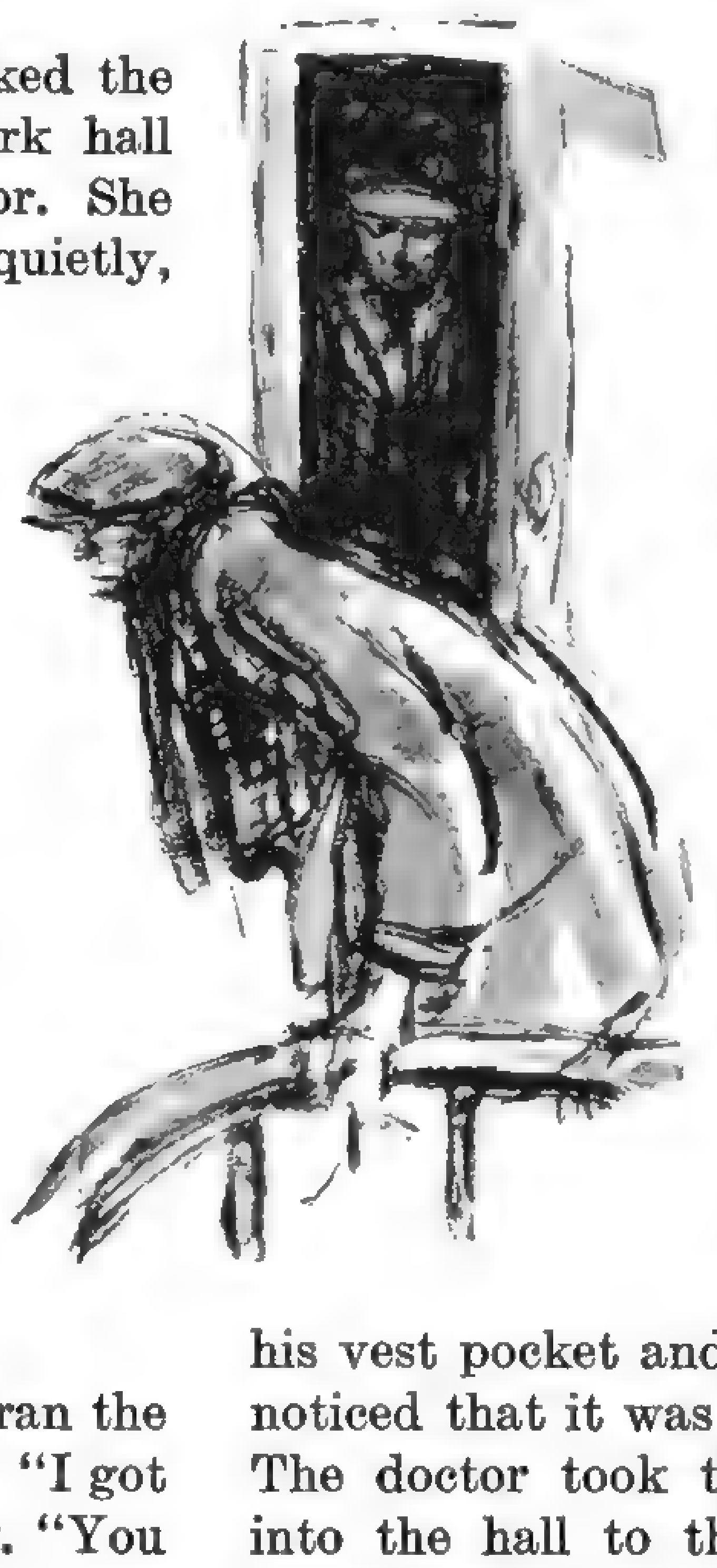
He thrust the envelope into an inside pocket and walked rapidly away.

Then the Spider did a curious thing. Instead of returning as he had come he headed in the opposite direction.

In front of an old brownstone house in Gun Hill Road he stopped and looked around. Then he opened a low iron gate and stepped down a short flight of steps. Above the button on the basement door there was a small brass sign which caught the street light and revealed the name of *Dr. M. Siegel*. The Spider pressed the button twice, waited, then twice again.

A woman dressed in white unlocked the door and followed him into a dark hall filled with a sharp antiseptic odor. She switched on the light and said quietly, without looking at him: "The doctor is waiting for you. It's the last door on the left, at the end of the hall."

The Spider tapped on the door and was told to come in. He opened the door and faced a small, dark man, with a face almost as thin as his own. The doctor nodded gravely, then went behind a screen and emerged wearing a white coat which he proceeded to button. In the center of the room the Spider noted the long operating table, and against the walls were several tables filled with bottles and metal cabinets. Directly above the table was a brilliant light.



No word was spoken. The Spider ran the tip of his tongue around his dry lips. "I got the money all right," he said finally. "You want me to give you yours now?"

The doctor broke open a box of absorbent gauze. "Suit yourself about that," he replied indifferently.

The Spider reached into his pocket for the thick envelope and counted out ten $500 bills. He frowned at the money. "We haven't forgotten nothing, have we?" he asked anxiously. "There can't be no slip-ups about this?"

The other man regarded him for a moment. "We've gone over all this before," he reminded the Spider irritably. "If you still want to back out, you can. I'm running a damn sight bigger risk in this than you are, and you know it. So make up your mind which it's going to be. Are you going through with it or not?"

"Okay doc, don't get excited," the Spider handed over the money, which the receiver thrust casually into a trousers pocket. "Only remember," the Spider added, "these guy's ain't going to be easy to fool. They've seen plenty of stuff like this. I mean the real stuff."

"Take off your hat," the doctor said abruptly.

The Spider sat motionless on a white-top stool while his head was being bandaged. The broad strips of gauze were wrapped neatly, layer after layer, around his temples and the base of his skull; then under his chin and across the top. When the job was finished the doctor took a filled tube from one of the cabinets, and tilting the Spider's head to one side, he poured out the blood slowly until the bandage was soaked through and a small trickle ran down the Spider's neck onto his shirt.

"Now get up here and lie down," the doctor pointed to the operating table. The Spider sat on the hard narrow table and then lay back. He closed his eyes from the blinding light above his head.

The doctor stepped back to judge the effect. "You look all right," he said at last. "Now what's the telephone number?"

The Spider opened his eyes, reached into his vest pocket and took out the card. He noticed that it was the seven of diamonds. The doctor took the card and went out into the hall to the telephone. While he dialed the number the Spider raised up on his elbows to listen.

"Hello, who is this?" the doctor spoke sharply . . . "No, this is Dr. Siegel speaking," and he gave the address. "There is a man in my office who is seriously wounded

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Musical Prodigies

Contrary to popular belief, scores of infant prodigies grow up to be fine artists

by HARRY SALPETER

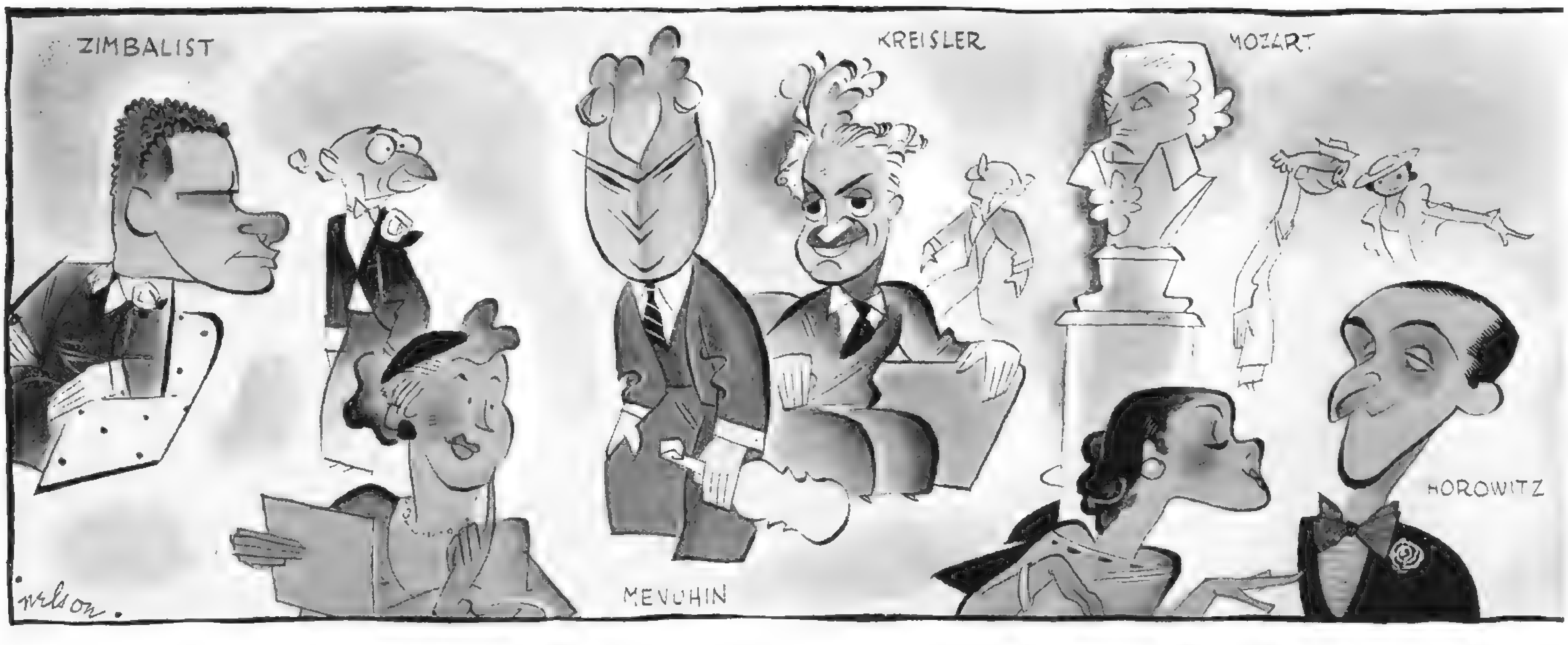
• ARTICLE •

It is becoming less difficult, observes Michel Piastro from his particularly well-placed vantage post as first violinist and concert master of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society Orchestra, "to play the violin." You may take this as a dry understatement of the musical prodigy situation. For, while musicians starve, or go on short rations, or work thrice as hard for the same living, while symphony orchestras merge or are snuffed out of existence and opera promoters pass around the hat for one more season, please, and Walter Damrosches plead for contributions to their "favorite charity," the Musicians' Emergency Relief Fund—while all these tragedies of financial rickets in music are being played out, promising youngsters of both sexes, almost all of them thin, pale, and burdened with a sense of financial responsibility to Pa and Ma, are studying and scraping away in the endowed conservatories of Eastman, Juilliard and Mrs. Bok to pass through many gauntlets and to emerge, at last, on the platforms of the great orchestras whose Michel Piastros know too well that one appearance, even with Toscanini, does not establish a prodigy.

Perhaps there are more prodigies than muscial America and musical Europe and musical Asia, Africa and Australia can maintain in parlor car state, but it safely may be stated that there is less mortality among violin prodigies than among those of the piano. Fill a room, any room, with grown-up masters of the bow, throw a stone—or a rock—among them in any direction and you may bet on it that whichever one you hit was once a prodigy. Violinists begin earlier and last longer. Prodigies of the piano start later and fall off more rapidly. Also, among grown-up pianists, your stone, or rock, is far less likely to hit one who was a prodigy. Josef Hofmann was one of those children who set the world by the ears, literally, but Paderewski was no prodigy, or, if he was, his family made no effort to invite the public. And, for purposes of definition, a prodigy is one whose performances the public acclaims and rewards. A wonder child whose playing is not heard is in the case of the tree which falls in the heart of the jungle, unheard. Often the distinction comes down to this: the parents of the prodigy are in a hurry to have their chick lay golden eggs.

The type of prodigy for whose future the prospect is darkest is the creative prodigy, the type of which Mozart was the glorious exception. Perhaps the best known recent example of the creative prodigy in music is Erich Wolfgang Korngold, born thirty-eight years ago, who wrote his first short operas when he was nineteen and the better known, *The Dead City*, when he was twenty-three, but did you ever hear of that Hungarian wonder-child, the pianist and composer called Erwin Nyiregházi? Young Erwin was in his fifth year when he performed his own compositions and was regarded as so rewarding a representative of the type of prodigy that one G. Révész, director of the Psychological Laboratory, Amsterdam, devoted to Erwin a book called *The Psychology of a Musical Prodigy*, which was published as one of the volumes in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. Erwin Nyiregházi may be taken to stand for the case of the prodigy who couldn't keep pace with his own promise or who buckled under the strain of a too early maturing genius. The man who may be a genius in a narrow set of gifts and a fool in most of the normal relations of life is father to the child who is an idiot in almost everything but his capacity to interpret Beethoven "divinely" on the fiddle or the piano. Recently, in Belgrade, there was exhibited the work of a seven-year-old artist, Ivitza Filakovac, whose early drawings and paintings were without signature because they had been done before he had learned to write his name. The school maintained by the leading musical foundation in this country, in the effort to produce fairly normal virtuosi, requires student applicants to have the equivalent of a high school education before graduation.

Among the world's pianists, prodigies and non-prodigies, fixed stars and flashing rockets, now in the ascendant or since exhausted, there may be named, besides Paderewski, Rachmaninoff and Hofmann, the following: Ernest Schelling, Ezra Rachlin, Beryl Rubinstein, Mischa Levitzki, Pepito Arriola, Leopold Godowsky, Ruth Slenczynski, Hepzibah Menuhin, José Iturbi, Myra Hess, Artur Schnabel, Joseph Lhevinne, Percy Grainger, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Harold Bauer, Ernest Hutcheson, Olga Samarov, Katherine Bacon and Vladimir Horowitz. In spite of the fact that their four great predecessors at the keyboard—Mozart, Chopin, Liszt and Rubinstein—were infant prodigies, perhaps no more than half of them, apart from those now in their teens, may thus be classified. Where is Pepito Arriola now? Mr. Beryl Rubinstein is director of the Cleveland Institute of



Music. Hepzibah Menuhin leans heavily on her brother Yehudi, at least in reputation if not in individual accomplishment. Schelling today is more the teacher, the composer and the conductor than the virtuoso and the hopes of the cognoscenti rest most heavily on the young Master Rachlin who looks as handsome as he plays and who, unlike a certain little Polish girl, is not being hard-pressed by ten-hour a day practice schedules and frequent appearances.

Although Godowsky was but nine when he made his first formal concert appearance, Levitzki was fourteen, Schnabel and Lhevinne fifteen, Gabrilowitsch seventeen and Grainger eighteen, while Bauer, curiously enough, abandoned the violin at nineteen to take up the piano in a serious way at twenty and came to America for his first tour at the age of twenty-seven, almost —for music—an old man. Ernest Hutcheson toured at five and again at nineteen, while Miss Samarov, one of his pupils who later became Mrs. Leopold Stokowski, did not appear formally until she was 22. Note also that the masters of the keyboard, whether young or old, may be drawn from many nations and a variety of races. Hutcheson and Grainger, for example, come from Australia. It is even possible, as in one case, to be a great pianist, a reputable composer and to be denounced as an anti-Semite.

No race, no nation has had a monopoly on violin virtuosity either. It was a great Italian composer who dreamt of an orchestra of one hundred violins, Italians who shaped the golden fiddles which patron bankers lend, and even give, to promising youngsters for practice and performance, and Italy which contributed the coruscant Paganini, whom Whistler painted as the answer to the maiden's prayer for a long-haired virtuoso of the violin. Norway gave us Ole Bull; Bohemia (before it became Czechoslovakia) Kubelik; Belgium, Ysaye and Vieuxtemps; and Poland, Wieniawski. But glancing at the contemporary concert stage and particularly in America, observe how lonely, racially, Albert Spalding is among the Jaschas, Saschas and Toschas of the violin, not to mention that amazing prodigy whose first name, translated, means, simply, Jew—Yehudi Menuhin. As the first colored lady remarked to the second colored lady, complacently smiling mother of a dark version of a fiddling Fauntleroy: "And how is your Sascha getting along with his playing?"

When Edward Johnson, Canadian-born singer, went abroad to make his début, the poor man had to Italianize his name and somewhere, perhaps, a minor Gentile, seeking to elbow his way into the ranks of the stars, is scraping away as a Grisha or a Misha, although Eddy Brown, for one, has reversed this process. Among the fiddling youngsters, Ruggiero Ricci and Guila Bustabo hold aloft a banner that is not Jewish, and Spalding draws some comfort, probably, from the radio announcer's unctuous description of him as that rara avis, "the American-born violinist." But what violinist, of whatever race, can manage to survive a début, or a season, without resorting to the Mendelssohn Concerto?

The fact of the matter is that Jews and the violin have got along with noticeable compatability. Even the Nazis have been able to make something out of that uncomplimentary to the Jew. Kreisler is only a half-Jew, but since Mischa Elman and Efrem Zimbalist came on the scene, the following have claimed attention from concert audiences: Max Rosen, Toscha Seidel, Jascha Heifetz, Yehudi Menuhin, Nathan Milstein, Grisha Goluboff. Goluboff is still a boy, but most of the others are emerging into manhood, or already have emerged, with their virtuosity unimpaired. They say that Fritz Kreisler plays no better now than when he first appeared in New York at the age of fourteen. Perhaps Seidel and Rosen have been unable to maintain their old place against the vigorous elbowings of emerging prodigies, but even so the evidence indicates that the prodigy of today is the virtuoso of tomorrow.

Teachers do not make prodigies, but they help a lot and the explanation for the line of Jewish boy violinists from Zimbalist down to Seidel may be found possibly in no mysterious concert of the stars, but simply in the fact that there was to be found during a certain period of time in the city which then bore the name of St. Petersburg a particularly gifted teacher, a hook-nosed gentleman called Leopold Auer who had a particularly happy faculty of training promising Jewish boys to the top of their bent, and these boys came to him from Poland and Lithuania, the Ukraine and Russia proper. Before Auer, little boys, Jewish and otherwise, were not sufficiently considered as subjects for training for the concert stage, although there had been prodigies of the violin long before Auer set to work. He himself had drawn instruction from the great Joachim for whom Brahms composed his Concerto.

Once you grant that the Jew and the violin get along together, for whatever reason, you may the more readily accept the notion that the Jew is gifted, or cursed, with an emotional richness which finds in the violin the most suitable instrument for its expression, as the Italian, for example, is supposed to find in singing the normal outlet for *his* emotional wealth and the German in the creation of music which others play and sing. And if, as seems to be the case, the violin claims fewer casualties than the piano, the boy violinist being the more nearly certain of a career, the reason may be found in the fact that the violinist performs only in two dimensions, along a melodic line, so to speak, while the pianist, in comparison, has to create a design in three dimensions and solve problems in interpretation much more difficult than those which face the violinist. The violin demands less of the intellectual process; the violin is, musically, a simpler instrument, although no violinist will ever grant you that.

The chief difficulty for prodigies in both instruments, but particularly in the piano, is the inability to transfer into a rational procedure what had been an instinctive process. Paderewski, for example, has had to build his technique again and again. A promising pianist, of whose case I had been informed on good authority, petered out because she could not explain to herself, on a rational basis, why she played certain passages in certain ways and not in others, and also because she could not continue performing on the instinctive level on which she had begun as a young girl. Perhaps the happiest performers, if not the greatest, are those who do not find it necessary to build a bridge from the instinctive to the rational procedure.

It is one thing to astonish and to delight a new audience, it is another thing to astonish and refresh old audiences when golden

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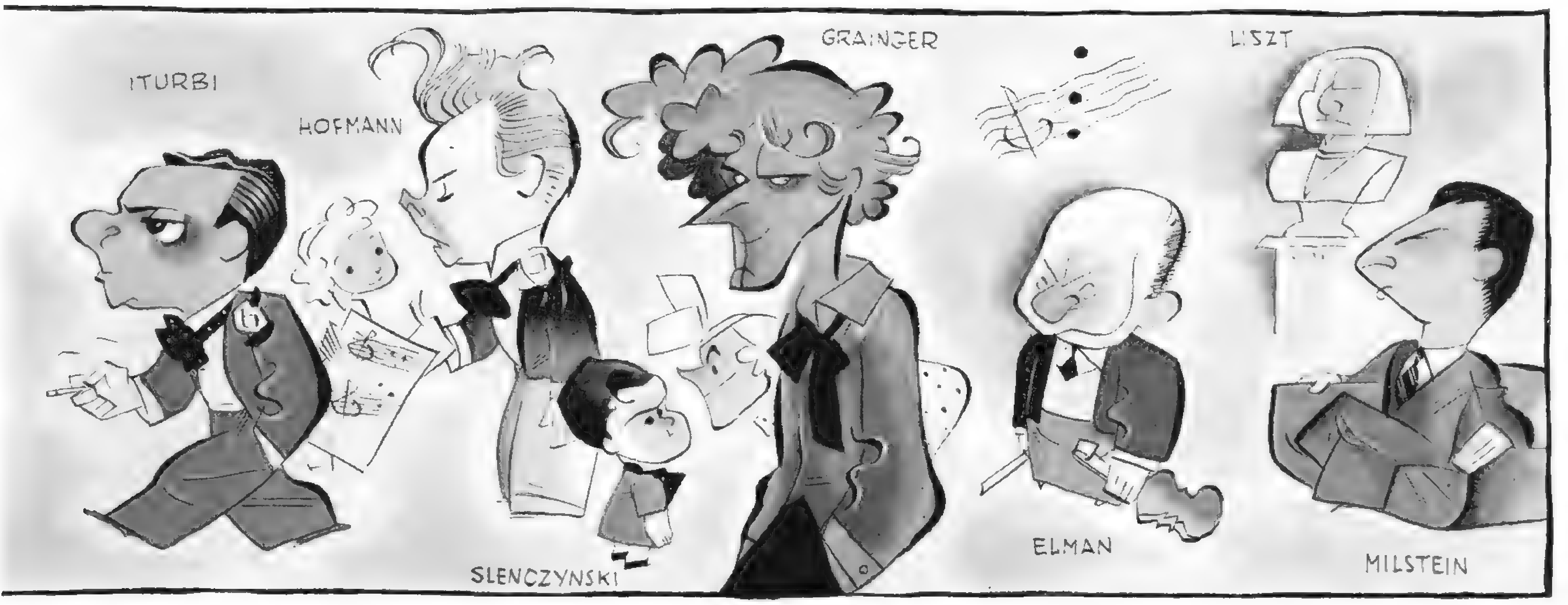


Across the River

Of the hesitation that comes upon one who is about to find out what he has lived to learn

by NORMAN MATSON

▪ FICTION ▪

The broad full river was all smoky yellow reflecting the last of an April day. Under a gigantic ailanthus tree whose roots writhed from a hill of broken granite blocks several women waited, and a slender girl. They all wore leather clothes, the girl's brightly embroidered, fringed; and sat or half reclined on rich cloths. At a little distance two young men, their bodyguard, squatted beside a fire. Beyond rose the "hilly place," a wide territory of hillocks—mysterious, much of it a thick jungle of great privet trees, ginkoes, oak, lilac. For an hour the women had been silent.

They were fearful on this side of the river, though this was not the first time they had crossed over to wait while their men searched in the ruins. The girl was not frightened. She thought of her lover who was with the men; she made a pleasant thought like a picture behind her eyes in which he brought—as he had before—a gift, of bright colored glass, flowered porcelain, or a golden bracelet—something which with careful rubbing would become brighter and brighter; or a medallion with a face recognizably human carved upon it. The old man, the scholar of their nation—indeed the one who had persuaded them northward for no other reason than to dig and poke among the ruins—he came slowly along the path bearing a branch of dogwood blossom for the girl; and sat him down. His beard was long and faded; his eyes were clouded with thoughts of the dead city. Without looking at the women, as if he cared little whether they listened or no, he talked of his longing for knowledge of the forgotten race. All those hillocks ranged so unnaturally in straight lines, had ruined buildings under them, he said; even the highest mound—that one far over there where the signal fire of their men now twinkled brighter and brighter as the sunlight died away, that too was man-made.

"They lived in tall houses built of stone and glass," he said. "And in tunnels under the earth. They were potters, sculptors, engineers of ability. We have nothing to compare with their water system, for example. Yet they were illiterate and they were idolators. I myself have dug up a number of their stone idols, both male and female."

The girl who had been looking with pleasure at the dogwood blossoms, put the branch across her knees, asked: "What did they wear, Grandfather?"

"We do not know. Their idols wear long flowing robes, they are naked, some are dressed in odd tubular leggings, square cut upper garments, a metal cirlet tight around the throat and round helmets, evidently of iron. Of their illiteracy there can be little doubt. In my year of search I have yet to find a sheet of parchment, let alone a book. The suggestion made by irresponsible theorists that the ancient placed their records—all of them, mind you—upon some perishable material, that the dust which we find knee deep in square caves misnamed the 'book-caves', is the corruption of books, that is not worthy of serious attention. As for the few inscriptions in stone, these are in several languages, dating and counting systems being different; plainly they are the work of warlike invaders."

The girl held up a bubble of iridescent glass. "What was that for?"

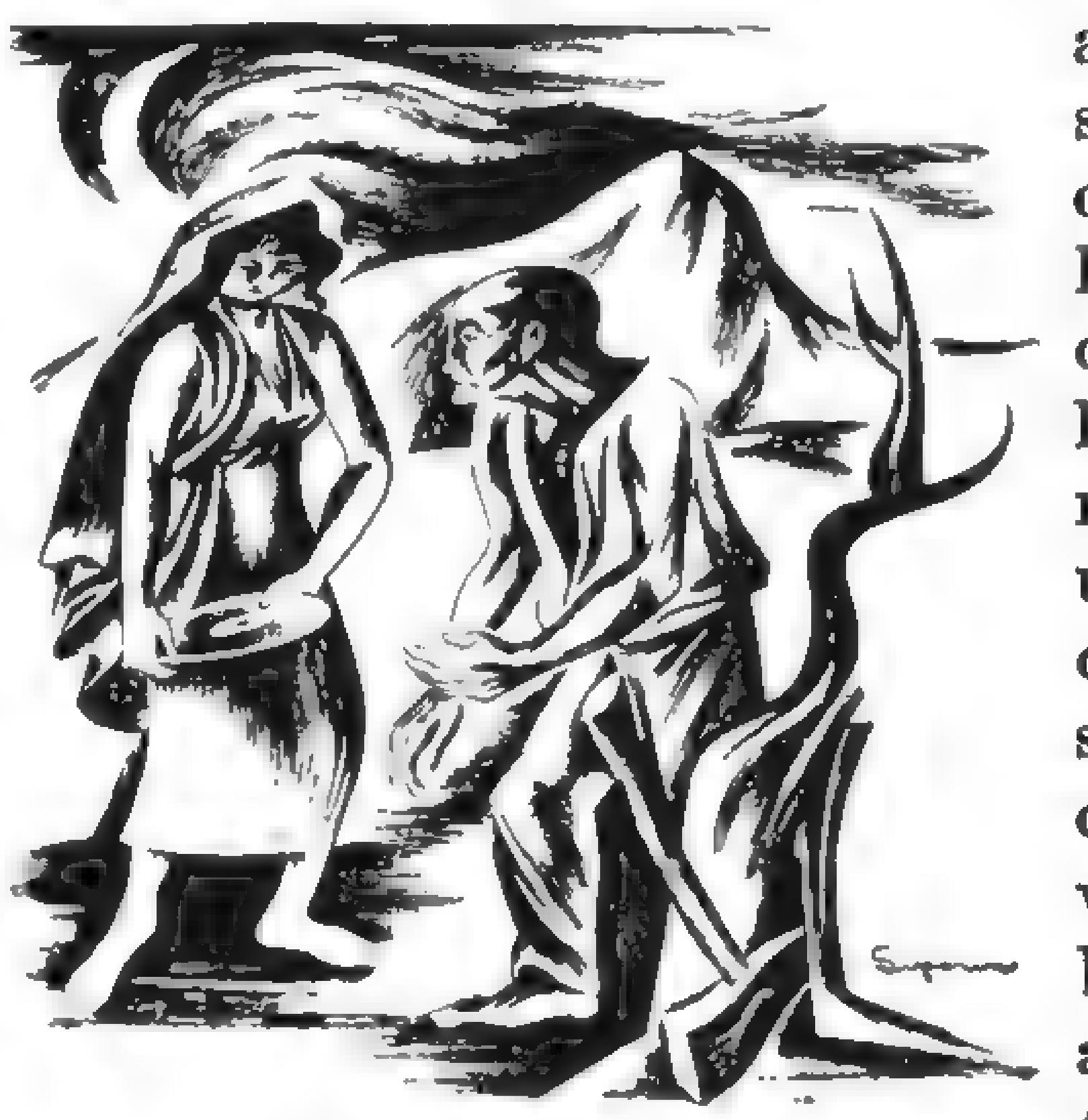
"That was a ceremonial goblet. It was once edged with wax or some other perishable substance. If you ask me how they were made, so thin, so symmetrical, I must reply that no one knows."

"Goblet!" the girl said, wondering; "But it won't stand up on this fine point."

"It was placed in a wooden holder."

"And what was this?" She held up other love-gifts, the notched wheel of a watch, a glass marble in which bright as the day it had been made gleamed a blue and red spiral. The wheel was part of an earring, the old man said promptly; the marble was a magic charm, used probably in some ceremony of their dark and forgotten religion.

The women not listening—what was the past of many centuries ago to them?—murmured with concern for their men. It was dangerous to linger in the dead city any time after nightfall.



"You are so wise, Grandfather," the girl said softly. "It is as if with your piercing wisdom you had reached back to them, heard their talk."

The old man stroked his beard. "Heard them!" he sighed. "Ah, I dream of hearing them. If only I could. I have lived with them, but in their utter silence. Their carved gods look at me, in silence. In my dreams I pray to them to speak; I pray to their shaggy animal-gods that are like enormous dogs. In my dream they speak to me; their voices are not like ours, but their words are of our tongue—in my dream I understand. Ah, yes, to hear them! I would ask them a few questions; they would answer. For what use were the long, the endless lines of copper? I would ask that. But, it would be enough only to hear them speak, for I feel as if I knew them, as if I had in a manner shared their happy, peaceful life."

One of the women said: "Ah, ah, the old one is losing his mind. Now he would hear the voices of those dead two thousand years!"

As if to himself the old man said: "If they wrote no books, carved no stone records, perhaps they had other ways of leaving record of themselves. The copper lines? The notched wheels of every size?" and he sighed, thinking of how many notches he had counted looking for some numerical key, finding none.

The girl jumped up. "There is the signal. They are starting out." The fire on the highest hill blinked three times. One of the young men raised a blanket before their fire, lowered it, answering. The women set about preparing the evening meal. (Best to eat before starting the long pull across in a loaded boat. Ah, the women would feel better, safer, cleaner, once again on the far side of the Hudson.)

The old man raised both hands to the dark sky. "One word," he prayed in his shrill old voice, "let me hear one word from them, Oh Lord of All!"

The girl covered her face piously. The women looked fearfully away, shaking their heads.

"Grant me this," prayed the old man, "and I will die in peace."

The men came after a long time, bent under their burdens. They had found a great treasure of mirrors, clear as still water and in fair-sized pieces. And hundreds of round glass knobs, some of porcelain. These fitted the hand and were perhaps missiles—or they were used in a game. The chief treasure was a square box with a machine inside it; and this was a marvel for it was better preserved than anything they or even the old man had ever found. The youth had come upon it deep down, they explained, in a stone crypt, closely sealed; but that was not all. The machine itself was inside a huge leaden casket, very thick, sealed. And with it, thus sealed against the corruption of the elements, was this disk of pure gold, with no design

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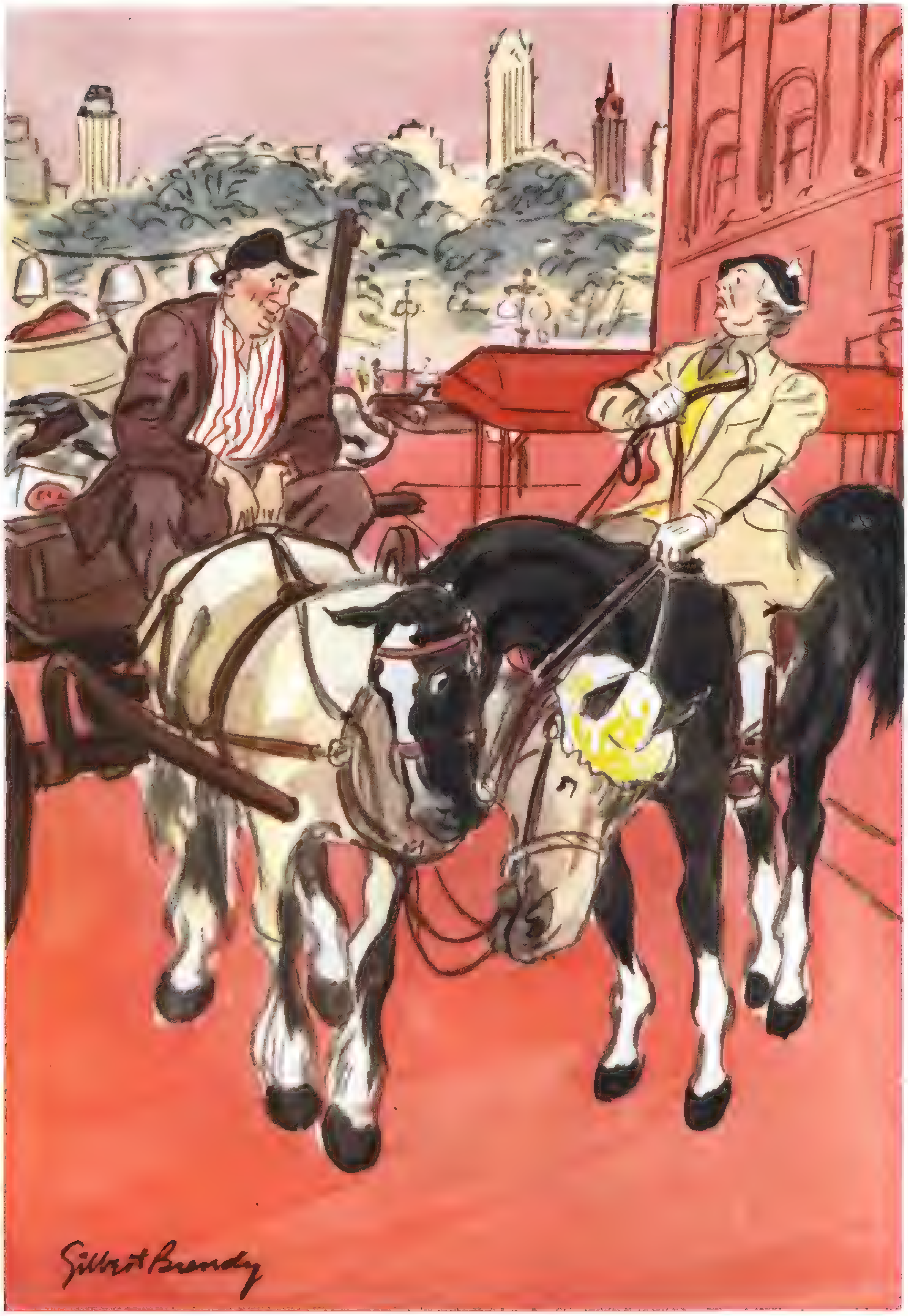
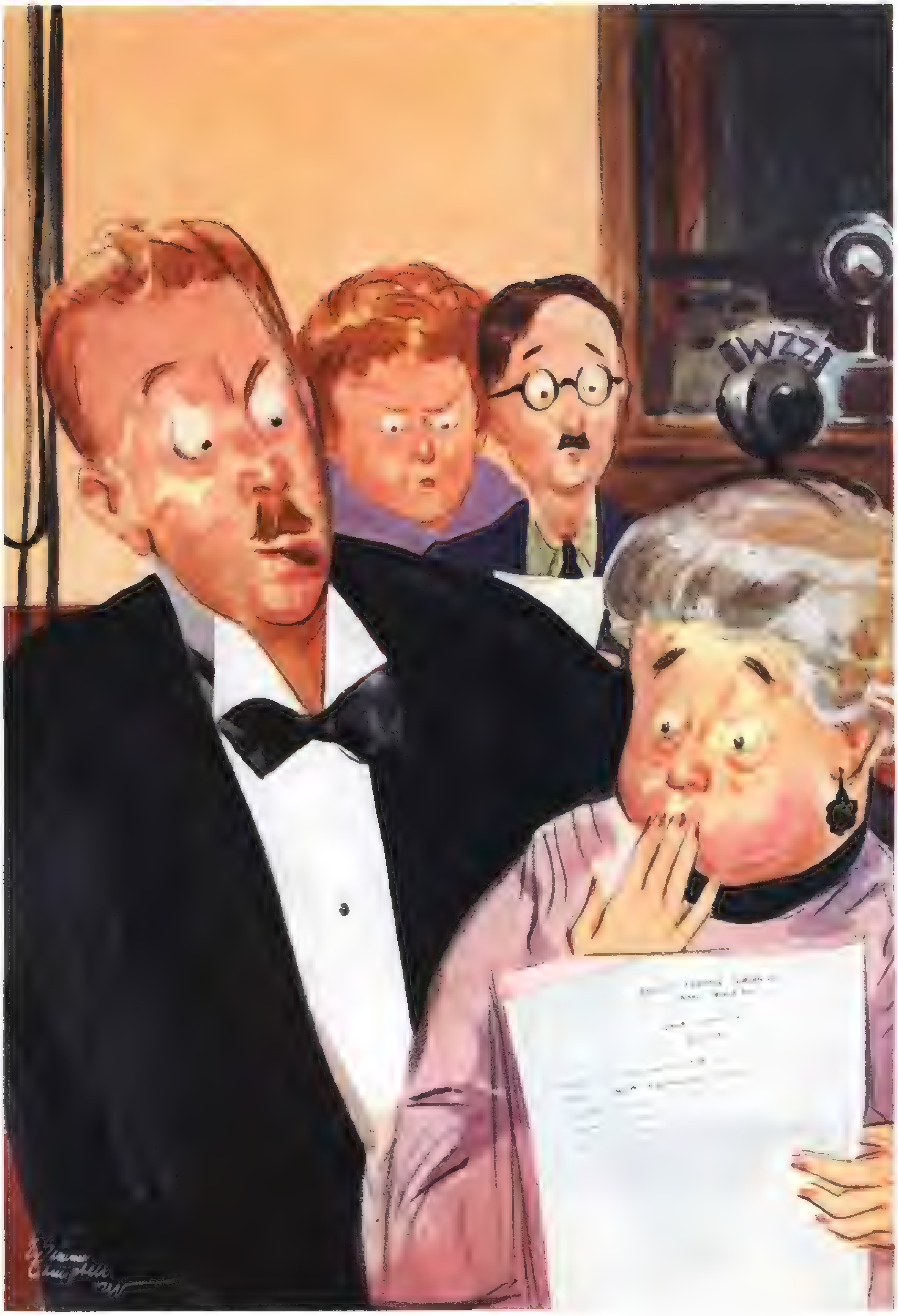

Gilbert Bundy

"Lady, these things just do happen"



"That, Miss Huggins—that went out over a national hookup!"

X + Y + Z = Gag

The scientific production of laughter as it is practiced by all celebrated joke-makers

by AMRAM SCHEINFELD

ARTICLE

THERE was a burlesque show manager, for whom I once worked as press-agent, who had a terrifying manner with any applicant for the job of comedian.

He would tilt back in his chair, bite grimly on his cigar, transfix the candidate with a look like sticking a pin through an insect and snarl:

"Well—go ahead! Be funny!"

I think of him now as I consider the plight of the thousand-odd professional jokesmiths of the country who are constantly on the spot with that same challenge in their ears.

The production of humor in America today by the three great agencies of mass entertainment—the movies, the radio and the newspaper syndicates—is a business that runs into tens of millions of dollars annually. Laughs are contracted for, manufactured and sold in tremendous quantities, and with the imperative need of turning out a constant supply of humor, there has been developed a professional body of humor fabricators unlike any known before.

Day in and day out, hangover or no hangover, wife trouble, girl trouble or liver trouble from too much caviar and champagne notwithstanding, it is the business of these poor fellows, some of whom earn up to $2,000 a week, to produce humor. Now it happens that a good part of my own activity during the past dozen years has been in this field, and many well-known gagmen are my friends, associates and acquaintances. So we may be able to get some light on the question most frequently asked of the professional humorist, "Where in hell do you get your ideas?"—a question not always posed with reverence.

Where humor has to be produced for a livelihood, for a definite market and with unfailing regularity, it should be obvious that there has to be a much more dependable source than inspiration. Sure, occasionally ideas do pop out of the blue. Everybody gets a funny idea once in a while. But what the professional humorist must ultimately fall back on are formulas, systematized working processes (his own or others) and a store of reference gags and situations, either carried in his mind or, in the case of more mechanical workers, classified by the thousands in filing cabinets.

To begin with, the gagman functions on the assumption that there is no such thing as a new joke. Like the popular song, which the Tin Pan Alley experts tell you would never get to be popular if it didn't have some reminiscent strain, a joke won't get a laugh if it's too new or unfamiliar; even Mark Twain was authority for that. So, consciously or unconsciously, the gagman borrows from the past.

The simplest form of humor being the pun or word-play, let's look first at the "schoolroom" gag, which probably got going back in medieval times when some dope, asked to define an "abbess," wrote, "An abbess is something you can't see the bottom of." Skipping to our own times, it appeared in the old minstrel shows and was later a mainstay of the Gus Edwards' vaudeville acts in which such stars as Eddie Cantor and George Jessel got their schooling. Then the gag took this form:

"Rastus, give a sentence with the word 'delight'." (Ans.) "De wind came in de window and blew out de light."

Or, "cynic": "Every morning I wash my face in de cynic"; or "indisposition": "When my pa licks me, he lays me in dis position."

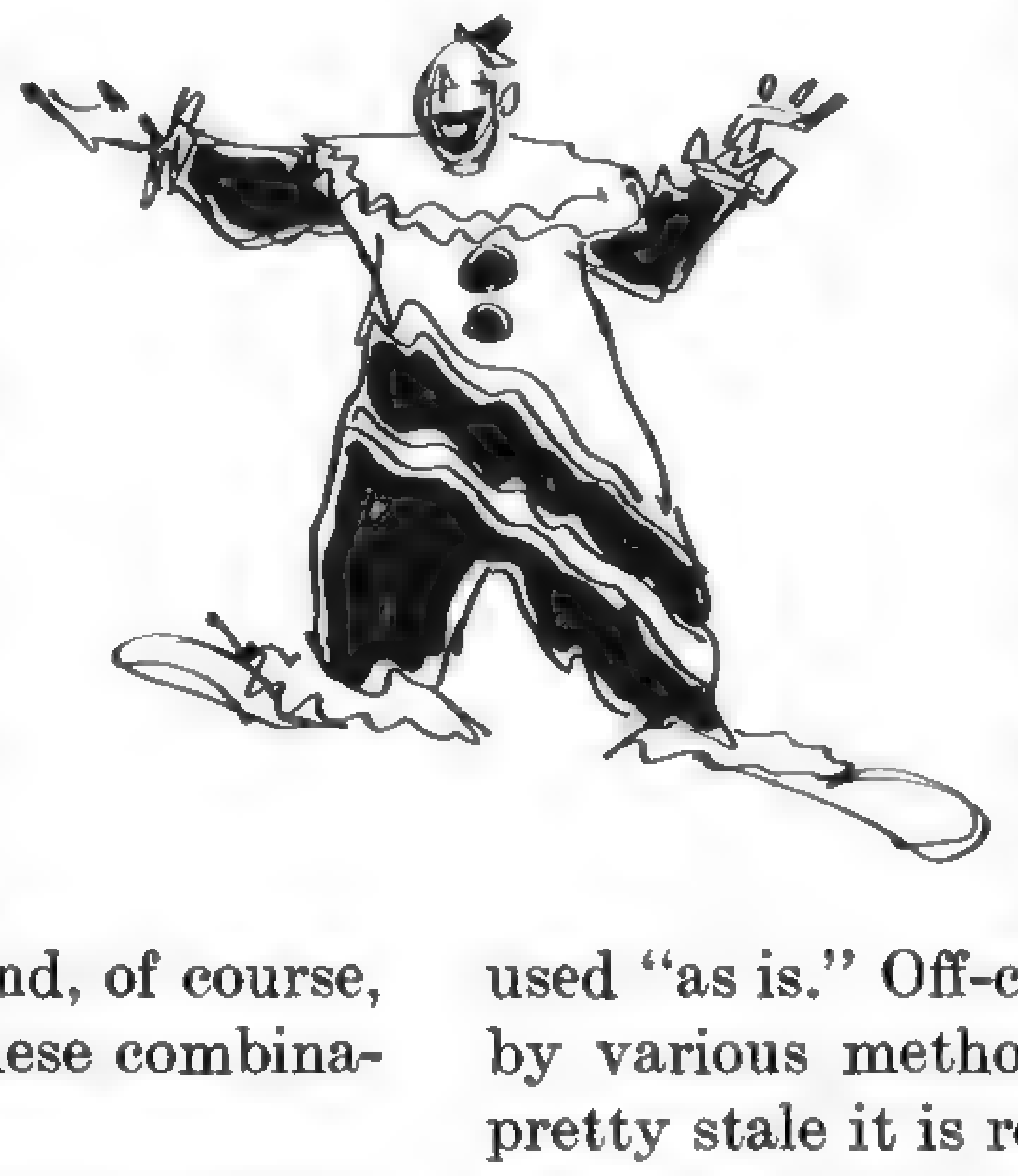
Milt Gross came along with his clever travesties on Anglo-Yiddish dialect: "My husband has a past—"

"Hmmmmh! A past from scandal?"

"No, no! A *book-agent past*, who *pasters* him he should buy books . . ."

The formula continues merrily on: In the movie comedies of the Marx Brothers, "—innuendo. Sure, money goes out the door when love flies innuendo." The "dumb guy" gag, or the "Hollywood producer" gag of columnists, "—He thought a penchant was money given to an old employé." Gracie Allen in radio, "—Annapolis? I know. Annapolis a day keeps the doctor away." Willie Howard in a recent *Scandals*, telling how he bagged a lion, "—I bagged and bagged him to go away." And finally, getting back to our original "schoolroom" form, we find the gag compiled by the hundreds (all of which might or might not have been authentic), in the recent popular volumes of *Boners*.

To fashion the "schoolroom" gag, or other ordinary word-plays and puns, all you need is the ability to quickly associate words and names with those of similar sounds, and, of course, the sense of humor to make these combinations funny.



With practice comes the mental dexterity that makes such punning almost automatic and endless—(God forbid).

The word-play and pun occur in all languages, but a typically American product is the "wisecrack." It is an old American custom to counter every remark possible with a humorous retort, and while a few brilliant minds may be given to original expression, most folks ease their brains with the rubber-stamps, "Boloney!," "Oh, yeah?," "Betcha tell that to all the girls," etc. Producing these wisecracks is part of the work of the journeyman humorist. Sometimes an expression is overheard or spontaneously evolved, but generally it is carefully thought up and hammered into the vernacular by constant, methodical repetition. The late T. A. Dorgan (Tad) was the grand professor of the art of coining wisecracks, his most famous being, "Yes, we have no bananas."

Another standard formula product is the humorous simile, raised to dignity by the late Frank J. Wilstach with his annual lists of simile masterpieces, the first of which immortalized Irvin S. Cobb's "as much privacy as a goldfish." Arthur "Bugs" Baer shines in the field of simile and word-play. In the New York skyscraper cubbyhole where I've seen him work he methodically hammers out his snappy phrases, "—a town so tough the canaries sing bass," "a Greenwich Village café where the girls are boisterous and the boys are girlsterous," etc. A few floors below, Walter Winchell is an adept in the coinage of slang synonyms, —"Pffft," "Reno-vated," "blessed-eventing," etc.

More complicated than word-play and punning is the job of producing jokes. With many of the boys, "producing" a joke means merely going to a cabinet and fishing one out of the files. Some of these files contain up to half a million "different" gags, and big-shot gagmen, like Dave Freedman and Ralph Spence, have a staff of assistants who comb every source and add to the files constantly. A joke so old that it has been forgotten is considered automatically "new." Jokes hot from abroad are translated, or, if in English, are used "as is." Off-color jokes are "sterilized" by various methods. Finally, if a joke is pretty stale it is revitalized by a new twist, or worked into a "completely new" one.

A recent Sunday "pretty girl" comic page has this situation: A girl's parents, distressed by her slangy language, get her to go out

Continued in center of page 122

Damon vs. Pythias at 112 lbs.

What a fighter really feels like when he has to go into the ring and beat up a friend

by FIDEL LA BARBA

▪ SPORTS ▪

Glancing through the sports pages of a local daily not so long ago, my eye picked out a familiar name—my own, in fact—and focused my attention on the sentence reading, "Fidel La Barba, an entry from the Los Angeles Athletic Club today won the Olympic Flyweight Championship for the United States in the finals at Paris."

For a moment I couldn't seem to understand but the column head "Ten Years Ago Today" explained everything. Ten Years Ago! Could it really have been that long? What has become of those few short years? What have they done to me? These questions and a thousand memories flooded in upon me but I returned to dwell on that event so fateful in my own life and so briefly set forth in the sports page filler.

Now it sounded so simple and so unimportant but I recalled that it had been to me the crowning event in a series of fast moving and highly dramatic moments. Everything occurred so speedily and in such progressively exciting sequence that I had found difficulty in realizing that these things were really happening to me and were not the fictive exploits of the hero of some one of the adventure stories to which I was addicted at that period.

That had been the start of my career as a boxer which was to bring me championships, travels, exciting moments and a certain measure of success but never anything more stirringly dramatic to me than the events and circumstances marking the eliminations for Olympic honors.

After the Los Angeles tryouts and eliminations, seven of us from the Los Angeles Athletic Club were placed in the charge of Mr. George Blake, the same kindly guide who was later to become my manager, adviser, partner and life-long friend. We were taken to Boston to compete for places on the American Olympic team.

In nineteen twenty-four the National Championships and Olympic try-outs were combined. Competition was keen and competitors many, every section of the country sending full representation in the hope of landing places on America's squad. Never having been so far from home, I felt lost in confusion of strange names and faces. One friend I found, a boy named Ray Fee, sent from the Olympic Club in San Francisco. Ray and I had been neighborhood cronies in grammar school days and under these conditions, our friendship was rekindled and we became inseparable companions—roommates, training each other, and going to movies together.

At that time I was an eighteen year old high school student—a kid from a large and needy Italian family who had literally had to battle his way on the city streets to earn and hold the pennies, nickels and dimes. Brought up under the law of survival of the fittest, with the changes from street corners to the ordered sports of school grounds and the good-fellowship of club gymnasiums, I had found difficulty in accepting the ideas of sportsmanship, consideration and concern for a rival, giving the other fellow the breaks, losing gracefully, etc., but once I had tasted of the satisfaction and feeling of self-respect that magnanimity bestowed, I jumped into the spirit of the thing with all the fervor of a convert. Next to the desire to win at everything, I wanted most to be regarded as a "fine young gentleman." Becoming a member of a dignified club and enjoying frequent contact with Mr. Blake, whom I then considered and still regard as the finest of sportsmen, strengthened this ideal in my youthful mind. Up to the time of the Olympic events, I had managed to sustain my poise or pose. Perhaps it was the latter, because deep down within me was the inbred fixation to permit myself to be bested by no one.

Two days of eliminations at the Boston Arena brought me to my first big test. The fights had been going on continuously and during the first day my friend Ray and I had each eliminated three opponents. We had been forced to stay up until after three in the morning to finish the job but we started again bright and early on the remaining candidates and appeared in the ring at intervals throughout this day.

It was after midnight of the second day when Ray and I found ourselves together in a dimly-lighted dressing room. We had each won our semi-final bouts a little earlier and of the original forty entries from all sections of the country in our weight class, there remained only the two of us.

Exhausted from the long grind and the nervous tension we stretched out side by side on the hard, rickety rubbing table trying to rest. There was hardly room for one but we shared it gladly. Anticipating the summons to the ring which might come at any moment, I'm certain that Ray was no more capable of relaxing than I was, but neither of us spoke.

We had known all along that if luck held with us in our elimination bouts it would finally come to this—either Ray or myself to Paris and honors, the other home and disappointment. The moment we had forseen had arrived and we didn't know what to say. We wanted to be generous yet we couldn't lie to each other. It meant so much—the National Championship and the nomination to represent America in the Olympic games —fun, fame and, perhaps, a career.

Suddenly the door opened and a dim figure spoke in a ghoulish voice:

"Fee and La Barba next. Hurry up, now. Let's get going."

We jumped up awkwardly. Ray took my hand and looked at me but he didn't know quite what to say. As I looked away in embarrassment, he managed to stammer:

"Fidel, it's a shame that we have to do this. We've been such good pals—but you know what the decision means. Honestly I hope the best man wins."

And I replied with a speech that sounds simple but was tough to make, "Thanks Ray. Me too."

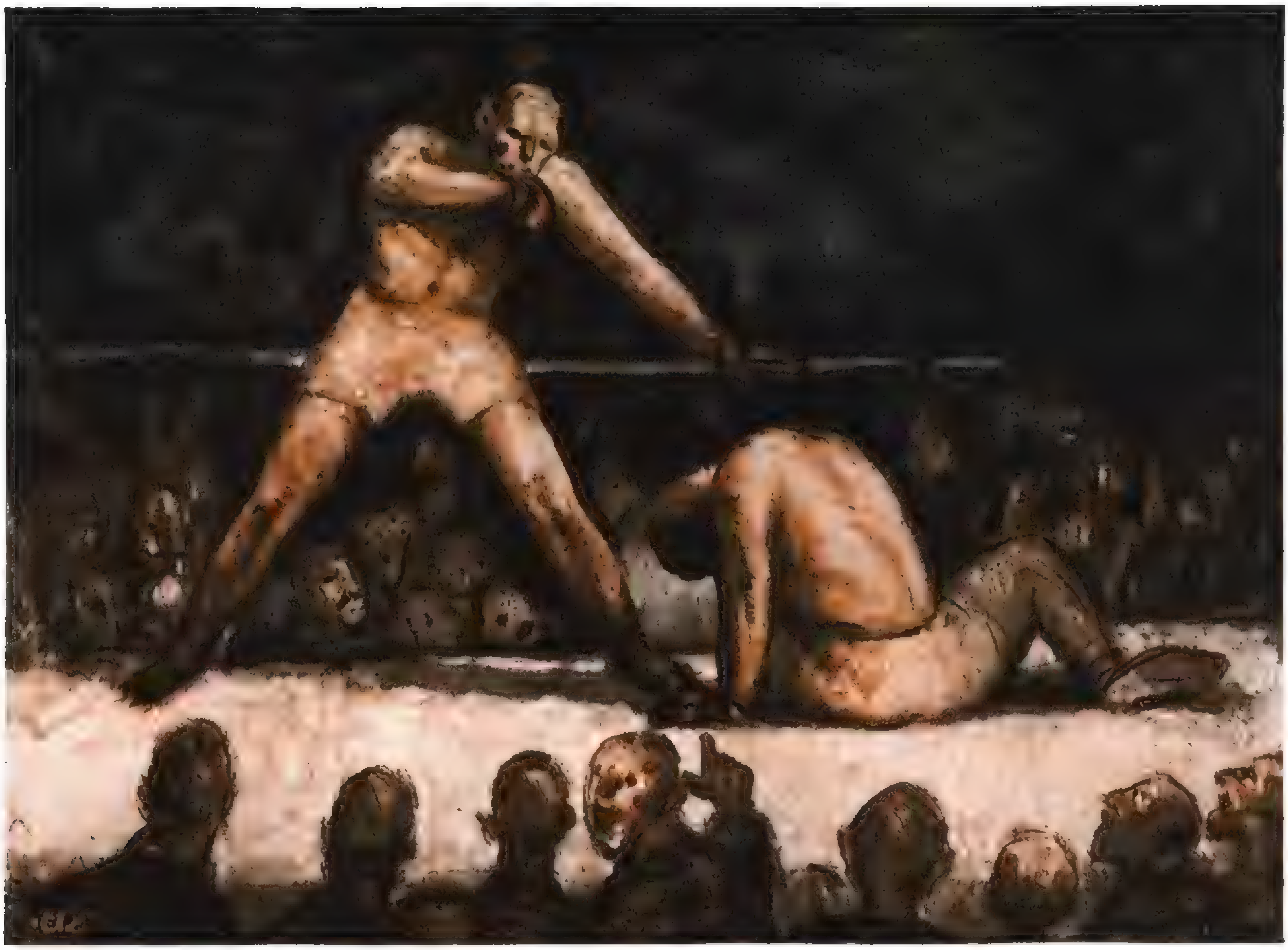
We wasted no time in getting into the ring. Sitting there with Ray as my opponent in the opposite corner gave me a strange feeling. I couldn't bring myself to the pitch I had hoped to reach for the big event. My thoughts centered on Ray and not on my own plan. I couldn't imagine our trading punches in earnest and I think I became a little afraid that I wouldn't be able to jump up out of my corner.

Then the bell rang and the house went dark except for the glare of the ring lights above us. I found myself in the center of the ring listening to the referee's instructions. The hush of the crowd, the feel of the canvas, the lights, the bell—everything was changed. All friendship ceased—we were two different boys. No time now to think—to feel—just another job to do and this was the time to get at it.

We went at each other viciously and in that opening flurry Ray caught me coming in with a stiff left jab. I plugged away, pulling and swinging as if my life depended upon it. At first his height bothered me but little by little I managed to work my left through his protecting elbows and found his stomach. I worked on this mark for some time, occasionally getting a taste of his jolting right; sometimes being sent off balance by that sharp, stinging left of his. We exchanged swinging rights with both landing. A moment of caution and we were at each other again. Our fighting was so determined that one might have thought we were bitter enemies. Just before the round ended, Ray found an opening and planted one of his powerful right hooks flush on my jaw and I went back against the ropes—hurt. I was surprised, then mad, and I tore out after him but the bell rang.

In my anxiety I had made many mistakes and Mr. Blake cautioned me about some of them during the short minute interval between rounds. I didn't want advice and I didn't want rest—I wanted at him in my own way.

Still seeing red at the start of the second, I fairly ran out at the gong. By sheer good



PAINTING IN TEMPERA BY ERIC LUNDGREN

luck I went under Ray's left lead and brought over a left hook and he went through the ropes. He was back immediately and gamely moved in for a furious exchange of blows. I pulled away for a second and bounced back in again and another hook landed. This time he went down for the count.

In that moment when the referee raised my hand I was the happiest kid in the world—elated with victory. Then, as I turned to my opponent's corner, I saw Ray. Blood was running down his face from a cut over the eye. The sight stunned me. I felt nauseated. Had I done this? Why should we two—friends—have tried to annihilate one another? Where was the glory in success?

I rushed over to Ray and started to apologize but Ray laughed at me.

"Why Fidel, you damn little fool. I'd have done the same to you—if you had given me the chance."

The hurt was healed. Ray's smiling reply had done more to teach me the real meaning of sportsmanship than all the lectures I had ever heard on the subject. Here was a fellow who could win or lose without animosity. Ray made me understand that an opponent was not necessarily an enemy.

Later, at the last moment before the departure of the team to Paris, the Olympic Committee decided to take both first and second place winners in each division. Ray and I, therefore, continued to bunk together and share the joys and excitement of the trip to Europe.

When the games terminated I found myself an Olympic champion. Ray was handicapped by an injured elbow and took third place. But for his bad fortune, we would have found ourselves battling for the Olympic Championship and I doubt that I could have beaten him a second time.

While I was deeply imbued with the idea of sportsmanship, I preferred being opposed by strangers. I had acquired many of the gentlemanly gestures but I found that I really did my best against those for whom I could inwardly imagine a dislike, being careful, however, to give no outward sign. My experience with Ray had raised a mental hazard in my path where friendly opponents were concerned.

I returned home after the Games to complete a semester of study at high school before being graduated. My ambition was to continue study at Stanford University. I wanted to remain an amateur so that I might compete in sports. I tried to save money but my earnings were small and my needs many. I decided to sacrifice any chance I might have had for athletic honors if I could earn enough money to start me at Stanford.

Before my decision was made to turn professional, I sought the advice of teachers and business men of my acquaintance. They agreed that my reasoning was sound, provided I stuck to my determination to return to school. Perhaps, while my name was still fresh in the public mind, I might even make enough to pay my way through.

Once I had come to a decision, I went to Mr. Blake with my proposition. He was not overly enthusiastic about my entering professional ranks but promised to do his best for me. He carefully checked over the list of available opponents for my début. Some time passed before arrangements were made and then one day he appeared at the high school to tell me about it.

"Fidel, you're fighting in two weeks—that is, if the terms are acceptable. You're to get fifteen hundred dollars for the fight."

"Fifteen hundred dollars! I really get that much?"

I was amazed. It seemed like all the money in the world. I had never had as much as one hundred dollars at any time.

"That's wonderful, Mr. Blake! Who do I fight?"

"Frankie Grandetta," he replied.

My jaw dropped and the grin vanished from my face. My confusion was a puzzle to Mr. Blake and I believe he was ready to end my career before it had started.

"What's the matter? Isn't that all right?"

"Why, yes—sure, Mr. Blake," I stammered. "I'll meet you at the gym right after school."

Alone again, I was in a turmoil. Frankie Grandetta and I were the best of friends. Like myself, he had started as an amateur but instead of continuing to fight for medals and an occasional trip, he had gone into professional ranks and had become an established success. Frankie had often taken time to work with me and give me pointers on tricks of the ring gleaned from his greater experience.

As a professional, Frankie had been an over-night sensation. He packed the Hollywood Legion Stadium to capacity. His popularity was such that he associated with the movie stars and lived a life that had seemed to me one of grandest luxury. He had often taken me to dinner or to a show and introduced me to many of his friends. We had

Continued in center of page 119

Broad & Wall

At least there is one way in which the investment counsellor can still be useful to the hick

by E. B. WEIR

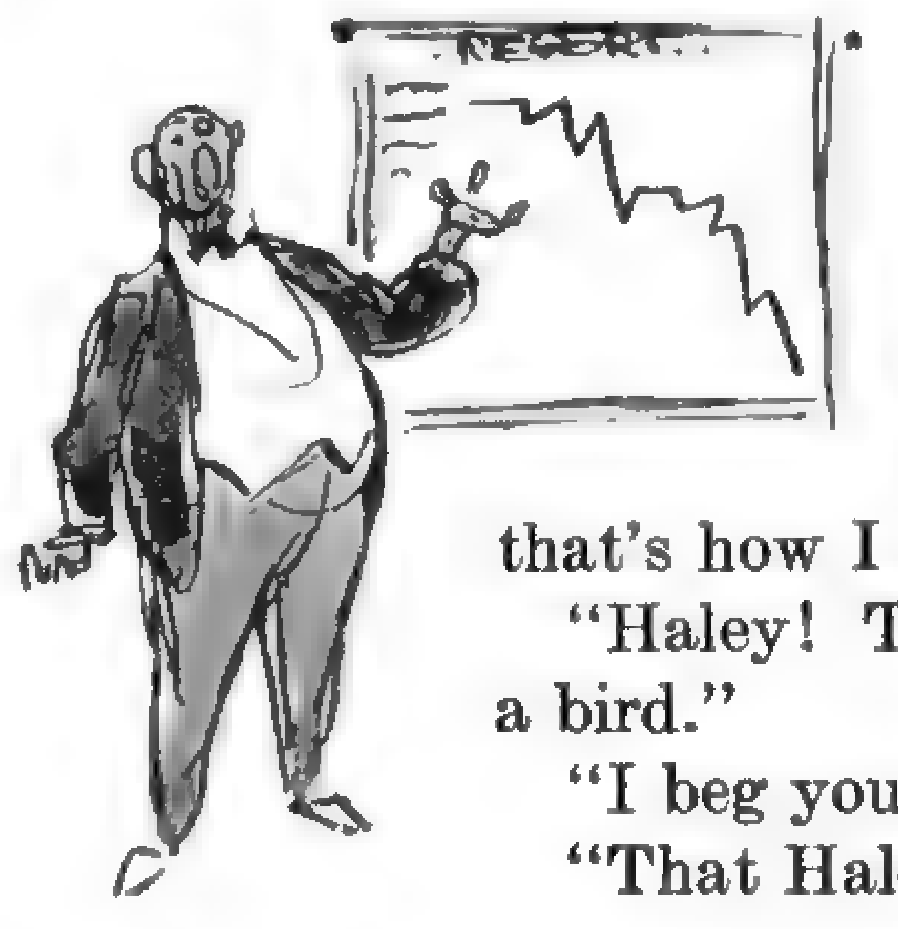
▪ SATIRE ▪

MR. SALISBURY sat at the desk in his office on lower Broadway. He didn't sit quietly, doing nothing; he rocked; it was that kind of chair. (You could also twirl though Mr. Salisbury practically never twirled: twirling always made him dizzy.) As he rocked, Mr. Salisbury strummed upon the desk with a bronze paper-knife. But there was nothing haphazard about the strum. Each time he rocked back, the chair would squeak; at each squeak Mr. Salisbury strummed.

Mr. Salisbury was thirty-six and rather anaemic-looking. He played badminton; he drank more whisky than water; he was Groton and Harvard and the Southampton-in-the-Summer Salisburys. He had escaped the War but not the skirmish of twenty-nine. It wasn't so much that he lost his poise temporarily. He had also lost eighty miles of New York Central. He was now trying to sell the Salisburys, even going so far as to take hair treatments and drag himself to *Sherry's* and the *Colony*.

There were three or four chairs for investment-counsel seekers and a bookcase for Dun and Bradstreet. A thick maroon rug covered the floor and across one wall stretched an oblong chart, its zigzag lines leading to the rug. The chart had become pretty much of a nuisance and Mr. Salisbury was thinking of taking it down. The office was high up and if you looked out you might see the *Bremen* or the *Rex* or something. Practically none of Mr. Salisbury's visitors looked out any more. There was the Dollar to look at inside. Mr. Salisbury himself didn't even think about the *Bremen;* hadn't, in fact, since the Insull business (a-most-unhealthy-situation, he always called it). Mr. Salisbury was Beaton and Company, Investment Counsel Department. "Our public utility man," Mr. Salisbury was.

In the outer office a Mr. Cobb of Sandusky was waiting but Beaton and Company still kept up appearances. And so Mr. Salisbury rocked and strummed and hoped Mr. Cobb's stoves were going over. Presently he straightened up and became business-like, shuffling papers and things. Then he pressed a little white button. "Mr. Salisbury's Miss Stein" ushered in Mr. Cobb.



Mr. Salisbury stood up. "Well," he said, "we haven't had this pleasure for some time." He smiled politely and they shook hands.

The visitor was an older man, round and baldish, with a cheerful red face. "Nope, and it's a wonder I got here today," he snorted. "Them damn subways! A fellow gets all mixed up." The trip down town *did* seem to have done him in. He rid himself of a heavy topcoat and flopped into a chair by the desk. "It took me an hour from the Commodore," he continued. "Nope, I ain't been East in five years."

"And how are the stoves going?" Mr. Salisbury wanted to know.

"Better!" Mr. Cobb beamed. "I'm out of the red," he announced.

"Well," Mr. Salisbury said. He opened a drawer and took out a large silver box. "Have a cigar," he said.

They lighted cigars. Mr. Cobb tipped back in his chair and blew out a cloud of smoke. "Yep," he resumed, "I'm out of the red. That's how we happened to take this trip. We thought it was about time we took a little trip. The wife wanted to see some shows and mess around the stores."

"Well," said Mr. Salisbury.

"I was in Macy's with her yesterday. Say, you should see their liquor layout!"

"Yes, Macy's is quite a store," Mr. Salisbury conceded, hoping this phase was not going to last long.

Mr. Cobb lowered his voice. "I got me a case of Scotch," he confided.

"Well, well."

"It was a bargain. I wanted to get two cases but the wife thought one was enough; she don't know much about liquor." However he didn't seem much upset about this. "Maybe I'll order another case or two on the Q. T.," he added slyly.

There was a pause. The older man straightened up and dropped the ashes from his cigar into a waste-basket. Mr. Salisbury began to fidget. He was nervous about fire and this sort of thing always upset him.

'Say," Mr. Cobb demanded suddenly, "how did you know about my stoves? Wasn't it another fellow I used to see down here?"

Mr. Salisbury nodded. "All your previous dealings were with our Mr. Haley. We keep files on our old customers; that's how I knew about the stoves."

"Haley! That was his name! He was a bird."

"I beg your pardon?"

"That Haley fellow; he was dumb."

Mr. Salisbury got past this little gaucherie by taking out a handkerchief and blowing his nose rather violently. "I have nothing to do with the trading accounts," he said. "However, Mr. Haley felt that since your holdings were concentrated in utility stocks it might be well for you to have a talk with me first."

"Uh huh."

"Mr. Haley informs me that your account was closed out early in nineteen thirty."

"It was," Mr. Cobb said emphatically. You understood that this had been none too soon either.

"I have checked the stocks turned over to you at that time." Mr. Salisbury cleared his throat and took a type-written sheet from the desk. "Of course," he explained, "in nineteen thirty we didn't know the Government intended to meddle in the power business. The Utilities were considered best able to withstand a prolonged depression."

"Yeah. Old F. D. kind of has you fellows on the run, ain't he?"

Mr. Salisbury looked upon the New Deal as so much nonsense, to be put up with until people came to their senses. He smiled indulgently. "I have here," he continued, "a list of your holdings as of April fourth, nineteen thirty. We might check over these stocks. Perhaps you have made some changes."

Mr. Cobb began to chew ferociously on his cigar. "What's-his-name, Haley, told me to hold 'em all!"

"That's quite true. As I say—"

But Mr. Cobb lost interest. He got up and strolled over to the chart. Standing before it, he studied the zigzag lines. "Stock market?" he wanted to know at last.

"That is a Utility Index chart," Mr. Salisbury said dully. He had hoped to avoid this.

The older man chuckled. "Don't look so good. Maybe you better lease the floor below; they might go lower."

Mr. Salisbury managed a laugh but it didn't amount to much. "I trust not," he said. "Now, Mr. Cobb, if you'll just sit down—"

"That's what a friend of mine said in nineteen thirty; Schultz, his name is. He's a Dutchman but not so smart."

"I'm afraid I don't follow you."

"I said I got a neighbor out in Sandusky: the name of Schultz. Used to be an undertaker. In nineteen thirty he told me stocks was at the bottom; said he was going to

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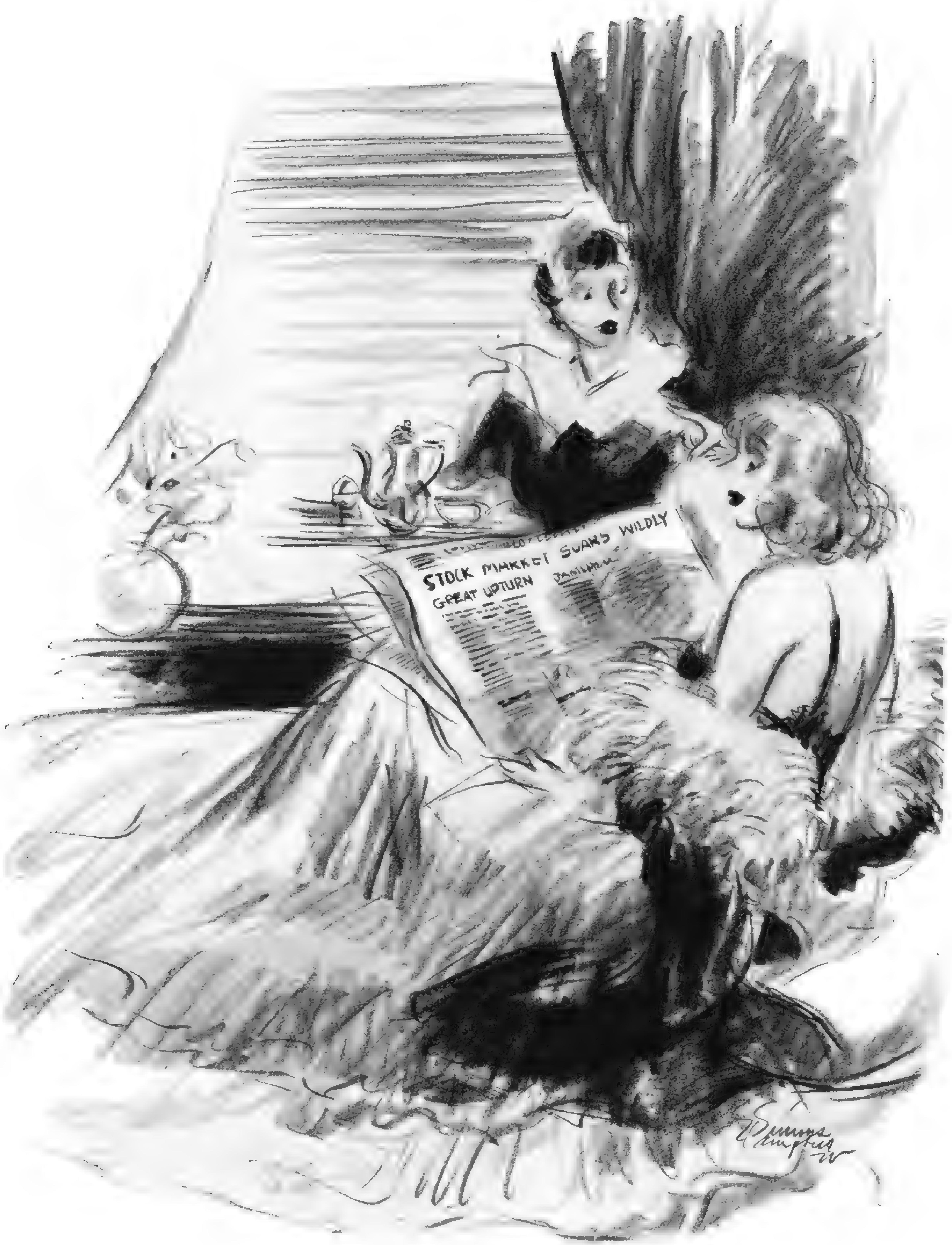
STOCK MARKET SOARS WILDLY
GREAT UPTURN

"Marie—get me that 1928 list of telephone numbers!"

SNAKES

Introduction and Tarantelle

In any circus, two heads are better than one, especially when both are upside down

by CHARLES COOKE

▪ FICTION ▪

THE great Pasquale Trippitelli ("Pasquale, Who Slides On His Head!!") drowsed on a cot, heavy with the hearty luncheon he had just finished, at peace with himself and his world. His mind dwelt lovingly, if sleepily, on three glamorous subjects: Naples, Christmas, and eels. He was a short, muscular, middle-aged Neapolitan, with a nut-brown face and close-cropped jet-black hair; he wore white sneakers, corduroy trousers, and a bright yellow shirt that was open at the neck. He lay on his back, stubby tanned hands clasped behind his head, his half-shut eyes contentedly oblivious to the familiar furnishings of his cubicle: the ventilator in the roof which, propped open, disclosed an oblong of intense blue sky, the walls papered with photographs of acrobats and clowns, the bureau, the two camp chairs, the green rug, the closed door from which sprouted hooks supporting a magenta costume and a bizarre leather headgear. A somnolent summer drone, punctuated by blows of wooden mallets on wooden stakes, filled his ears. A calliope, nearby, tried a few tentative notes. The little room was filled with August heat.

His world was Morton Brothers' Three Ring Circus ("The Seventh Largest Circus In The World") and its flag-draped Big Top and lesser tents filled, like tawny mushrooms of various sizes, the entire summer-green circus lot on the outskirts of the medium-sized Wisconsin city. Pasquale's home, like those of most of the other performers, was a motor truck, rebuilt and painted a bright vermilion. It was parked near the Big Top. A thin stream of people had begun to trickle through the gates of the lot, presage of the torrent that would soon flow. The sideshow barker, in his vermilion pulpit under horrendous banners, had cleared his throat and was about to begin his brassy spiel.

This was mid-season, and Pasquale was a happy man. He had been with the Morton circus for ten years, always doing the same two-minute stunt: two slides, on his head, down a taut wire strung from a twelve-foot platform to a two-foot stake. It was not an easy stunt, but he had done it so many times that his technique was practically flawless. His place in the show was Display Number Seven, just after "The Leaps" and just before "The Pflong High Traeze Troupe," and he had always had the spotlight all to himself, the arena being cleared for his act which was staged in the center ring. Both his slides always received warm applause—the second more than the first, for he purposely let himself sway precariously on his second lightning trip down the steep incline and this made the audience catch its breath in fear, then sigh in sudden relief. Tunk Smiley, boss of the circus, had long considered Pasquale one of his ace performers, and Pasquale knew it.

The afternoon performance would not begin for another hour and Pasquale's entrance came half an hour after that. He yawned luxuriously, rubbed his nose furiously and reflectively with the back of a brown, hairy hand, replaced the hand behind his head, closed his eyes. He continued to toy with his delicious day-dream, as the drug of sleep began to numb his heat-drenched mind and body.

The circus season would end in late October and he would take ship for his beloved Naples, and, for the first time in ten years, he would be with the old folks for the great Christmas eel feast in their humble home in the Rione Vasto. He would be the returning hero, fresh from his American circus triumphs, with a big scrapbook of clippings in a strange tongue to exhibit and, unblushingly, to translate. He had salted away a fat sum, and he would buy lavishly of the best *capitone* eels, alive and squirming, and his mother and father, uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters and their wives and husbands, would begin the jolly feast at sundown on Christmas Eve and they would eat spaghetti with eel chunks in the sauce, then fried eel, then broiled eel, with courses of escarole and spiced artichokes in between; they would drain great noggins of red wine. At midnight they would break off and go to Mass, then back to the house to drink more wine and play *tombola* until dawn. Bah! Americans would not look at an eel, let alone eat one. But if they only knew how tender, how succulent! And American-born Italians scoffed at the sacred old-country eel feast: it was dying out fast in the United States. Ah, but Naples, Christmas, eels, admiration, then back to the Morton show next Spring for another prosperous season, the *crescendo* of applause, a purring ego.

Pasquale slept.

Five minutes later he was on his feet, stung wide awake, trembling, a wild stare in his eyes. "What-a you say, Tunk?" he shrilled in falsetto incredulity. "What-sa that you say?" The door of the hot little room was open and a burly figure, half again as large as Pasquale, filled the rectangle, blocking out most of the harlequin circus-landscape, radiating quiet power. It was Tunk Smiley, the Morton boss, ponderous and paunchy in a baggy blue suit; his face was fat, his calm eyes a watery blue.

"Yeh, I didn't think you'd like it exactly, Patsy, but you might as well keep yer shirt on an' get used to the idee. The Maccalucci & Conger show folded up in Cincy last week an' this guy was their best bet, so I got him. He just pulled in an' he can go on this afternoon, so I come over to tell you about it. He's riggin' his stuff near the left ring this very minute, Patsy, so why don'tcha go out an' get acquainted with him before the show? You two ought to get along swell, bein' yer acts is so much alike. He wears a leather headgear same as yours but without no groove, an' he balances on his head an' goes down a flight of steps without touchin' his hands onct. It takes him exactly two minutes from start to finish, he told me, so you just take yer two slides as usual after the whistle blows an' you ought to finish about together. I had some bills turned out on the hand press, here's one of 'em. The crowd'll get 'em as they go in an' they'll be all primed up to see the new act. Well, I gotta get back to my office. Take it easy, Patsy." Tunk turned and puffed down the little ladder.

Pasquale stood speechless, the hand bill

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Meat for God

Only children can reason and old pioneers remember that the hunter kills his meat to eat

by D'ARCY McNICKLE

▪ FICTION ▪

THE old man, the old buffalo hunter, had come to this. He would be dozing on his doorstep and, dreaming, would rise up to take his gun from the wooden rack just within reach of the door, and then his daughter would rattle a pot.

"Papa! Wake up! You and your old gun!"

It had happened not once but frequently. It had come to that.

There he sat, Sam Peël, the spring sun in his eyes, lighting no answering fire. There he sat on the doorstep. He could have been taken for an Indian. His white hair hung in two thin braids over his chest, the ends wrapped in fur; on his head a flat hat with broad brim, aged to smoke yellow, with leather thong passing under his chin and loose ends hanging. He was clothed in old blue serge, the coat buttonless and the trousers kept up by a beaded belt with leather ties instead of a buckle, and moccasins on his feet. But he was no Indian; brown and wrinkled as was his face, Sam Peël was all French—he had been a long time forgetting it.

Sitting that spring morning on a log hewn half through, which was his doorstep, he had to remember that a gun was no good to him. If he fired it the game warden, no doubt, would come and take it away. "You shoot your gun? All right. You go to jail." That was how they talked now to a man who had come before any of them — fence-diggers, land-plowers and house-builders— none of them understood by whose leave they had taken possession.

"Gran'père! Old man! I'm goin' huntin' bear. You can come and skin 'em."

That was Le P'tit, round faced, serious. He was making for the woods with the bow and arrows which Sam Peël had fashioned for him out of red cedar. The old man would have gone along but he had a stiff leg that morning. He remembered that going to the woods with the nine-year old was no light labor. He would be told that he dragged his feet, that he couldn't keep up, that he couldn't see anything, that he couldn't crawl on his belly the way you had to do when you were looking the enemy over. A nine-year old knew the rules.

From Sam Peël's cabin the land sloped down. He could sit in his doorway and have the whole thing before his eyes. Westward was the pass, an undulation in an unbroken line of blue-green mountain; there he had come slopping through the rotten snow of winter's end. Lost, starving, fevered—he remembered it easily. At the end he had been quite out of his head. He had thrown his gun away; his axe went; his pack of remnants—a scrap of dried meat, a handful of flour—that had been dropped as he wallowed in snow down the mountainside (it was sixty years ago; but sitting in his doorway and looking at the very notch in the mountains through which he had crawled he had every sensation of it); and presently when he saw an Indian standing before him he dropped on his knees and waited for the thrust of steel in his back. His mind held no pictures of the stout arm which had raised him from the snow.

Sam Peël was an old man now, and what his eyes saw was more than the land sloping downward and a town built where had been an opening in the forest. His cabin was above, and out of it, and yet he belonged to the town; he dared not turn his back upon it, and at any rate there was nothing to turn to. The openings in the forest were all crosslaid with streets, and houses piped smoke upward to overlay the sky. This was his waiting place.

Had it not been for Susette and Le P'tit it would not have been bad, waiting. Had he none but his own old bones to finger under the pinched skin, he could have taken it sagely. But it was otherwise. Susette, just now, was making a clatter with an empty pot. She was singing that gay song:

Les pommes de la Ronde Prairie
Croissent si grand . . .

One's mouth watered at the words. Le P'tit, he whose eyes were so sharp and his expression so serious, was off in the woods somewhere—"huntin' bear."

The old man could chuckle at that, but after a moment the insistent worry was in his eyes. Life was not easy now. You could not go to the woods or out on the prairie and get it. Le P'tit could be allowed to go about boasting of catching bears; there was nothing, scarcely a mild bird or flag-tailed squirrel, which he need fear. And there was a game warden. A man with a badge who rode about and told you when you could shoot your gun.

There were few who knew of Sam Peël. When he walked in the streets of St. Xavier, taking a slow step over a loose joint in the plank sidewalk, he was just an old man. His soundless tread attracted no attention. There was nothing in his slight build and stooped shoulders, or in his mild way of speaking, to suggest that he had laid the trail which others had been happy to follow. The few who did know him had not profited by the new day. They had as little as he—a sad horse or two, a wagon with no two wheels leaning at the same angle, and at home an empty pot. When he rested at their cabins they made him a meal of his own kind, of slaughter house refuse.

In his doorway, he could look out and see the whole of it. The land sloped down to the houses of St. Xavier: the sun flashed teasingly in his eyes from the windows down there. His own cabin was windowless—just a hole in the wall over which a blanket was hung in cold weather. There were a hundred buildings down there where, fifty years ago, lost and starving, he had been lifted from the watery snow and carried to shelter.

It was in an Indian tepee, the first he had ever seen from the inside, that he had opened his eyes at last. An older hand would have laughed at his fears, but to him that morning of awakening (he recalled vividly) was a moment of terror. Feeling himself sound of limb, he could but conclude that he was being fattened for the pot and turned his face to the tepee wall. Imbecile youth!

Old and calm as he was, he could never forgive that stupidity. The man who found him (dead long ago), took him as his brother; and it was through Sam Peël and the friendship which the Indians had for him that the Jesuits were invited to come and build their Mission; and after the Jesuits came a trading post; and then came an Army Fort; and then came the railroad; and then came laid-out streets and the fenced-up prairie: all of it was out of Sam Peël.

He could see it all as he sat in his doorway and looked down upon the crowded houses of St. Xavier.

Inside, Susette rattled an empty pot and sang of the *pommes de la Ronde Prairie.* But for them, for Susette and Le P'tit he would not have minded. An old man can live on his pipe, and for his pipe he could gather kinnikinnick in the woods. Nobody as yet had gathered it all or put a fence around it.

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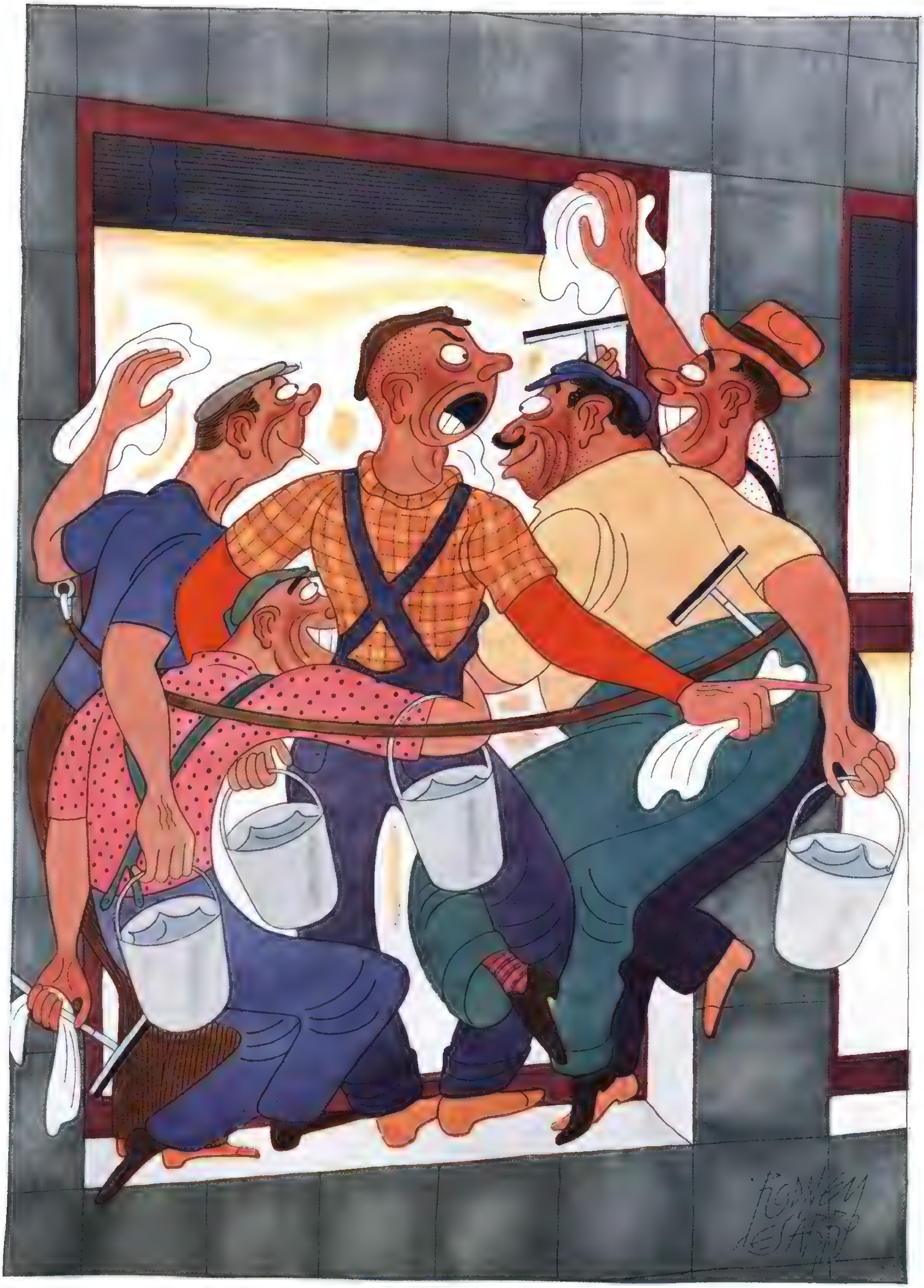
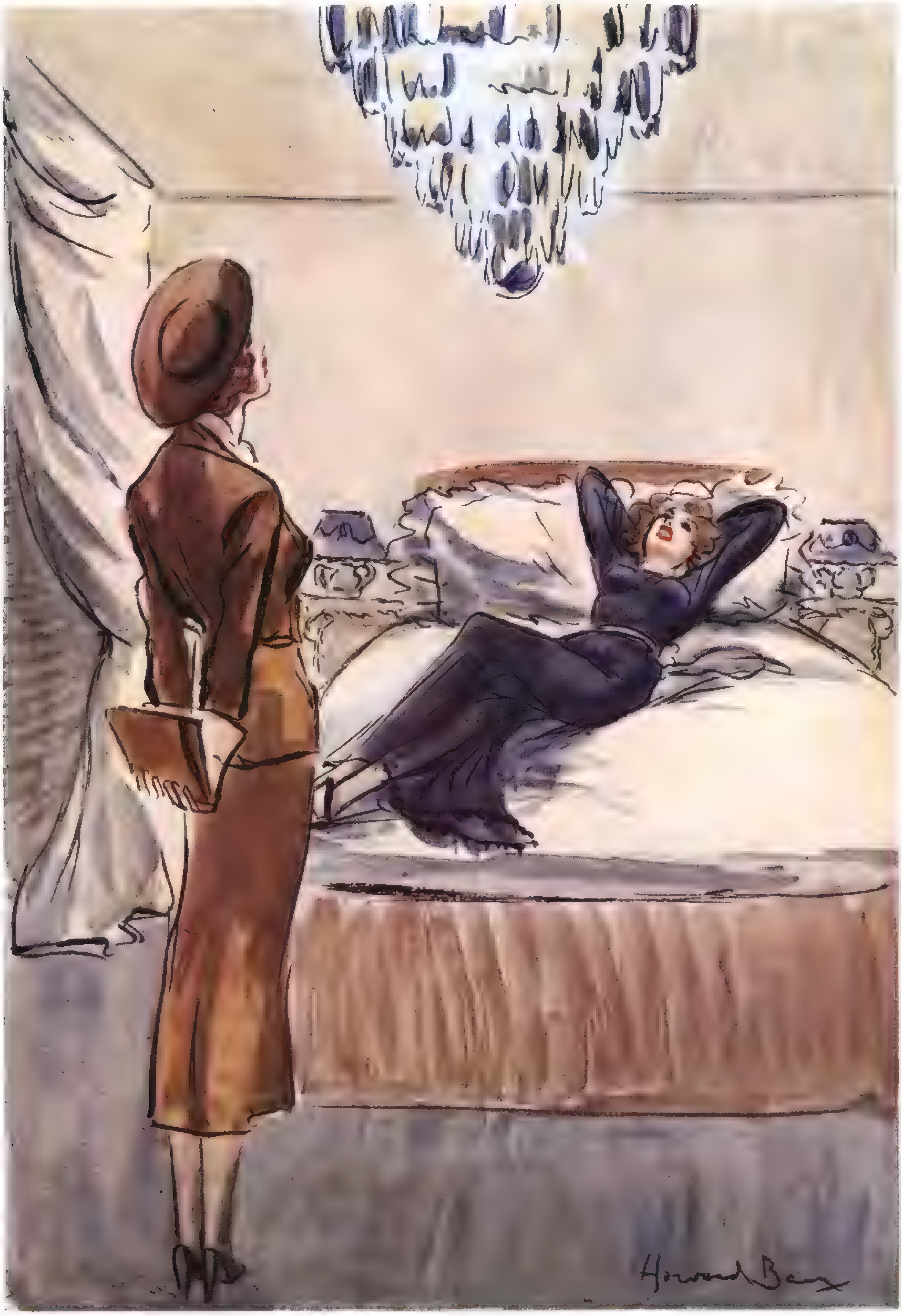


"Some of you fellows get on over and wash Mister Foster's window!"


Howard Baer

"Isn't that gorgeous, Myrt? It's got four hundred and six genuine crystals"

Smoke Gets in Your Nose

What garlic gives to spaghetti, what ambergris is to perfume, peat-smoke is to Scotch whisky

by LAWTON MACKALL

ARTICLE ▪

With the Scots it was whisky or perish. And how they have survived! A mere trousered American, who happens to be descended from them, feels a tightening and droughtening of the throat at the thought of uncurried kiltmen innerlining themselves with the spirit of Auld Lang Syne that produces Hieland Fling. I'm seven generations removed, my ancestral accent is missing, and I'm without a claymore, sporran, or shooting box; nevertheless I have my Caledonian moments. Pour me a glass of that smooth, smoky stuff and I'm ready to join the Blue Bonnets and be as clanny as anybody.

I'll even face Scotch haggis. In fact, I *have* faced it, and still like Scotland. The reason why this National Dish (obligatory on Robert Burn's Birthday, January 25th) proves a stumbling block to the affections of some people, is that they attempt it without sufficient preparation of a liquid sort. Consisting as it does of a darkly made pudding of the chopped-up spare parts of a sheep, boiled in the stomach of said animal, haggis is a gastronomic success only if drowned down, and then it's a triumph—whisky and pudding seeming to congratulate each other. As for a dry nibbler, let him blench.

Fortunately, any chances of underpreparation were guarded against by that thoroughgoing Scot, Captain David Bone, skipper and sea writer, when he invited Messrs. D. Marquis and C. Morley and me aboard his ship out of Glasgow to meet this masterwork of the Caledonian cuisine. Indeed, no aids and abetments were omitted. After Scottish appetizers, sheep's head broth, fillets of Scottish sole, and suitable tall-glass work, the doughty delicacy was trooped in ceremonially, with a piper marching before it playing a pibroch. Hearing those skirlish cries, some uncertainty was expressed as to whether they came from the bagpipes or the haggis—the latter theory seeming more and more plausible as the meal progressed. It was strange, too, the way a ship moored to a dock could roll so. But our gallant captain stood firm, and we and haggis cargo made port with all flags flying.

Scotland itself is more arduous. You go there ostensibly asteam for banks and braes, bens, and glens, Edinburgh, and that clever little staircase in the wall of the bedroom of susceptible Mary Queen of Scots at Holyrood. And what happens? Barely have you hit Glasgow when your friend Aikin, ale and liquor chemist, shepherds you to the Royal Restaurant, where facilities for attunement to the Scottish scene total more than one hundred brands. And what an introduction *that* is!

Not that you could hope to know all the thirst-answers right away. There are some 4,000 of them, a numerousness made possible by the fact that the products of Scotland's distilleries, which number only about 125, are used as source materials for blending. Just as in the Champagne District the wines of various localities are blended to form the bouquet you drink, so here, too, there are marriages of contrivance, sometimes with results so notable as to make it seem as though the soul of Caledonia had been at stud. Virgin Scotch, technically known as "self whisky," went out of fashion in 1860. Here and there among the crags a horny-kneed ghillie may mutter through the burrs in his beard that he's an Auld Licht when it comes to liquor, and may still drink it unbalanced, but his kind are dwindling. The Scotch whisky the world knows and fondles between tongue and roof of mouth is a blend of blends, baffling to analyze but a cinch to swallow.

In general the following regional elements figure in its flavor:

Lowland Malt—Non-smoky.

Highland Malt—Moderately smoky.

Islay Malt—Pungently smoky.

Campbeltown Malt—Vehemently smoky.

The map addresses of these four malts may be got clear by drawing an imaginary line from Greenoch (located on Glasgow's exit to the sea) northeast through the bottom of Loch Lomond and up to Dundee. Below this diagonal it's Lowlands, with nine distilleries. Above, it's Highlands, with nearly ninety, the majority of them congregated south of Scotland's missing northeast corner, and a scattered few, calling themselves "Highland type" and with whisky to prove it, out in stray islands to the north and west of things.

Highland malts are the backbone of the blending. They get their smoky character from the fact that the barley malt is dried in kilns which are heated with peat blocks, the vegetable compound of the latter imparting a tang that stays. When combined with Lowland malts, which have no peat souvenir, a diplomatic mildening is effected, suitable for palates which like their Scotch but prefer that it be not too Scotchy. Londoners are that way. Blandly regarding Caledonia's product as their whisky, they are willing, nay ready, to have it smack of smoke, but anything so pronounced as to suggest hair on the limbs would seem indelicate to them.

On the other hand, as you travel northward from the Thames, the craze for peat comes into its own. The Lancashire mill barons like it thick as Scotch mist. Edinburgh breathes it by the happy snootful. As for Glasgow, the inhabitants of that sturdy city aren't satisfied unless the smoke gets in their eyes; and they insist that the liquor that yields it be of Campbeltown origin. For around Campbeltown, located down near the end of a sheep's tail peninsula hanging 'twixt Glasgow and Ireland, the peat blocks have power and primitiveness.

Islay (the *s* is silent), consisting of a break-off of a further tail, possesses peat wealth said to be good for the next twenty-five centuries—a comforting thought for people who like their whisky pungent; for this island, with ten distilleries, nine of which have names so Gaelic as to be glottis hazards, produces the choicest and keenest factor in whisky bouquet. It's what ambergris is to a Paris perfume, and what garlic is to spaghetti. Even one touch will do the trick.

Amid pot-proud Scotches with such background it seemed almost presumptuous when there appeared, about a century ago, an intruder by the name of Patent-Still Whisky hailing from a new fangled contraption suggestive of twin skyscrapers, much compartmented, which both distilled and rectified. Naturally, drinkers of the old school denounced. For the newcomer, unlike the traditional malts, which were barley malt only, was concocted out of an unorthodox grist that included maize, oats, wheat, and the de'il knew what else. Finally, to still the stickling, a Royal Commission gave thought, and, after due head-shakings, lip-smackings, and tongue-clickings, handed down the opinion that whisky was something made from "a mash of cereal grains," never mind which. Since then, the patent-still species has figured in blends consistently and (let me whisper) Scotch-thriftily as the staple of stretchcraft.

Nevertheless, the time-honored pots still rule—practically unchanged since the days

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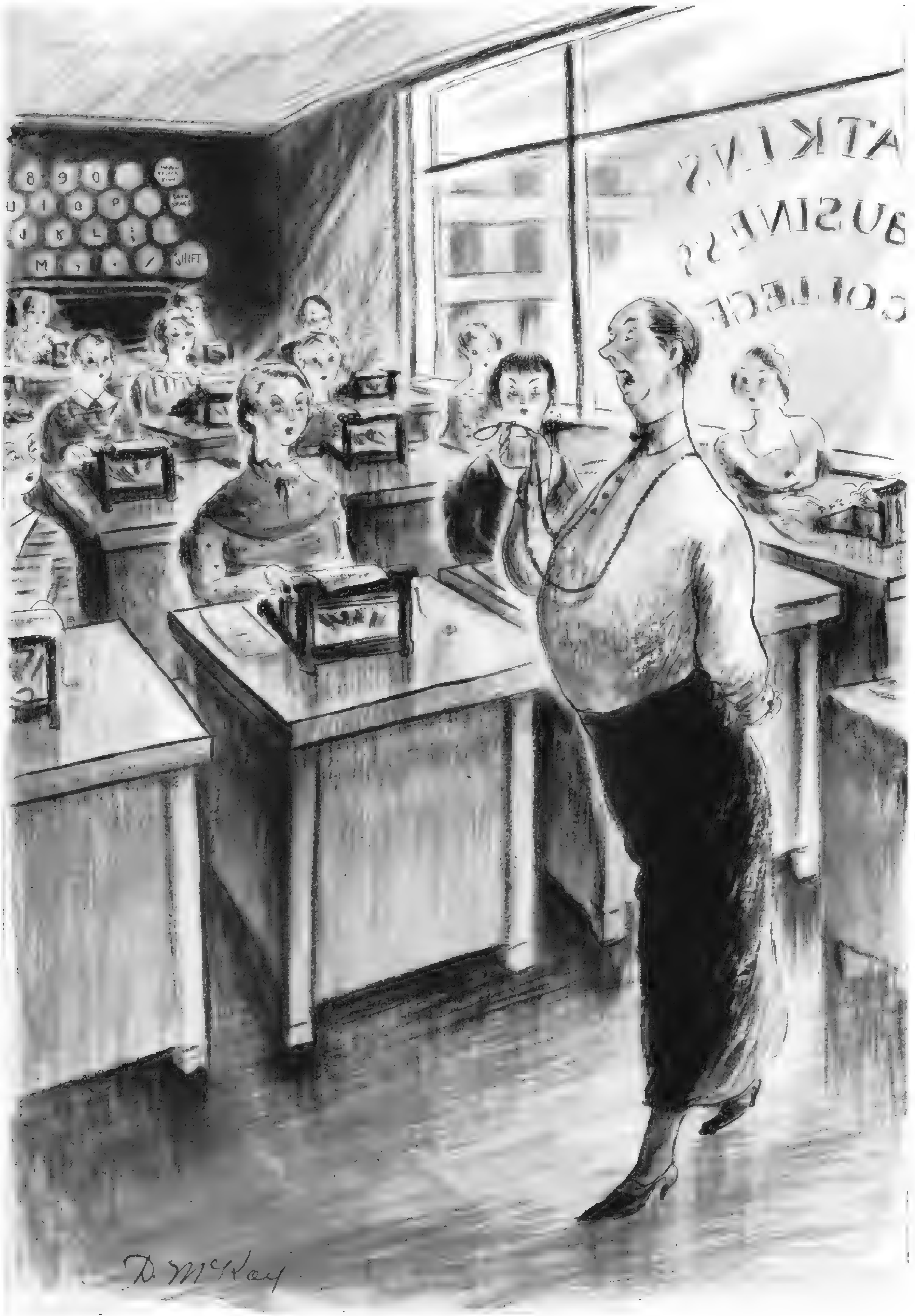
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"—just reply in a firm businesslike manner: 'Sir, I am employed here as a stenographer!' "

The Talking Encyclopedia

Did you know that Paavo Nurmi's heart is three times usual size, and that a housewife is a hussy?

by DR. ERIC CLARKSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

One of the advantages in having a wife who is educated, well-read, and intelligent is that the household never lags for conversation. Husband and wife can toss the ball of knowledge back and forth, never letting it touch the ground. The trick is in making the connection between one remark and the next, and some of our brighter psychologists would be hard put to it to catch the associations in our morning repartee.

For instance, here is a typical conversation, jotted down in shorthand on my cuff. (By the way, did you know that the buttons on a man's coat cuffs were originally on the front of the sleeve, and were first used on the uniforms of Frederick the Great's soldiers, to keep the men from wiping their noses on their sleeves? The buttons ran from the wrist to the elbow.)

However, here's how it goes: I: "Dear, I just ran across the fact that the word hussy is derived from housewife, a sort of contraction. They originally meant the same thing."

She: "Ha ha. That reminds me, the word chum has nothing to do with chump, but is derived from the Armenian chom, which means to live together. You know, two hearts that beat as one."

I: "Say, did you know that the heart of the Finnish sprinter, Paavo Nurmi, is three times normal size?"

She: "The original big-hearted boy, huh? Well, the Eskimos eat more than any other race of human beings. An Eskimo eats ten pounds of solid food a day, including two candles, and drinks one and a half gallons of fluid. We consume about a fifth of that."

I: "An Eskimo igloo heated by seal-oil lamps has a temperature of seventy to eighty degrees."

She: "Huh. One-third of the oil wells dug in the country every year are dry."

I: "By the way, did you know that on the night of September 29, 1913, Rudolph Diesel, the inventor of the famous Diesel motor, took passage from Antwerp on a channel steamer bound for Harwich, England, but that he was missing when the boat docked? There were accusations on both sides of the channel, as war was brewing; the Germans claimed the British had kidnapped the inventor, and the British claimed the Germans had taken him. I heard that he was seen during the war, supposedly in the service of the British government, but up to the present time it isn't really known what became of him."

She: "Three times as many men die in unnatural deaths, such as accidents, suicides, homicides, as do women."

I: "Women are more prone than men to seasickness, and girls between the ages of ten and twelve are most susceptible of all. Negroes are most sensitive to seasickness, and Latins get seasick more readily than Germans, but the curious thing is that infants and young children are rarely troubled on the water."

She: "The ovum of a whale is only twice as big as the ovum of a mouse."

I: "In analyzing the size of things, Julian Huxley found man to be midway between the star and the atom."

She: "Did you know that human eyes, unaided by the telescope, can see only one five-millionth of the stars?"

I: "The inventor of the microscope, Leuenhoeck, originally trained it upward, like a telescope, instead of downward. He was a curious fellow, a draper, who took up lens-grinding as a hobby, and built a separate microscope for each thing he wanted to look at. Once he nearly blinded himself trying to observe a gun powder explosion through his lenses!"

She: "Oh, say, did you know that a bishop invented bombs? Galen, Bishop of Munster. They were first used on March 24, 1580."

I: "Well, the earliest known newspaper advertisement was of a book called *The Divine Right of Church Government.* It appeared in a paper called *Perfect Occurrencies of Every Daie; Iournal in Parliment and other Moderate Intelligence,* in 1647."

She: "Well, the first auction sale in England was held around 1700 by Elihu Yale, who brought back more goods than he had room for from the East Indies. Incidentally, he founded Yale college."

I: "The brains of an adult elephant weigh eight pounds."

She: "As long as three thousand years ago physicians recognized that paralysis on one side of the body was associated with brain injury on the opposite side of the body."

I: "The old-time doctors had a lot of right ideas. For instance, medieval physicians used to hang red curtains and draperies in a room where someone was sick with scarlet fever. That's how the disease got its name, in fact. As medical science developed, that practice was discontinued, as a superstition. Witch doctor stuff. Well, recently it has been discovered that infra-red light rays have a curative effect on scarlet fever. So the rooms of scarlet fever patients again are hung with red."

She: "African medicine men knew mosquitoes caused malaria before European scientists were aware of it."

I: "In the Kalahari desert of Africa, ostrich eggs are used as water bottles, but what they use for water, I couldn't say."

She: "The children of blackest Africa are born white. When a year old, they are brown; by the time they are four years old they are a sort of sooty black, and it is not until they are full grown that they attain their shiny midnight color."

I: "One American concern sells 16,000 rabbits' feet per week for use as good luck charms."

She: "That's nothing. $300,000 worth of buggy whips were sold in the United States in 1934."

I: "One way streets were invented by Julius Caesar."

She takes a nimble leap: "That reminds me, Alexander Hamilton wrote George Washington's farewell address."

I: "Yeah? Well, Thomas Jefferson invented the swivel chair and the plowshare."

She: "Did you know that the largest farming city in the world is Los Angeles? It has 50,000 cows registered in the metropolitan area."

I: "Most American cities are on the sites of Indian villages."

She: "Some day New York is going to be swamped like Venice. It will be flooded when the ice caps at the pole have completely melted, and they're melting now."

I: "Noah sent the dove out of the Ark on the first of April, but the flood wasn't over yet. That's why we have April Fool's day—sending people on fruitless errands. It's really just an old Jewish custom."

She, quick on the uptake: "Geese fly 29,000 feet high."

I: "That's nothing. A professional pitcher throws a baseball at the rate of ninety feet a second."

She: "Really? Did you know that the heart of the Finnish sprinter, Paavo Nurmi, is three times normal size?"

I: "But I told you that, a minute ago!"

She: "That's right. Well, it's true, isn't it?"

I: "Do you know, the word 'bothered' comes from both-eared, like when you are spoken to by two people at once?"

She: "Oh. I thought it meant in one ear and out the other." #

Fuller Brush Man

Continued from page 45

responsibility. That is the keynote Fuller principle. Every salesman works on commission and on commission alone. 25% on special, 30% on regular items. There are no salaries or drawing accounts. He is responsible to himself for what he does. His time and the way he arranges it are his own. In the territory to which he is assigned, he is Il Duce. His business is to visit each housewife in his territory three times a year. According to the LOA, three times are the right number, being not too many and not too few. He must make the housewife feel he is one of her best friends, whose advent she awaits with eagerness. If, when he approaches, she hides under the bed or sicks the dog on him, he has somehow failed in his duties.

Mr. Pettit has no troubles of this kind. He is welcomed everywhere, even by the dogs. Though at heart no dog-fancier, as a business move he has cultivated an ear-scratching acquaintance with the dogs of his regular customers and can call most of them by name.

This is not a feat of memory alone. As he learns the names of the dogs, he writes them down in his little black note-book, for recording on the customer's filing card later on. In a pinch, he tries "Skippy." Most dogs are called Skippy nowadays. He has been bitten only twice, once in the arm and once in the ankle, but did not sue, as the dogs, it turned out, were not rabid, and he did not want to antagonize the customers.

As Field Manager, Pettit's responsibilities are manifold. He has, in addition to his own sales, those of his subordinates to keep track of. Of course, he gets a percentage on their sales. He hires and fires the men who work under him. If any underling shows signs of letting down, it is up to Pettit to check up on him, analyze his trouble, and, if possible, correct it. Sometimes a man is over-eager, trying to high-pressure the customer. Sometimes he is making himself nervous trying to cover too much ground per day. Twenty calls a day are enough, according to the LOA. If Pettit thinks a man is made of the right stuff, but needs retraining, he retrains him. But if he thinks a man is not the stuff of which salesmen are made, he lets him go without fussing around. The percentage of such cases is low. "There is a bit of the salesman in most of us," says Mr. Pettit. "It just has to be brought out."

The training and retraining process has been worked out with care by the Company. Each recruit, or re-recruit, goes out for half a day of observation with his Field Manager to learn methods of approach, systems of recording sales, time-saving ways of coordinating calls, and all the other devices of an expert Fuller man. He is also given a four-hour intensive course of instruction at Headquarters in the Fuller stock, its prices, variants and uses. Then he is turned loose on his own, conscious of the fact that he is a member of the vast Fuller organization in good standing. Fuller brushes are only sold from door to door. But he is urged by everyone not to be merely a routine worker. Personality counts, and originality. Enough of these, coupled with Initiative, and who can tell?—some day he may become a Director of the Company.

To be a Director is Pettit's burning ambition, and one not at all impossible of fulfillment There is not a man on the present Board who did not start by selling brushes. Industry, imagination, executive ability and above all, success in selling, have raised these men to where they are today. Mr. Fuller and the Board are not Supermen. They are Good Salesmen, not outside financiers who have been invited to invest capital in a business of which they know nothing firsthand. There is no outside capital in the Fuller Brush Company. It is a strictly profit-sharing organization. One of Mr. Fuller's cardinal principles is that money should go where it is earned. "*He* earned it, all right." Pettit says in tones of sincerest admiration.

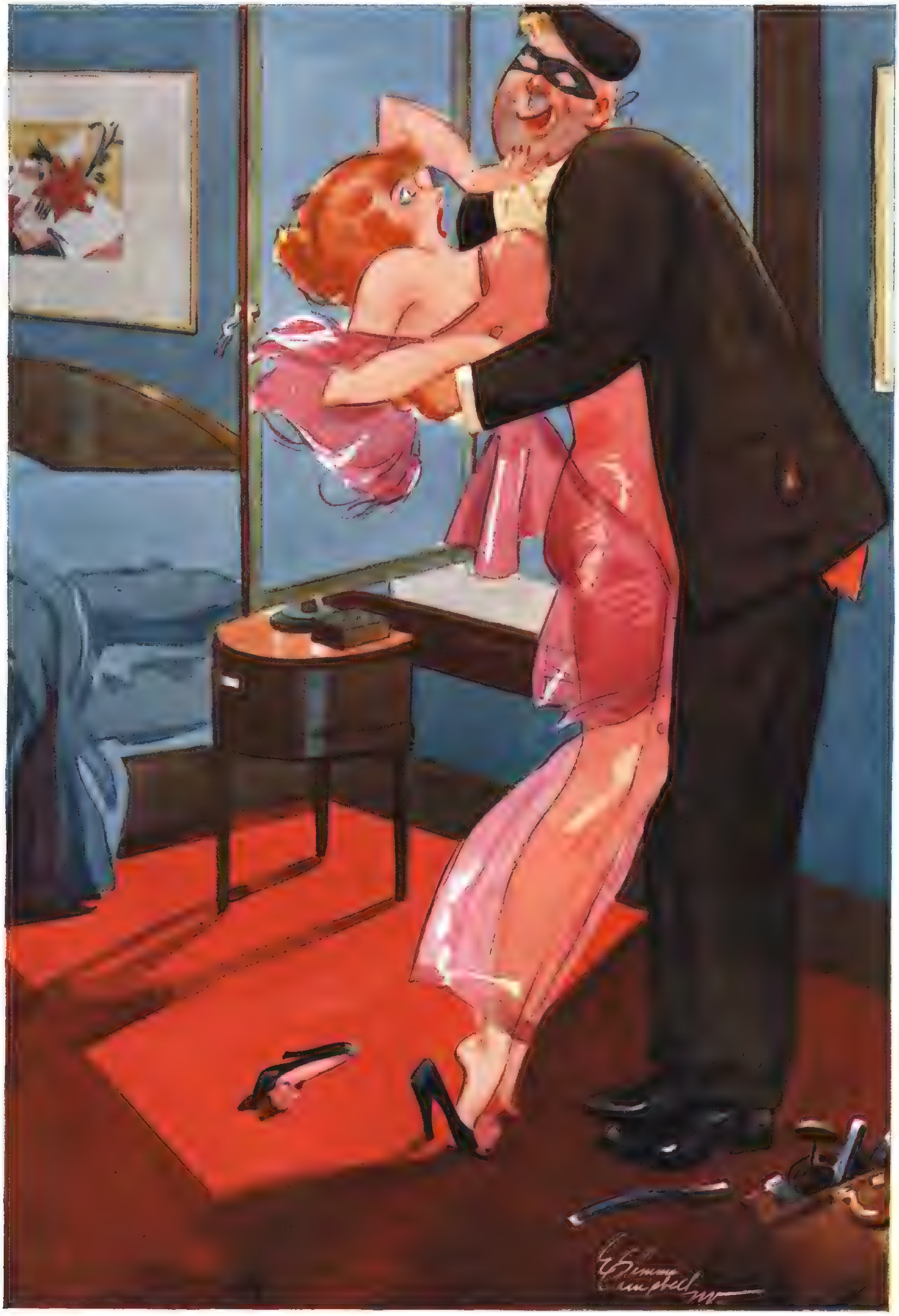
When Pettit attends the spring conventions held every year or two at Hartford where the factories are, and is greeted personally by Alfred C. Fuller and the members of the Board, he is not at all oppressed by the inequalities of the capitalist system. On the contrary, he is inspired by their example to redouble his own efforts.

As a matter of fact, Pettit has done well for himself. In the elaborate Company system of quotas, bonuses and prizes, he has distinguished himself time and again, not only in his own district, but nationally. His home is the richer for a 94-piece set of English china, a silver loving-cup, a Boston fern in a gilt-bronze stand, a small Axminster oriental rug, and a set of Chinese gongs. Two years in succession he has been runner-up nationally, leader in his own unit (the Fine and Dandy)—which includes all the Eastern seaboard states—in Personal Sales. In 1933 he made 6300 individual personal sales. In 1934, 6500. This year, it looks as though (according to the LOA) he would reach the 7000 mark. His chief rival, a California man, will probably better this, though. He is a real humdinger, and has written several songs for the booklet.

Mr. Pettit doesn't write songs, but he makes plenty of suggestions. Mr. Fuller always attends closely to the suggestions of his salesmen, and acts on them when it is feasible. Pettit's chief contributions have been in the Hairbrush field. In accordance with the best Freudian doctrine, a man who is losing his hair would naturally be concerned with hairbrushes. It was Pettit who first set forth at the weekly sales meeting the possibilities in selling one, not two, military brushes for gentlemen. With conditions as they were, wives would hesitate to buy the conventional two as a gift for their spouses, but would think buying one a great saving. The idea, enthusiastically sponsored by his own section, was made a national selling feature, and increased the sales in military brushes by an imposing percentage. His other creative thinking along the hairbrush line is more on the side of science. For brushing Up or Out—the only correct ways, endorsed by physicians, he figured out a special grouping of bristles was most efficient. He even invented the trade name under which the article looking like a headless, elongated porcupine, could be marketed. It was adopted and sold pretty well, for a novelty. People are slow to take to novelties, but the Company appreciated it. His proudest possession is a signed letter from Mr. Fuller himself, commending him on his ingenuity and initiative. It has been framed and hangs above the piano next to the picture of Washington crossing the Delaware.

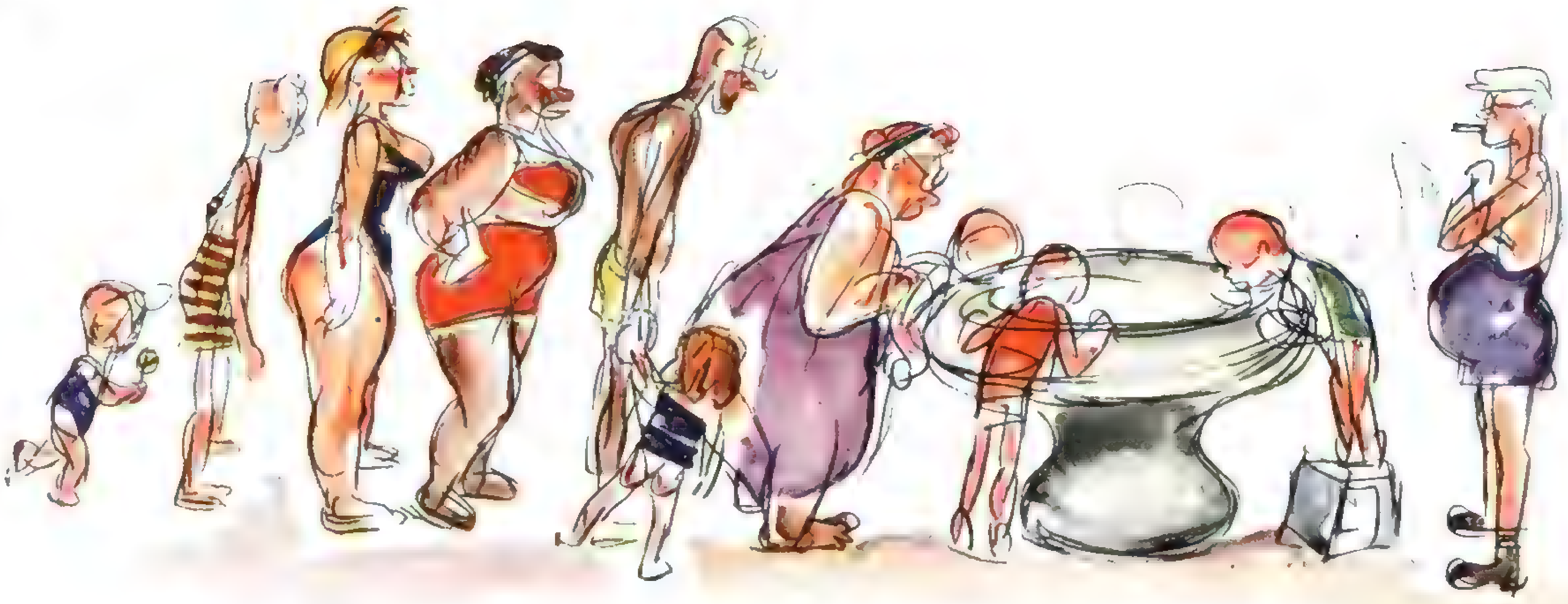
Few men seem happier than Mr. Pettit. This aura of quiet satisfaction in his work and his love for human kind makes it hard for a sensitive person to deny him access to a home. To say, "I'm not interested," and slam the door in his face, the way you would to a magazine man, is taking candy from a baby. He derives such innocent pleasure from opening his black kit bag, spreading out the rich but simple gold-fringed purple velvet mat, and displaying his samples upon it. "I don't expect you to buy anything," he says, sympathetically. "I just want to give you an idea of what we have." Lovingly his fingers caress No. 401T—Friction Shower Brush complete with No. 802 tube, No. 101H—Heavy Duty Wet Mop with handle, the Radiator Brush (No. 304), the Hearth Brush (233) and the White or Black bristled Bristlecomb (Nos. 511 and 512.) So infectious is his joy in his stock, that before you know it, you have given him a good-sized order. He is always grateful for any order, however small, though not craven about it. His deliveries are made (by himself) on the dot, and he never forgets to inquire for all the members of the family. When children finger the brushes, he pulls them off gently. "I'm just afraid they'll hurt themselves," he says. "Bristles can give you nasty scratches." His horror is that some day a customer's child will squeeze its finger in the hinges of the kit bag. Sometimes he dreams about it. But he is working now on an invention to prevent such a catastrophe. It will be ready to bring up at the meeting after next, and doubtless will further his chances for promotion. His wife believes in all his inventions. She is a wonderful little woman.

Continued at top of page 97



"—but lady—I ain't got no sister"

WOLVES
A C

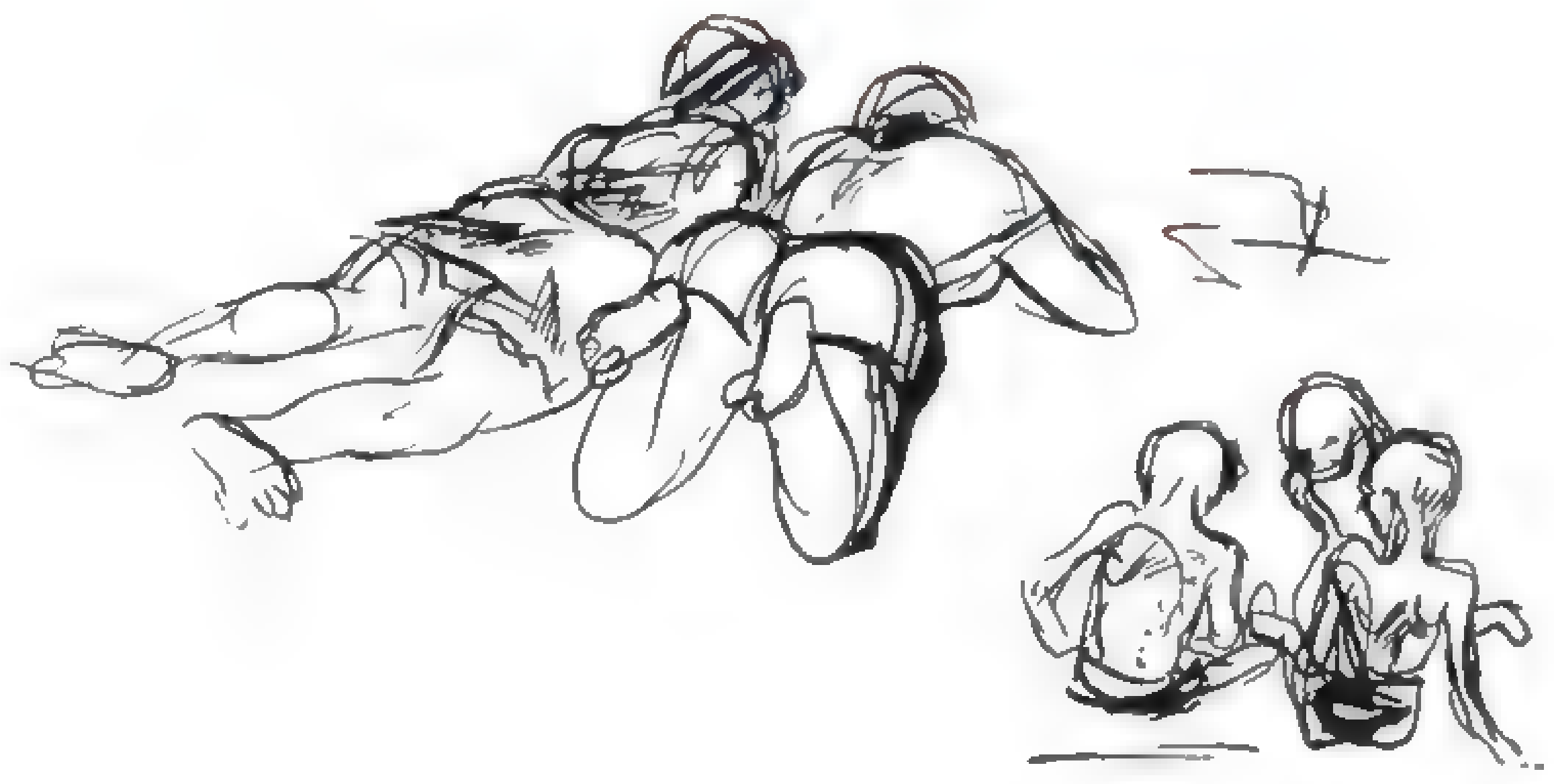


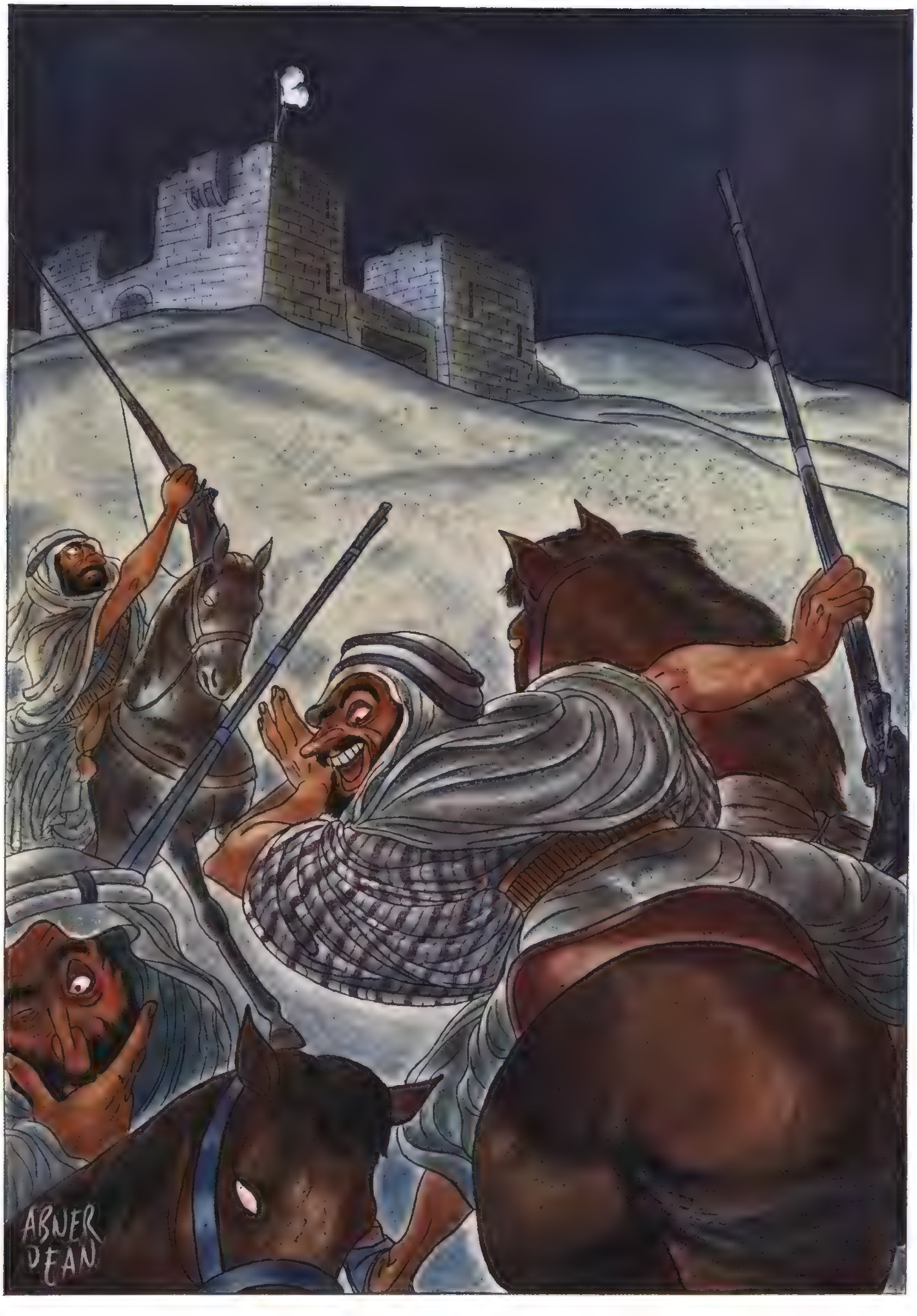
The City Beach

A Portfolio of Sketches

by JOHN GROTH

IRVING you come BACK here don't make me CALL you all the time *Irving* you HEAR me IRVING shut up Rosie can't you see mama's busy what well go on in the water then nobody will notice go on huh oh then you just have to wait 'til dark IRVING COME BACK HERE now we gonna have a nice supper bimebye see yes you help mama now that's a good girl IRVING STOP THAT you want sand all over everything no you can't have one now you'll spoil your supper there you help mama that's fine now we're just about ready I guess IRVING LEAVE THINGS ALONE there now we're ready you can wake papa up now come on Joe here's a nice supper we eat now there'll be time enough you can swim after now isn't this nice see how much cooler than home I bet right now it's like an oven back there don't you NO PAPA CAN'T RIDE YOU PIGABACK NOW STOP BOTHERING where's your sense can't you see papa's still eating NO YOU CAN'T GO IN YET sure I said after but you can't go in 'til at least a half hour no it hasn't been five minutes . . . NO I'll tell you when it's been a half hour . . . NO it hasn't . . . NO . . . I said I'd TELL you . . . no not yet . . . I'll tell you when it's time . . . I can't help it Rosie you'll have to wait . . . no it hasn't been fifteen minutes yet if you don't stop bothering I won't LET you go in AT ALL . . . oh all right go on in and drown, see if I care.





"What do you make of it, Chief?"

Fuller Brush Man

Continued from pages 45-92

The Pettit family, consisting of his mother, wife and two children, a boy and a girl, live in a seven room house in Baldwin, L. I. He has almost paid off the first mortgage.

A man should own his own home, he believes. He likes to work in the garden, or around the house with hammer and screw-driver. There isn't much time, though, for the puttering that he enjoys so much. Although officially he puts in only forty to fifty hours a week of selling time—more, according to the LOA, is bad dope—he must save time for checking up on his salesmen, writing down and sending daily to headquarters his report on the number of hours, sales and houses visited; mail his orders to the factory; arrange his route for the following day, and twice a week attend meetings at division headquarters. These are required of every salesman, and you'd think after seven years of them, he'd have had enough, but he wouldn't miss one for the world. One kind is for selling instruction, the other for sales reports and statistics. A good meeting, says Mr. Pettit, is a regular inspiration. You can always learn something new about brushes. Why, the other day he learned something brand new about the use of a bottle-brush. If a man gets bored with the meetings, his morale is cracking, and he might as well look around for another job. Pettit really enjoys them. He is a sociable person, fond of passing the time of day with his co-workers, and likes to play bridge (auction) in the evenings. He doesn't have very many evenings during the week. He's too busy. Only Saturdays—his day for deliveries—and Sundays.

He is firm about not working Sundays. Not that he is religious—he is a member of the Congregational Church simply to please his mother—but he believes a man owes it to himself and his family to forget business for one day a week. In spring, summer and fall, the Pettits go out in the car for the day, to one of the State Parks, usually. They put the picnic things inside a guard on the fender. Pettit enjoys camp cookery—he was once an Eagle Scout—and is expert at making something called Kabob on meat skewers out of alternating pieces of beef, onion, tomato and bacon. It is delicious, and besides, saves a pan. Although, if you have a Fuller handy brush along, as the Pettits always do, even the greasiest pan is no chore.

Every year, for his vacation, he takes the family in the car to some point of interest. In 1933, it was the Chicago Fair, in 1934, Quebec, and this year, probably the Caves of Virginia. He always has a metal sign attached to the back fender to show where he's been.

Florence, the girl, takes after her mother. She has an ear for music and can carry a tune remarkably well for her four years. She will probably sing in the choir when she grows up. Now she can sing (*The Fine and Dandy Unit Song*) as well as her father. The boy, Junior, is a regular boy. He's always tearing his trousers and wearing out the toes of his shoes. A fireman is what he says he'd like to be. But Mr. Pettit is sure, when he sees the boy's effortless ease in wangling ice-cream money out of his grandma, that he will be a crack Fuller Brush Man some day. #

Overland Journey

Continued from page 24

foodless, waterless, oilless distance; or of a prowling marauder who, police or no police, state and county government, may still seize your car and your possessions and leave you to make your way as best you may. Eighteen or twenty gallons of gas in your tank! What of it? It may still not be enough to carry you to the next oil station. Your gas line may fail! Some break, some defect in the ignition of your car or its steering gear, a punctured tire, a broken axle may well leave you lonely and even helpless—especially after dark. And again one senses this thought in all passing drivers, for they hurry so. More, they fill their tanks full as possible. Yet always before them is mile after mile and mile after mile of wasteland or mountains in which so many accidents may occur—and against which no equipment can be utterly final. So, like yourself, few are willing to pause to aid any in distress. They have their own necessities in mind and are gone almost before you can signal. And once they are gone, there returns that feeling of the endless, heartless distances.

Truly, it is amazing when one thinks of it that any such thoughts can still come between Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Lincoln, Nebraska and the Coast. But come they do. For flesh, the central nervous system, the sensory responses that make one's life—any life—will not permit their avoidance. And under such circumstances mountains and vast spaces do not so much soothe as assail the eye, threaten the mind and whisper of the indifference and the heartlessness of nature plus delay, suffering, death even. And more, away from the cities and the towns and even the lone chuck wagons of herders and trappers, one is compelled to attend and harken. These elements and forces of spaces of which all men know so little, and more often than not, wish to know less, they are not interested in man's fate—cannot be—with their own immense compulsions and relations—inter-stellar and eternal—with which they have to deal. And here they say so. Look at the night stars here and see. Look, by day, at the heartless, blazing sun, the iron mountains, the vegetationless soil! Attend the howling, shaking winds! Let a lamb, a coyote, a snake, a turtle, a jack rabbit, a prairie dog—even a buzzard or a carrion crow venture on this road that you are travelling in search of food, or merely to cross it, and note the result. The wounded, the dead, slain by passing cars! Indeed as much here as in the wastes beyond those routes, death lurks and waits.

The long roads are dotted with them, a crushed snake still living, its head hopelessly raised and weaving circularly, a jack rabbit or coyote, limping or crawling with one or both hind legs crushed. Yes, the cars are swift, and man is indifferent and in a hurry to be gone. These snakes and coyotes, sheep and rabbits, horses and crows are not his fellows after all. Let them look after themselves as best they may, as he looks after himself in the face of this vast indifferent nature.

But man, as I was thinking as I rode, and for all his crowded cities, his lines of communication, his equipment of houses and machines, railways, stores of supplies, and his seeming knowledge of how to extract subsistence from really indifferent nature is by way of forgetting that he is no more safe. To be sure he has his houses, hotels, stores, neighbors—to say nothing of his granaries and his abattoirs, and for the most part feels that, gathered close with his fellows, he is safe—even that nature is not as heartless and indifferent as it is—that he is not. For as a rule he does not do his own slaying. It is done for him—Armour & Company—Swift & Company. Yet earthquakes come and sweep their cyclic millions into nothingness. Drought and famine, social illusion and adventure, inane and unsubstantiated ambitions, to say nothing of the deadly germ, the fatal gas, the slow destruction that awaits and takes all weakness and poverty—these are not so apparent and so remain unapprehended, or if ever apprehended, forgotten. Yet one need only to drive through the slums of the cities and towns to know this. Or the hundreds of miles of a suffocating dust storm in Kansas or Nebraska, to know. One need only read of the fatal droughts that from time to time have blighted the half of the Argentine or China or India, to know. Once there was an ice age. There are still rumors of a giant flood. But we cannot remember. We never heard.

Flies, spinning in a still, pleasant heat.

Midges whirling in the pleasant light of a cloudless afternoon.

And these staggering mountains, these endless spaces of rock and sand one grain of which, its restrained and indifferent energy extracted, would serve to provide the energy for the lives of thousands of such as us—what do they say? Would they, of themselves, yield man that grain? He must seek, he must search, he must struggle—but with what surety of continued ease or success and for how long?

As one rides one can look into the cold faces of these peaks, and sense their timeless surety as well as their shriveling, icy indifference. Compact of deathless and all too stupendous energy and possibly purpose, are they conscious of either man or his dreams? And would they, therefore, if they could, aid him—further his ambitions?

Gnats, flies, midges. No wonder they hurry. No wonder they gather and spin in swarms in their cities. For there and there only, is their comfort and their imagined security. And after the somber, none understood massiveness and power of these indifferent peaks and the cold skies above, and the waste spaces below and between, the friendly eyes of even a dog or a hut, are priceless. #

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

After scouring the earth for copy, Seabrook finds material for his best book in himself

by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

For several months now I have tried to emulate my confrères in the critic's trade, the Messrs. Levin and Weaver, and have preceded this discourse with selected lists designed as "tops" and "recommended." Unlike them I have had no pillory. The reason should be obvious: unless a book is vastly over-touted and people are flocking to buy it out of a desire to trail along with the crowd there is no point in singling out a bad book and calling special attention to the fact that it is bad. More than half the books nowadays are already dead in the publishers' stockrooms and awaiting the graveyard of the remainder counters before this discourse gets into print. Among them, unfortunately, are often books of true excellence, deserving to be cherished and enjoyed. Space should be given here to them, not to the duds which deserve their death.

There is, by the way, in New York an amiable and sinister character, Max Salop, who battens on the false hopes of authors and the poor judgment of publishers. He is locally known as the Remainder King. He makes a business of buying up publishers' over-stock at sharp discounts, sometimes at only a fraction of the actual manufacturing costs, and selling them to drug-stores, cigar stands, general stores and other cut-price outlets. A book is never remaindered until the publisher has lost hope of selling even half a dozen copies a year. Meanwhile he must pay storage on the unsold books about which he was too optimistic in the beginning.

That is where Mr. Salop steps in. He is a canny man, given to devastating quips about the unfortunate merchandise in which he deals. Mr. Salop strolled into a publisher's office one day to pay a social rather than a business call, but of course with his nose alert for that faint odor of camembert which emanates from some books and by which a good critic can tell a bad book before opening it (although the good critic rarely trusts his nose as Mr. Salop does but insists upon sampling). The publisher was just looking at the dummy and the layout of pictures of a book about Thibet. The publisher is a sedentary man rarely given to any more travel and adventure than is to be experienced on the subway. He loves books about far-away places, inaccessible mountains, jungles and deserts. His mistake is that he thinks vast numbers of other people love such books also. He was telling Mr. Salop what a wonderful book about Thibet this book he was about to publish was going to be, how superbly designed, how magnificent in make-up and illustrations. Mr. Salop's patience was exemplary while the publisher gave proud vent to his enthusiasm; but Mr. Salop's quiet, casual, but relentlessly honest comment was:

"I won't have to wait long for that one."

Another publisher was telling Mr. Salop about a book he was going to publish in the fall. He believed it would be a non-fiction best seller. He had had the idea for the book himself—a new idea, a popular idea, something with all the elements, as he thought, of vast general appeal.

"And who's writing this book for you?" Mr. Salop asked.

The publisher spake the author's name.

"That guy can't even write a good remainder," said Mr. Salop.

No professional book critic, however acidulous or malicious, has ever uttered a criticism as devastating as that.

But I started out to tell you why I had dropped the special lists which have been preceding this article. They take up space for one thing. Even if they should be a convenience to some readers, the very fact that they are a convenience is not a compliment to me. If any reader should not wish to read what I write, I am not going to encourage indolence in him by making out lists for him. And if he thinks I am no good as a critic what does he want a list from me for?

In the second place a book critic is not in the same situation as a play or movie critic in regard to covering the field in which he practices. There are thousands of new book titles published for every play or every movie produced. It is easy for the play critic on a monthly magazine to see *every* play produced in New York even in the busiest season. It is easy for a motion picture critic to see every feature picture released from Hollywood and still have a lot of time on his hands. It is temporally and physically impossible for any human being to read even a third of the books published each season *on the general trade list alone.*

Here, for instance, is a list of books, copies of which reached me in one single day: *The Story of Civilization: Our Oriental Heritage* by Will Durant (1100 pages); *Fortune in Men's Eyes* by George Cronyn (382 pages); *Seedtime and Harvest* by Eleanor Blake (275 pages); *Somebody in Boots* by Nelson Algren (322 pages); *Redder Than the Rose* by Robert Forsythe (241 pages); *California Joe* by Joe E. Milner and Earle R. Forrest (396 pages); *American Big Game Fishing* by Ernest Hemingway and twelve other writers (239 large size pages); *Honey in the Horn* by H. L. Davis (380 pages); *Saturday Island* by Hugh Brooke (320 pages); *Feliciana* by Stark Young (259 pages); *A Printer of Shakespeare* by Edwin Eliott Willoughby (297 pages); *Law and the Lawyers* by Edward S. Robinson (323 pages); *Only the Fear* by Leonore G. Marshall (255 pages).

That is not an average daily list. It is not even a representative list. Sometimes there are more books than that; sometimes there are none at all. Sometimes the list is made up of highly specialized books which should not be sent for review in a magazine of general circulation; and sometimes there are large quantities of mystery or detective stories—books I rarely read and still more rarely take delight in.

A list, such as I have been making out, has therefore been misleading. It has contained only the books I thought most generally interesting among the books I have found time to read. Even the classifications "tops" and "recommended" were unfair and invidious. Not one book in ten thousand is really first class; and even if I meant the ranking books currently published I could only mean among those I had read and I was suggesting a standard I did not mean. For a book may be "top" in its class, such as *Sea Lanes* by Martin Stevers and not top in general interest and appeal; a book may outclass in craftsmanship, imagination and sheer use of language all others in its class, as for instance *The Maltese Falcon* by Dashiell Hammett and still should not properly be listed alongside of *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh.*

Therefore, unless the howl is too great for me to ignore, I shall dispense with these listings. And meanwhile I invite for your inspection, all for different reasons, this fairly balanced ration of new books and I give you also reasons for wishing to read or not to read any one of them:

Lucy Gayheart (Knopf, $2.) by Willa Cather.

Honey in the Horn (Harper, $2.50) by H. L. Davis.

Asylum (Harcourt, Brace, $2.) by William Seabrook.

On What Strange Stuff (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Elisa Bialk.

Life with Father (Knopf, $2.) by Clarence Day.

Saturday Island (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Hugh Brooke.

Feliciana (Scribner's, $2.50) by Stark Young.

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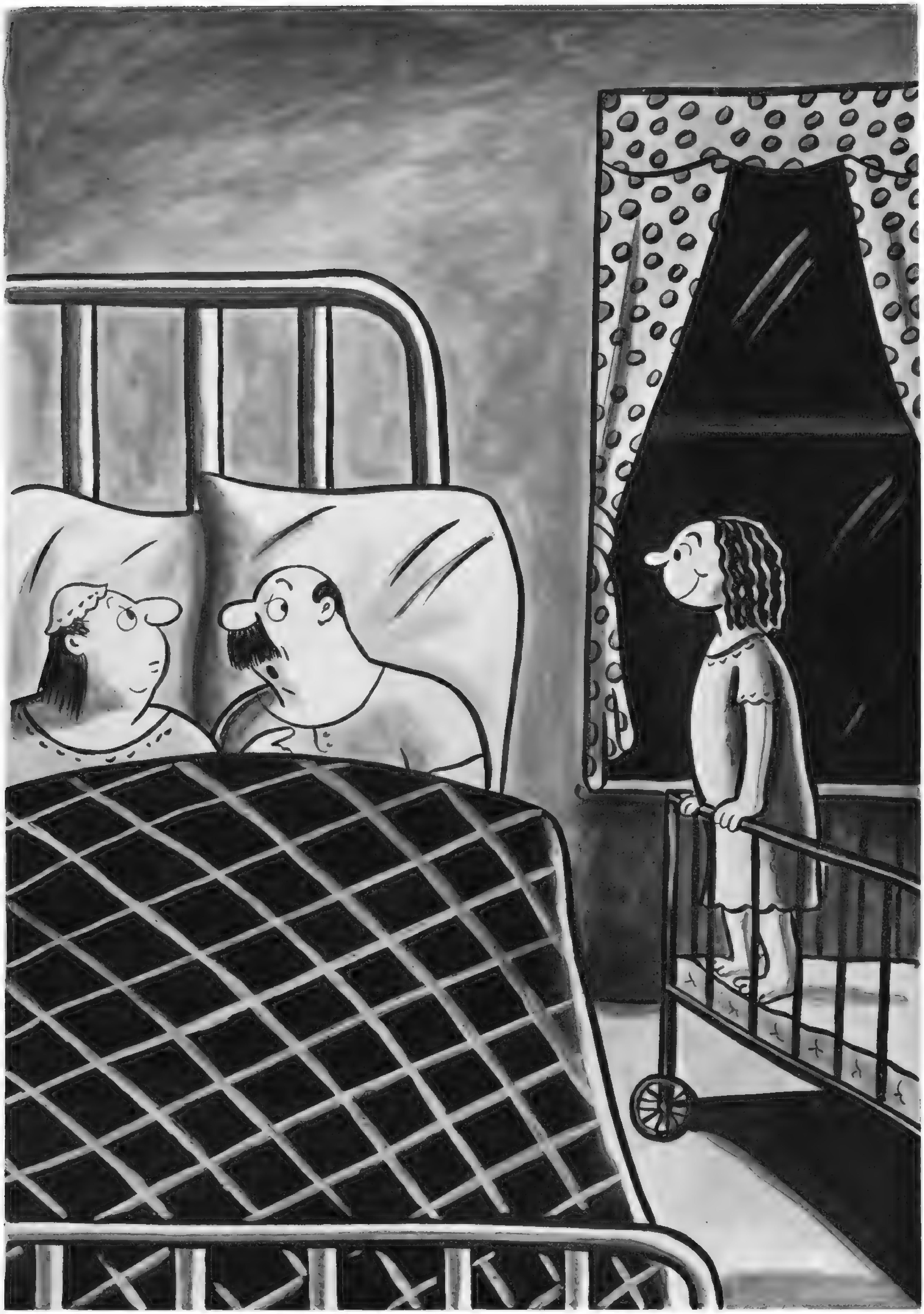

"Maybe we oughta get her a room of her own"

The Music-Box Review

Ranking Beethoven's No. 3 as the world's greatest symphony and discouraging all comers

by FRANK BLACK

RECORDS

If you were to decide that your life work should be as a composer of music you'd better make up your mind not to listen to Beethoven's *Third Symphony*, because I warn you, if you do you'll acquire the worst frustration complex imaginable. My advice to all composers who go in for the larger form is to shun listening to this grand work of art because so far no one has ever approached it, not even Beethoven himself, and it must, of necessity, give to all the writer boys the feeling of "you can't win." When you hear this you're standing at the foot of one of the peaks of art in the realm of music.

The London Symphony Orchestra, batoned by Serge Koussevitzky, presents the symphony of symphonies, Beethoven's *Eroica*, or if you feel numerical, No. 3 in E Flat. I hope you don't mind if I consider this Beethoven's greatest work, written before he got lost in the fog of fugues, in the writing of which he never could equal Bach; and I hope you don't mind if I consider number two on my list of symphonic greatness, Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C Minor; and I hope you don't mind if I don't get up early enough in the morning to be shot at sunrise by the purists who might not like my "if you don't minds."

Beethoven must have been a surly old so-and-so, because the story has it that he dedicated this work to Napoleon, whom he admired greatly. One day in May, 1804, Bonaparte declared himself Emperor, and Beethoven, so the story goes, ripped the title page with his dedication from the already completed symphony. Why he imagined that would change any of the content of the work I am not sure, but the familiar title reads now, "Heroic Symphony for the Celebration of the Memory of a Great Man." That is so funny because the music is just the same as it was before he changed the title.

Here is just as great a conception of a plan in music as were all of Napoleon's conceptions. You have heard the story about Napoleon's shadow over Europe, and here it is musically. Even the opening theme suggests something military. The funeral march, which is the whole of the second movement, stands as one of the greatest pieces of writing that a composer ever attempted. The third movement, the Scherzo, is vitality crystallized. And the Finale, especially in its climax where Beethoven evokes his greatest thunder from the orchestra, can no more be described in mere words than one could adequately translate Shakespeare into another language, and have it still be Shakespeare.

The London Philharmonic, with all its wealth of tradition in Beethoven's music as a background, does a very beautiful piece of work in the playing of this symphony. At times you are astounded by the precision of the attacks and the beauty of the well executed rhythms and dynamics. Mr. Koussevitzky does a few things in his interpretation that the experts might not agree upon, and as a matter of fact I'm not so keen about them myself, but the over-all picture he paints is quite beautiful. The strings acquit themselves nobly, and the horns really are magnificent in the famous passage in the Scherzo. In fact, I wanted to applaud when the symphony finished.

Now, after all this, have you a complete frustration complex? Because if you haven't acquire this album and I'll ask you again after your first hearing.

Victor—Musical Masterpiece Series—M263.

* * *

I'd better not start off by telling the story about the woman who indignantly accused Schubert of stealing the melodies out of Romberg's *Blossom Time* in order to show that he could write a symphony around the same tunes, and that he had probably been put out at the end of the first act and had to leave it unfinished. And I'd better not mention the various musicians, noted and otherwise, who have tried to finish this work and were left at the post. Summed up it comes to this: poor Schubert is dead these many years, Romberg is still living, and the musicians are still trying.

I must confess, that is, if you've read this far, and really started at the beginning of my review, that I had forgotten about the *Unfinished Symphony* when I happened to mention Brahms' C Minor Symphony as number two on the list of great works. These two would probably make it a dead heat for place. In case you think I'm going completely Schubert on you I'll confess I've been that way for years.

Here is a work, colossal in its simplicity, and melodically the most beautiful of them all and from the most beautifully melodic composer of them all. In other words, when it came to tunes, Schubert had it. He must have shaken them out of his sleeve whenever given the slightest excuse. I have never heard a bad Schubert tune. Isn't it funny to think that he was going to take lessons in orchestration from some old nitwit after he had written the greatest of all his works? There's genius for you! He never knew how good he was.

But to get back to Sir Henry Wood and the London Symphony Orchestra, or did I mention that they were mixed up in the playing of this record? I've heard better performances and more subtle interpretations. One can easily tell that this was not prepared as painstakingly as the *Eroica*, for instance, of which you may have heard had you started at the beginning of the article; nor is the London Symphony as good an orchestra as the London Philharmonic, of which you also may have heard, had you started to read at the right place. The ensemble is just a trifle ragged at times, but none of these things can obscure the glorious beauty and the magnificent tonal writing of Schubert. And, to tell the truth, it's a very satisfactory recording. There certainly is room for it in your catalog because it is the most popular of all the symphonies, or has it just become so since Mr. Romberg took it in hand? I would like to have had just a trifle more of the pizzicato basses and cellos in the slow movement. If at times you like your music put into literary phrases, and you like the idea of "Fate knocking at the door" of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, this might be the chance to say that "Here is Poe's Raven picking on my window sill." You'll like this record, especially in composition, and it deserves a place in every record collector's cabinet.

Columbia—Set 216.

* * *

I dislike anybody who says, "I told you so," because it looks as though one were trying to prove something, or maintain one's self respect as a forecaster. I knew that Foresythe would come through with something grand, so he plays *The Melancholy Clown*. Here is an atmospheric introduction, and the music of the whole number really fits the title, or vice versa.

Did you ever hear of a composer of this type of music who knew how to use polytonality (two keys at once, to you)? Well, this is polytonality with a vengeance, and you'll like it. That's the funny part of this

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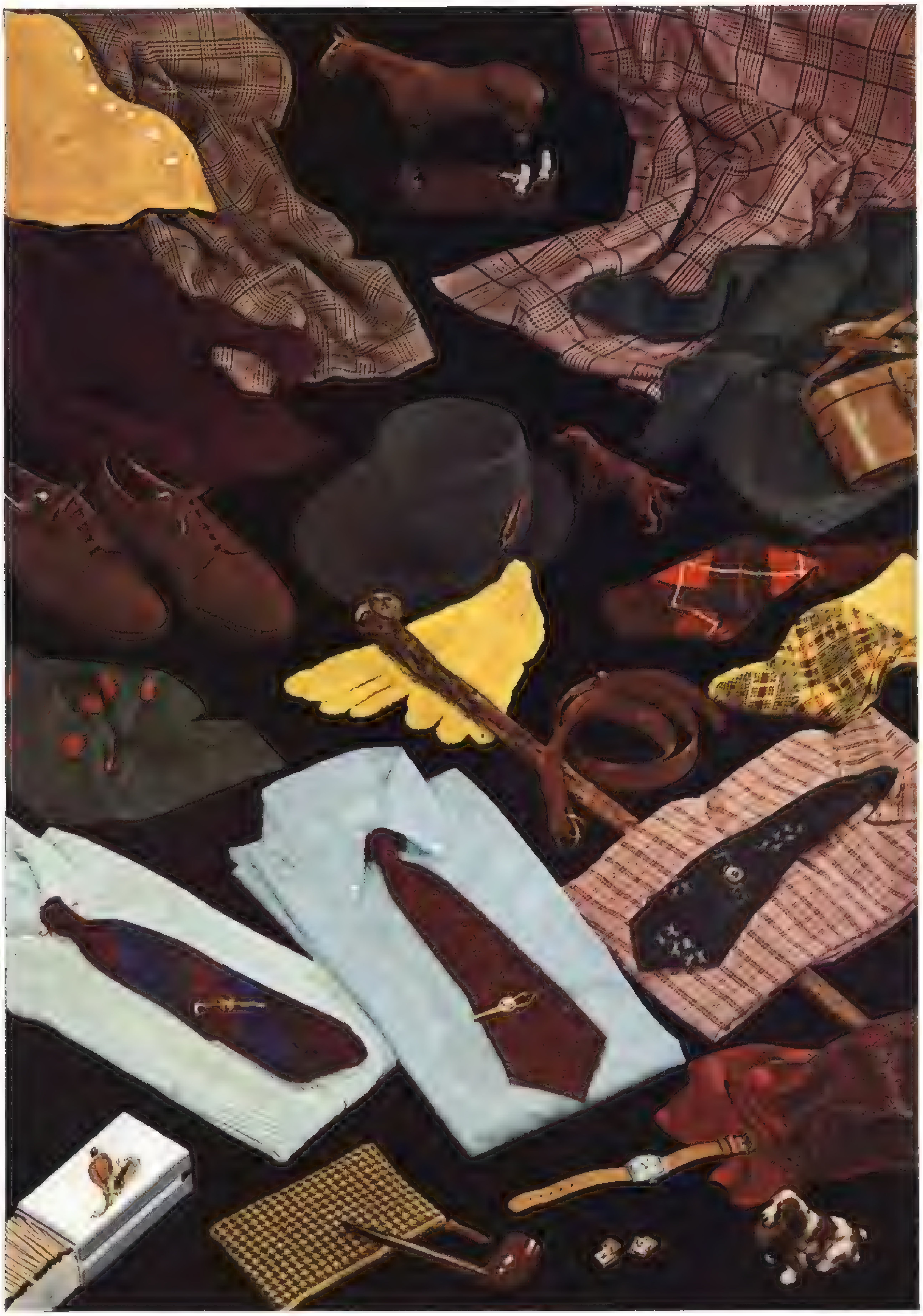
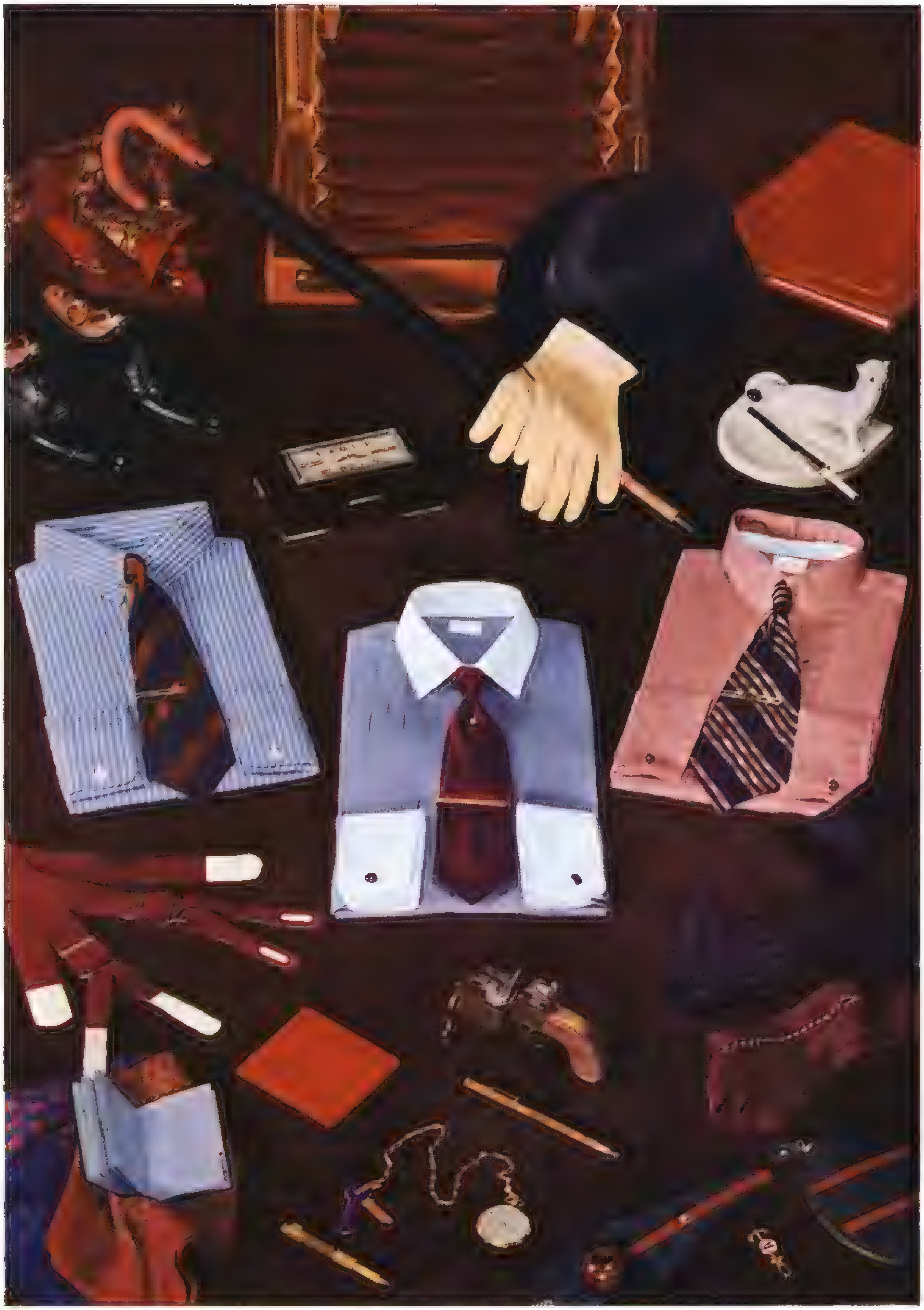


ACCESSORIES FOR THE OUT-OF-DOORS MAN

We've tried to explain to the fashion department that it is impossible to describe thirty-two items in this dinky little space they leave us at the bottom of each fashion page, but they don't pay any attention. So if you have a feeling of frustration at trying to figure out what any of these things are, or what they're made of, it's nothing to how frustrated we feel. Here we're full of facts about all of them, and can't begin to tell you about them. At that, maybe the fashion department's right; maybe you'd rather see a lot of things, and figure them out for yourself, than just a few with detailed descriptions. Anyway, the two suitings are Saxony plaids; the Mohr District at the left and the Prince of Wales at the right. The pullovers are Shetland, the walking stick is of furze-wood, the polo pony is wood sculpture, the dogs are Royal Doulton ware and the pheasant decorated box holds kitchen matches for pipe smokers.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y., for sources of articles photographed.)



THE MAN OF AFFAIRS RETURNS TO TOWN

Despairing of being able to give you a complete listing of the multitude of items shown here, we'll have to content ourselves with telling you that this glamorous layout is a presentation of appropriate accessories for executives. If you're an executive, you know what all these gadgets are without our telling you, and if you aren't, why add to your unhappiness? Anyway, the big point is that all these accessories are keyed in with the smart Guard's combination of colors, blue and red. Probably the outstanding fashion note on the page is the use of a wine colored tie on a blue plaited bosom shirt, as shown in the central exhibit. Space also permits our mentioning the larger knot of the necktie and the use of the plain pearl stickpin. The clock is a cigarette box, the pistol is a desk lighter, the pencil is a perpetual calendar, and the ashtray (surprise, surprise) is just an ashtray, but it's alabaster with an ermine animal figure.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y., for sources of articles photographed.)

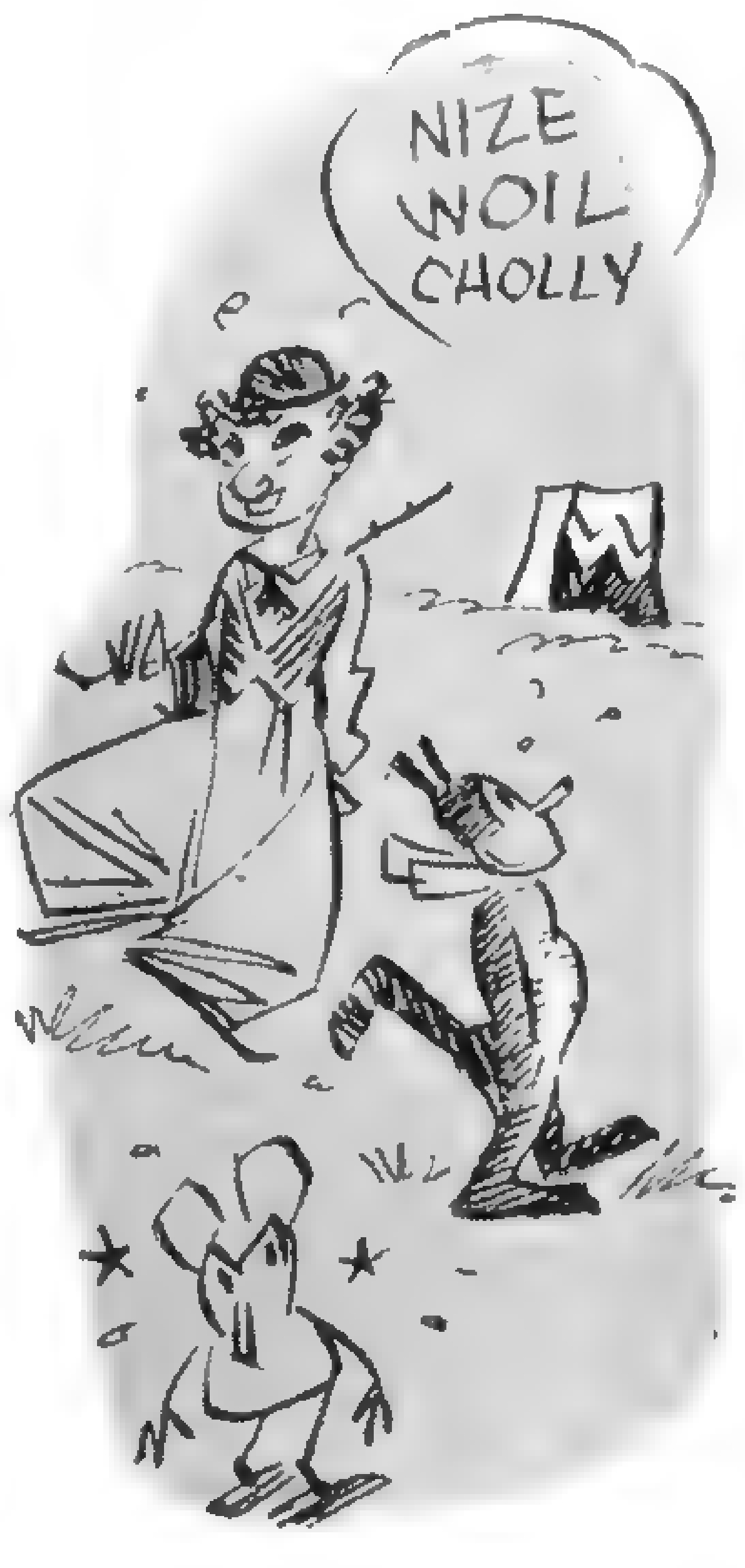
The Kat Comes of Age

Twenty-first birthday salute to the Komic strip which being serious, is as funny as Chaplin

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

As he is timeless, ageless, and deathless, Krazy Kat has not been aware of his twenty-first birthday and I fancy that his creator, George Harriman, is still too modest about his masterpiece to celebrate the event. I do it for him with profound gratitude and with a slight shock of surprise. For it seems only a little time ago that, being told to learn the makeup of the comic page of the Pittsburgh Sun, I discovered Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse doing absurd things totally unlike the doings of all other comic strips, saying words odd beyond all knowing but oddly right for them, and having a sort of fantastic existence. But it was 1914 and that means that for twenty-one years I have been taking pleasure in the infinite variety of the same comic strip—something of a record in itself—and find it this week as enchanting and indescribable as ever. In that time how many of the famous characters of the strips have vanished either from print or popularity, how many strips have abandoned their character and become little illustrated serial stories, how many fads have come and gone! And how many of those who persist have lost freshness and remain only as bloodless diagrams, endlessly repeating their stale formula! The Kat remains unperturbed, isolated from the shock of events, and like the cat of Don Marquis, *toujours gai!*



When I say "as enchanting and indescribable as ever" of this week's Krazy Kats, I am, like Warren Hastings, astounded at my own moderation, for this week Krazy is more than ever himself. He has discovered a canoe in one of those ponds which, against all nature, spring up in the enchanted mesa, and it is his fixed idea that the canoe, owing to its structure, can bark. "To be frank, Krazy," says Offissa Pupp, his guardian and adorer, "I must say I have never heard a canoe bark—not even a birch bark canoe." And Krazy answers, "But I think it's a rissinibbil ida to think that a birch bokk kinnoo should bokk," to which unaggressive remark, Offissa Pupp can only say that there's no harm in thinking so, but to himself, as he departs he mutters, "Never such naïve simplicity—elusive as dawn dust, the march of moonbeams . . . a star's twink . . . dear Kat!" And then, in the darkness of the waning moon, the canoe does bark!

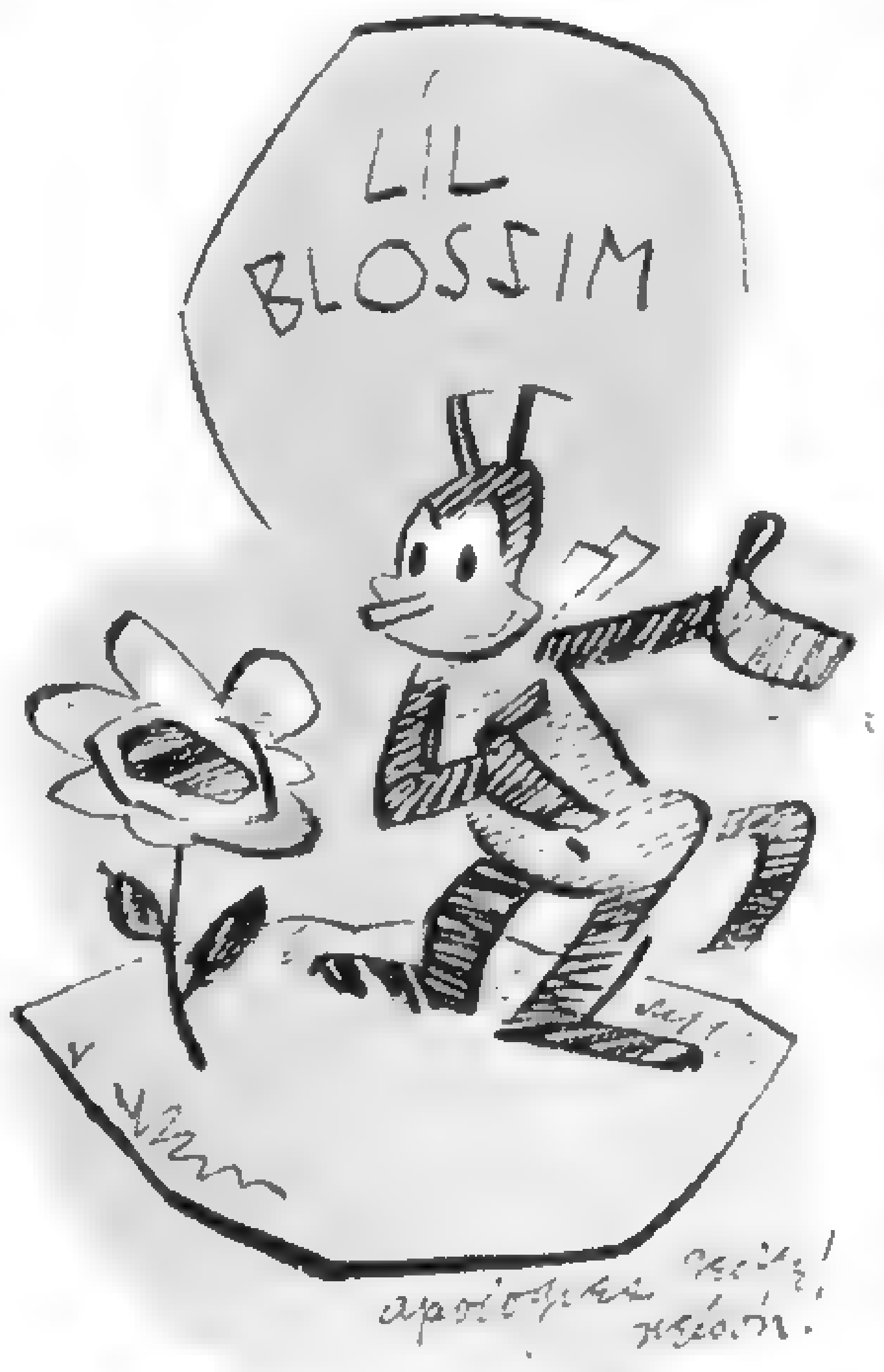
Krazy is a fat little body centered around a dot of a navel, always standing upright, with a white face, dot eyes, and a sort of starched bow or collar (without which, when he is doing his washing, he feels naked and ashamed). There isn't an atom of whimsy or quaintness in him, he is a clearcut personality, bewildered at times by the unreason of a world in which the sun shines during the day when it is light, but at night, when we need it, has vanished; or shocked at the unfairness of having more ocean than we know what to do with at San Francisco or Boston, but none at all at Tulsa, Oklahoma; or baffled by lemonade, because first you put lemon in it to make it sour and then you put sugar in it to make it sweet. His intellects are, you may say, addled. But his heart is pure, his confidence in one and all is boundless, his incapacity to believe evil is touching and triumphant.

It is triumphant because he is perpetually in touch with evil. His companion is Ignatz Mouse, a swashbuckler, a privateer, with a neglected family at home, a character of the most dangerous disposition, the Satanic principle embodied. It is the pleasure of Ignatz to bounce a brick off the Kat's head and all the vigilance of Offissa Pupp (who is a bulldog in person) is useless. For Krazy aids and abets the Mouse, Krazy wants the brick and defeats evil by his love. This is really the great plot of all the episodes and it goes back to an almost forgotten day in which Krazy dreamed himself into the past, as the sacred Cat of the Bubastes, a reincarnation of an Egyptian princess to whom a lover sent a letter of passion dug in hieroglyphics on a clay brick. Since then the brick has been the symbol of love to Krazy, no matter what it has been to Ignatz; Krazy is untouchable by evil because he knows it is Love.

But this is not all. The seven thousand comic strips which make up the saga of Krazy Kat are suffused with irony, for Ignatz, who keeps throwing his brick because the Kat is romantic and foolish, never finds out how ardently Krazy accepts it. Ignatz is a realist. Many years ago he announced that he was "too broad minded and advanced" to believe in Santa Claus, and the full irony of the situation is that to Krazy Kat, Ignatz *is* Santa Claus. It is even impossible for Krazy to think that Offissa Pupp and Ignatz are not swimming in his own sea of love. When the Pupp chases Ignatz and drags him off to jail, Krazy imagines that they are playing tag, "just like the boom companiens wot they is." And if Ignatz is put in jail, as he so often is, Krazy imagines that it is only because Offissa Pupp is fond of his company.

Like many fond and foolish characters, Krazy hits at times upon profound simplicities. Your practical man, Ignatz, is impressed by a falling star; the miracle for Krazy is "them that don't fall." And some ten years ago he anticipated one of the impressive events of the recent unpleasantness when he went into a bank and, with the aplomb of a financial genius, wrote a check for thirty million dollars. When the cashier protested that Krazy did not have that much money in the bank, he replied, "I know it. Have you?"

The language of Krazy Kat is a little miracle of its own. It corresponds to no known dialect; it is a private Kat language. Occasionally you find a word spelled exactly right, and you are surprised to discover that it is put in quotation marks. The reason for this has never been clear, although Mr. Harriman is pretty sure that he uses quotes for emphasis. How he makes up the majority of his words I cannot guess, but that he is a master in a small way of literary style I am quite sure. "In these blissfil hours my soul will know no strife," Krazy says. "In my Kosmis there will be no feeva of discord . . . All my immotions will function in hominy and kind feelings." The very names of the countryside are full of beautiful vowels: Coconino and Yorba Linda and "the echoing cliffs of Kaibito." And the pictures of these enchanted places are equally full of fantasy and beauty. I gather that the original inspiration comes from Arizona or thereabouts, but how in that desert do we come upon mountains with Egyptian designs engraved upon them, lakes, and a wild vegetation of trees and shrubs? To be sure, the latter appear to be at times growing out of vast pots, but this is only a temporary measure, for it is Harriman's fancy that his characters shall stand still and the backgrounds change behind them and black night



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Country Editor in New York

The metropolis where you can rent a Rolls-Royce with your own initials blazed on the door

by HOMER CROY

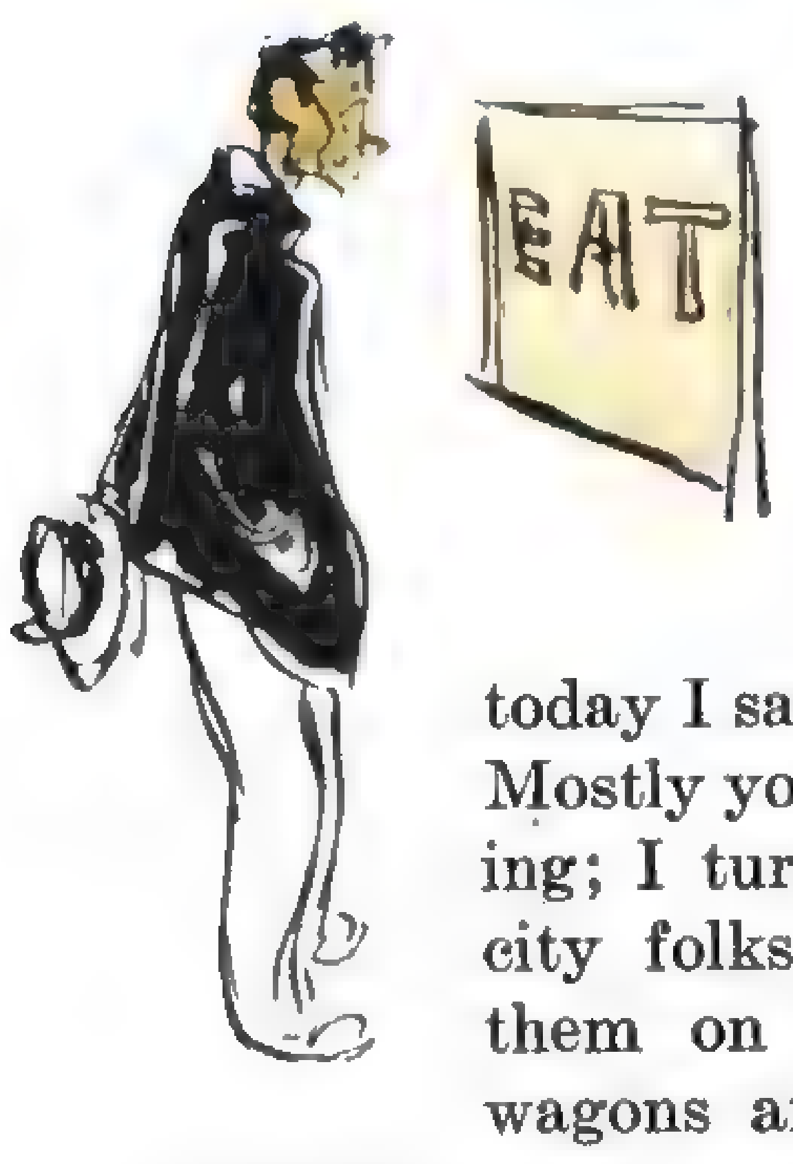
• ARTICLE •

I'M SURE awfully pleased to have a look at your town. I'd always been wantin' to make a run East, but never got to till now, and I'm sure enjoyin' it, like I say. An' gettin' lots of good stuff for my paper. It's goin' to keep me in editorial for a long time. Any week I dry up, I can sort through my New York notes and find something that'll start me going.

One thing that surprises me about your New York is how dirty the streets are. How littered up and filled with paper and goodness knows what. Back home we get the idea everything in New York is the last word; but my town wouldn't dream of havin' streets as dirty as yours. That was what I was thinkin' yesterday, but today I gleaned some information that sure surprised me, and that was it costs a penny to pick up and dispose of every piece of paper on your streets. That keeps running through my head, so when I walk down the street and see a piece of paper I say to myself, "There's a penny." Also I think about you poor New York City taxpayers. When I see a man drop an empty cigarette package I say, "You don't know it, but you're goin' to help pay to pick that up."

Yes, sir, New York's quite a farming town. Never realized it before. But I found there are 365 families classed in the official census as being farming families. And 2,400 cows are milked every day in New York City. Odd, isn't it?

Comin' from the country makes me interested in horseshoes. I guess you're thinkin' that's a funny subject to be interested in, but back where I come from horses are still a live topic. There's lots more horses here than I expected to find, and today I saw one on Fifth Avenue. Mostly you see them in the morning; I turn out earlier than you city folks, I expect, and I see them on milk wagons and ice wagons and bread wagons, and yesterday I saw one on a laundry wagon. Stopped a driver and asked him where he got his shoeing done and he said there were plenty of places holdin' out, and he gave me the name of Michael J. Cavanagh's, at 28 West 67th Street, and I made it a point to go in. Found Mr. Cavanagh had passed on, but the shop under new management was going full tilt. Had two horses on the floor when I walked in. We haven't got a building in our town as high as the ones around that shop. *Tinkle-tinkle* went the forge away down there in that brick and masonry well. Kind of touching, it was.



A helper gave me the information that Mr. Cavanagh had charged $6 to shoe a horse clear around. Said for fancy gaited animals he had charged $20. Their shoes had to be made by hand. One time he sent one of his men to England to accompany Harry Payne Whitney's polo team. I guess that's goin' to make an item for my *Forum* —when I tell 'em a New York sport took a blacksmith all the way to England just to shoe his stock. Well, anyway, that's what he told me and I didn't have any cause to doubt him. Oh yes! I was about to forget something. I found out there are still blacksmith shops in New York. Personally I'm glad to see them hang on, and I'll count it a sad day when the last horse is gone. I like horses, and I think most people do. Horses and dogs. They're my favorites.

Getting out early in the morning I began to notice how many automobiles had stood parked all night on the streets, as I could tell from the dew, or a dash of rain. And not dilapidated cars, like you usually think of as being all-night parkers, but nice looking rigs. Well, I looked into it and I found there are about 60,000 citizens of your town who own cars and who do not keep them in garages. They leave 'em on the streets all night in order to keep from paying rent. Now and then, they informed me, the police round them up and fine them, but it works out cheaper in the end to use the streets than to pay garage rent. And I didn't blame them so much, when I looked into it, for I found that garage space is twenty dollars a month. Why! in my town you can rent a house for that; and not such a bad house, either. How you New Yorkers ever have enough money left to buy gas is beyond me.

Speakin' of cars, I was in a taxicab the other day (we still call 'em "jitneys") and while waitin' for the lights to change, the driver told me something that surprised me. He said if you rented a Rolls-Royce for a month, the renting agency would paint your initials on the door free of charge. I'm free to say I don't like it; to me that's the very epitome of New York—painted initials on a rented car! But it'll be some time before I have to wrestle with that problem, country editors makin' what they do. A taxi now and then is about all the splurging I can stand. Oh yes! He said they'd put flowers in, too. Hired flowers in a hired car! I'll say that that's too much for me.

I drove in over the great George Washington Bridge which passes over the Hudson River from New York to the New Jersey banks. I'd heard a lot about it; in fact, when it was opened I wrote an editorial about it as being the biggest and most wonderful Bridge in the world. And it is. I don't think any man who takes a fair look at it can say otherwise. Fact is, it took such a hold of me that I drew up, and fell into conversation with one of the bridge policemen. Nice fellow, and most obliging, especially when he saw my license plates. He said that the Bridge, countin' its approaches, lacked just sixty feet of being two miles long. It'd been kind of nice, I thought, if they'd stretched it so as to make it exactly two miles, but I reasoned that would probably have meant a lot of money. Anyway, the point is it lacks sixty feet. Also he said it is as high as a fifty story office building. Said the Bridge was sixteen inches longer on a hot day in summer than on a cold day in winter.

He seemed to sort of like to talk with me, and asked me how many policemen I figured it took to operate the Bridge. I thought about my town. We have two: one day, and one night man; then there's the sheriff, but he only functions outside the city limits, unless there's a mob attack which we had a few years ago. Of course I knew the Bridge would need more men than my town so I guessed ten. The officer kind of smiled.

"Guess again."

"Twenty," I said.

Then he told me. It takes 56 policemen. That is, for twenty-four hours. They work in three shifts, but

they aren't paid as well as the City men. I asked why and he said it was because they weren't subject to as much danger. They don't take their pistols home with them. I guess it'd make Barney Dougan pretty mad if we told him he had to shuck his pistol when he started home at night.

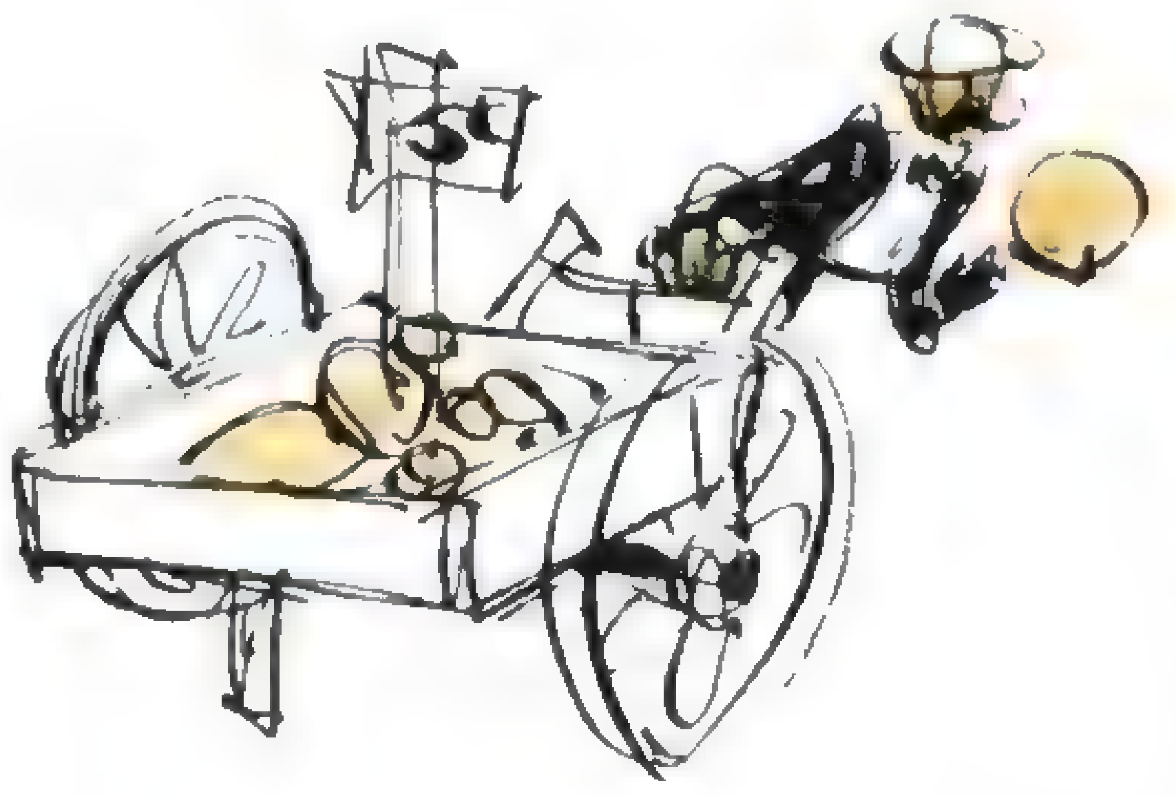
He (the bridge policeman, I mean) told me they had written requests from all sorts of people wanting to make stunt jumps off the Bridge. Said they averaged about two a month. Said one stunter (as he called him) wrote in and said: "Please send me a permit to jump your Bridge. You better send it because I'm going to jump it, anyway." An' he did jump it . . . and died.

Thirty have jumped from the Bridge, and two have lived.

Shipwreck Kelly wrote in askin' for permission to jump. I guess you'll recall him. He's been a good deal in the papers as the champion flagpole sitter of the world, which is my idea of the nadir of nothing to be champion of. Well, they told him No; then he wrote back he was goin' to jump anyway—had some sort of tie-up with a news-reel. The Bridge authorities sent pictures of Shipwreck to the policemen, they watched for him and sure enough he turned up. Had a motorboat below. They didn't lay hands on him, but the police stayed with him and finally walked him off.

One man had a sail-suit. The wind was to catch in it and buoy him up. But he hadn't counted on the strong wind which whips under the Bridge . . .

Costs five cents to walk across, but you can *ride* across for ten cents. If you fancy a bicycle you've got to pay a quarter. Seems kind of queer, but that's the rules and regulations, he told me. Also said if you wanted to take an animal across on foot you had to get written permission from the New York Port Authority. Oh yes! another point: he said if you ran out of gas on the Bridge they charged you twenty-five cents a gallon. But he said this wasn't as bad as the Holland Tunnel (which I haven't yet seen); said if you run out in the Tunnel you pay a dollar a gallon. Lots of money to a country editor.



Another thing he mentioned was about the electric car counter, or rather axle counter, for that's what it is, he said. He showed me a rubber plate in the roadbed; every time a car rolls across it counts the axles, and flashes a number in electric lights above the New Jersey entrance to the Bridge. He said that since the Bridge was opened only two men had tried to cheat the axle counter; and they were soon caught up with. Another odd thing he told me was that it costs a dollar to walk an elephant across the Bridge; but you can haul him across for fifty cents. Remember that when you are making your elephant plans.

You New Yorkers certainly do things in a big way when it comes to education, a subject I'm interested in, as back home I am on the School Board, and have a daughter almost ready for high school; and my wife was a school teacher before she took to helping me. Naturally we talk education a good deal. Well, I find your New York has 37 colleges. (This counts in eight schools of medicine, and two of law, and four schools of theology. Seems funny there are more schools for preachers than for lawyers, don't it? Maybe New York stands in need of preachers more than it does of lawyers. Good idea for an editorial.) Columbia University, I find, has 31,834 students. So you see you people here in New York go in heavy for higher education—and yet four persons out of a hundred, above the age of ten, can not either read or write! Good land! I don't think there's a single grown person in Maryville who can't read or write. It just shows you how far behind New York is.

New York's certainly the eatingest place I ever saw. In my town we observe meal hours. The Blue Bird begins to fill up at twelve, again at six, but between times there is hardly anybody around; same way with the Linville which gets the traveling public. But here you're always eatin'. I've never been up so late, or so early, that the restaurants weren't doing business. And the number of people who stand up to eat amazes me. I've been in a dozen, I reckon, that haven't a seat in them. Back my way you wouldn't any more think of standing up to eat than you would of standing up to sleep. On top of that I found out an odd item I want to mention in my paper; and that is New York gets sixteen carloads of spinach *daily*. Must be the Popeye influence.

Another—*est* thing about your lively city is that it's the chewing-gumest place I ever saw. Everywhere I look jaws are going; on the streets, in the subway, in the elevators. Must be the tension people live under. Man at the Pennsylvania Station told me they scraped twenty pounds of chewing-gum off the floors every morning. Said they scrubbed the floors first, then went over them with a special scraper that lifted the gum. Takes the gum-specialist, he said from six o'clock in the morning until ten to get up the discarded gum.

When we think of New York we think how rich it is—its millionaires, its limousines, its penthouses, its yacht owners. There is no doubt it is the city of the rich, but on the other hand I got to noticing how many push-cart peddlers there are on the streets, and I found there are 12,000 of them. And only twenty-five per cent of your people have bank accounts. I tell you, New York's got me in a daze.

And you're wicked, too. That's what we think back in the corn belt. And we've got a good deal of evidence to support it, for every day we read in our papers about the gangsters and racketeers and murderers in your enterprising up-and-coming city. In fact, I've found there are more than nine murders a week in your town, and yet the average New York policeman makes an arrest only once in two weeks. And there are policemen who do not make a single arrest in a year. I guess that's goin' to make Barney feel better.

One of the features that's hit me the hardest is your subways, because we don't have anything akin to them. And the number of people you pack into them! They're as thick as the grains on an ear of popcorn. The other night I came back to my son-in-law's where I'm stopping and it was midnight, and yet the train was crowded. He uses the Eighth Avenue subway, and it's a wonder. It makes one jump from 59th Street to 125th Street without stopping. I figured it out and that's a little better than the whole length of my town. And yet more people ride up and down than horizontal. In other words, the elevators carry more passengers than all the subways, surface car lines and elevated combined. When I think of that it makes my town seem pretty small, because the only elevator we've got in town is in the Bentley Building and it's run with a rope.

My son-in-law asked me where I thought the geographical center of population was. Naturally, I didn't have a very clear idea because I didn't know the town, but he told me to guess. I guessed it was in the Bronx, although at that time I hadn't been there, but I'd heard about "Jafsie's" "Beautiful Bronx" and so I pinned it with my guess. He told me to try again, but it wasn't any use and I told him so. Then he gave up the information—said it was a *cemetery* in Long Island City. I guess the home folks are going to like that!

A thing that surprises me about your town is how *unfriendly* you people are; and how suspicious everybody is of everybody else, a spirit I don't like to see. My son-in-law I mentioned has lived in the same apartment for a little better'n three years and he's never been inside the apartments of the people on each side of him. And more'n that he said he didn't want to. I spoke to one of the parties, and he was a right pleasant man. Turned out he'd come from the Middle West himself, but Earl had been regarding him with suspicion all along. I must say I like the custom of knowing your neighbors and bein' on good terms with them. They may be fine people; just because they live next door to you don't make them suspicious characters. As soon as a new family moves into our neighborhood we call on them and welcome them, and I'm frank to say I like the custom. There's lots of nice people in the world, if you take the trouble to be nice first.

On top of this I'm surprised at the amazing number of shoplifters your enterprising city has. Earl told me about it and I looked into it and this is what I've found: there are 6,000 professional shoplifters in New York; that is, I was informed, men and women who make a living at this slimy trade. The department stores have banded together and have a protective organization at 132

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Cafeteria Complex

Continued from page 61

who will not take the rolls with the order?"

"Yes, Sir."

The President of the Cross-Country Cafeteria Corporation turned his head and bored me with a gimlet eye.

"And is this the gentleman?" he asked. I brushed my hair back, self-consciously.

"Yes, Sir," said the manager.

"Why damme," went on the gimlet-eyed President, peering at me closely, "Isn't your name Locomovich?"

"As a matter of fact," said I, shuffling my feet nervously, "my name is J. Perry Locomovich."

"Didn't you row for Harvard back in '99?"

"As a matter of fact," said I, "I did."

"Well, you old son-of-a-gun!" cried the President of the Cross-Country Cafeteria Corporation. "I was the fellow whose oar was always splashing water in your eye!"

"Well, you old son-of-a-gun!" said I. We embraced.

"If this gentleman wants his lunch without rolls," said he, turning to the manager, "let him have it. Goodbye. I have an appointment in California."

He was gone.

"Oh, by the way," I shouted after him, "that one about putting things off till tomorrow—that was Franklin, you know, not Lincoln—Ben Franklin."

"Twaddle!" he snapped, putting his head back through the door. "Popular superstition. Like many of Franklin's sayings, it was lifted from the Greek. A. Lincoln had the first copyright on it, way back in 1865. Saw the papers myself. Goodbye."

He was gone again.

"That man is a veritable storehouse of human knowledge," said the manager. "I never suspected Lincoln was a Greek."

It seemed to me there was something funny about the date, too, but I was too hungry to worry over it. I stumbled out into the dining room clutching a slip on which was scrawled, "O.K. No rolls. Manager." Sure enough, there was my order just as I had left it. It was cold and it was stale, but it was the first food I had tasted in three days, so I consumed it with relish.

Stepping into a telegraph office fifteen minutes later to let my company know why the hot water bottles were behind schedule, I found a line of angry people waiting to file telegrams.

"Can't get a word over the wires for half an hour," growled one of them. "Some damned cafeteria outfit has every telegraph line in the country tied up, sending messages to its managers. Something about changing one of their specials. Something about rolls." ⧺

To My Darling

Continued from page 70

and Fearon was buried, Harker, Fearon's agent, came down to the house to help Dorothy, in her capacity as executrix of Fearon's will, to clear up Fearon's literary remains and to see if there was anything left from the wreck to help the widow and children. There was the new novel at any rate—Fearon had been running through the typescript the day before he died.

In the drawers of the desk there were half a dozen short stories—apparently ones which Fearon had thought too poor to send to Harker to sell for him. Harker put them together and swore to himself that he would sell them now or perish in the attempt.

Harker was the best literary agent in the entire world, and knew it, and he was fond of Dorothy. He knew too that the dead man would far rather have Dorothy benefit by such sales than that his reputation as an author should be safeguarded by suppression.

Dorothy was looking through the mass of uncompleted typescript on the side table.

"I can't understand this, quite" she said, looking up at Harker. Then, when she had read a little further, she went on. "It almost seems as if Frank had a premonition about—about the accident. But that couldn't be, could it?"

There were tears in her eyes as she read. Harker took the sheets from her hand and began himself to read. Harker had—as the best literary agent in the world should be expected to have—a very sensitive and accurate taste in literature.

"I could almost believe that this was meant for me by Frank" said Dorothy. "It's so—so *like* him. It's this piece about Helen that makes me sure he didn't mean it as a letter to me, though. Of course, I don't mean that I can't believe he could have been unfaithful to me. I'm sure he wasn't, but he could have been—he was a man, after all, and women liked him. But he only speaks of this Helen, and there's only one Helen whom we both knew—Helen Wallace, whom we were going to see when we had the accident. And we only just knew her. She wasn't at all an intimate friend. It couldn't have been her, then, could it?"

Harker was very careful to be so deeply interested in what he was reading that he did not look up. He realized that he knew a great deal more about Helen Wallace than Dorothy did—and he was not going to show it.

"I think" said Dorothy "that this must be the first half of an unfinished short story. Frank often wrote short stories, you know, without telling me about them beforehand. That was because he wanted to see the effect of the dénouement on me before he sent them up to you. He used to call it "trying it on the dog." We always used to talk over his novels together, but he kept his short stories as a surprise for me."

"Yes," said Harker, still reading. "I knew about that."

"Frank couldn't have guessed," continued Dorothy; she may have been trying to convince herself, and succeeding "about the accident which was just going to happen. Of course, if he had, he'd have finished this letter—because it would have been a letter then—before he did anything else. And then perhaps the accident wouldn't have happened. But it's this mention of Helen which convinces me more than anything else. There couldn't have been anything between them. Frank always spoke of her as Mrs. Wallace, too. I wouldn't mind—*really* I wouldn't—if I knew of anything. But there couldn't have been. Frank just used the name Helen as a character in this story. After all, Helen sounds the right sort of name for a woman like that, doesn't it? Frank was always very clever in his choice of names for his characters."

"Yes," said Harker. "He was."

Dorothy was reading now the uncompleted page which she had taken out of the typewriter.

"This is very lovely sensitive work, isn't it?" she said. "Frank always used to get very angry when people used to attribute to him the ideas or opinions which he gave his characters. Especially, he said, because they were always far more willing to think he was like the villain than the hero. But in this case I can't help doing it too. I feel sure that a whole lot of what he makes this man say in this letter to—his mistress, isn't it? I don't think it's his wife—is what Frank would have written if he could have foreseen what was going to happen. It sounds just like Frank—except—except that this woman was obviously far too good for the man who was writing, and of course I wasn't too good for Frank. I wasn't nearly good enough, really."

Harker only made an indefinite sort of noise in reply.

There may still have been the least, tiniest doubt still troubling Dorothy, but her final deduction cleared it up for good.

"No," she said, "this wouldn't have been meant as a letter for me. There's three and a half pages here, and there's not a word about Brian and Genevieve. You know how fond Frank was of the children, Mr. Harker. He wouldn't have written all this to me and not said a word about them."

"I suppose not," said Harker. But Harker knew about Helen Wallace, so that all Dorothy's arguments had absolutely no effect upon him.

Later he wondered however on earth he had contrived to avoid showing it.

"Do you know," said Dorothy, "I think this would have been the best work Frank ever did in his life if he had been able to finish it. Don't you think so?"

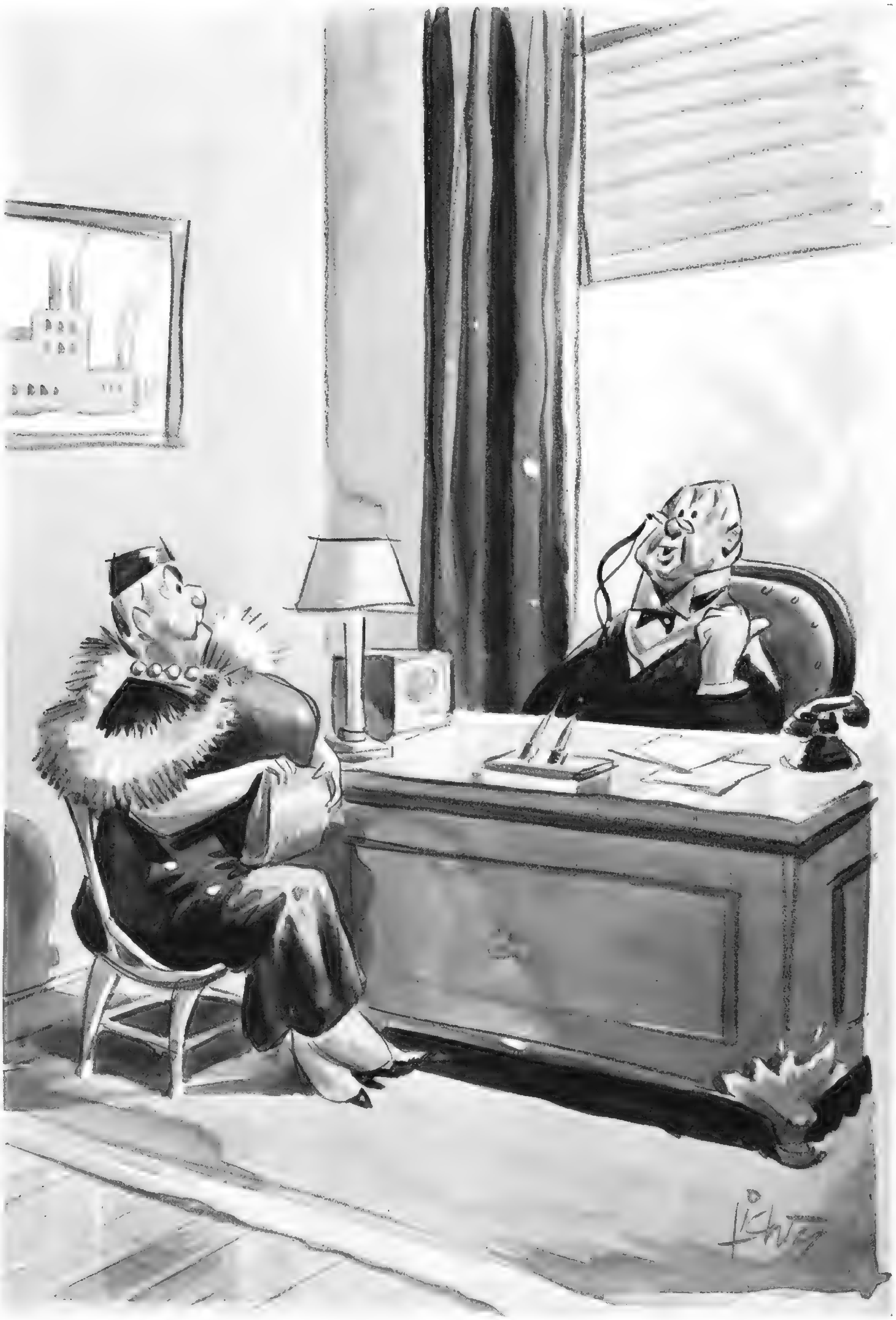
"Yes," said Harker.

"I wish he had finished it. I should like to know how it went on and what the end was going to be. But I'd give all this—I'd give everything—to have him back again."

That was the nearest that Dorothy came to breaking down during that interview. Later on she said—

"Frank would have laughed at me if he had thought I would take seriously what he said in a story. But I could take all this seriously. Except what he says here about marrying again. I won't ever do that."

But she did. She became Mrs. Harker in the end. ⧺



"You better go now dear—you know how jealous my secretary is!"

For Gold and Glory

Here's a nice little budget for running a stable if you have twenty-five grand to lose

by CHARLES B. PARMER

SPORTS

Did the Devil ever tempt you to buy a race horse and go out for gold and glory? You know that he who never takes a chance never gets a break; and you've heard the tales of those who did take a chance and were made rich by one thoroughbred.

Remember Dominique? He sold for $50 as a yearling and won $50,000. Prince James cost $1,000 and earned $80,000 in three years. Roman Soldier, despised castoff as a yearling, brought only $100 at the Saratoga sales. A year later he was sold for $7,500; and, well, have you been following him? He won the $15,000 Texas Derby a few months ago; was second in the Kentucky Derby—right behind Omaha—and on June 15th won the $25,000 Detroit Derby—a $100 castoff!

Morvich as a two-year-old was claimed for $3,500; he earned $115,000 in the same year; and the following Spring took *the* Derby—$50,000 added. Exterminator, world's greatest gelding, cost $2,000 as a yearling; was sold by Cal Milam to W. S. Kilmer for $10,000—and then won the Derby and hundreds of thousands in stakes and purses.

You know Cavalcade, of course. Remember his great finish in the 1934 Derby? He cost only $1,200 at the Saratoga sale. His winnings have passed the hundred thousand mark, and his career has only begun as a handicap horse. He is insured to the extent of $200,000 and he is valued at $500,000.

The list is long—that of low-priced horses which earned great fortunes. Why not own a stable? Now is the time, for racing approaches its zenith in America.

You know it is the sport of kings—money kings and gambling kings. You are neither. But you've heard that all men are equal under and on the turf. It doesn't cost much to feed a thoroughbred, does it? He can't eat more than a buggy-horse. Why shouldn't your colors flash in the Futurity, the Preakness, the Kentucky Derby, the Belmont Stakes?

They should, if you have this kind of luck: *you can throw a rock at a mule, miss him, and strike oil where the rock falls.*

If you're not that lucky, turn thumbs down on the idea. Recall what Col. E. R. Bradley said last year? Bradley, four-time winner of the Derby, Master of Idle Hour Farm, whose horses have won two and a half million dollars in stakes and purses in the last thirty-six years:

"I really can't afford to run horses. They keep me poor. It costs me approximately $30,000 a month to maintain my stable—and some months there isn't a cent coming in. Only in two years have my horses won $200,000 a year."

But you are lucky. And you have an idle twenty-five thousand. Why not parlay that to half a million? You choose a set of brilliant colors, register them with The Jockey Club, and plunge into the maddest gamble known to modern man.

If you are mentally balanced one week later I congratulate you; for the moment you announce your intentions an army of track followers besiege you, all wishing to help in your campaign for gold and glory. Haven't you $25,000 to spend?

You discover that many of these gentry have only a hazy idea of the number of legs a horse has—"But listen, mister, my luck's turning, and if you and me make a trade we both'll wear diamonds."

You are not interested in diamonds; but in hiring a capable trainer. You know a few wealthy owners—such as A. G. Bostwick who developed Mate into a great handicap horse—train their thoroughbreds themselves; but I would advise turning over the handling of horses to a professional. You supply the money and the luck.

Great trainers are as scarce as great cup horses. And they command fabulous salaries. I don't think you could take H. J. ("Dick") Thompson from Col. Bradley for less than a President's pay. And didn't W. S. Kilmer give Henry McDaniel $50,000 a year? Gossip said so.

Being lucky, you find a good trainer temporarily without a stable. He listens when he learns you have money and enough horse sense to give him free rein. Maybe he's as clever as Johnny Walters, who developed Great Britain into America's great cup champion; or a man such as Bob Smith, who trains Cavalcade for Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane.

You will discover he's an individualist in an occupation that breeds rugged individuals. Remember Smith's words to Mrs. Sloane when she offered him a contract? "If you get tired of me, give me ten minutes' notice. If I want to leave I'll give you ninety days."

Your trainer will cost you only $5,000 a year—luck still being with you—plus ten per cent of your winnings.

When you embarked on this venture you thought you'd establish your stable overnight. Being in honest hands, you learn otherwise. The trainer turns his leathery face to one side. He bites off a chew of natural twist; places it in his jaw, then looks at you with eyes that have made many a jockey shuffle his boots. He asks:

"You got twenty-five thousand to lay on the line, haven't you?"

You nod. He ruminates a moment. Says nothing. His next question floors you—it implies a truth so different from the glowing statements made by the riff-raff who tried to interest you in wearing diamonds:

"You want to lose this dough in a week, or you want it to last a year or so?"

You were going to parlay it to half a million!

He grunts. "Course, we can pick up a few nags for a few thousands, start racing tomorrow. And the bankroll starts away, too. Now listen to me!"

I said he'd be a rugged individualist, didn't I? Take twenty-five thousand into Wall Street—to the most honest trader on the board—and observe how suavely you are treated. But here you are facing an honest turfman, and he's telling things to you—a boob.

"There's no money in racing unless we win big stakes. Best we can hope for is to cut down the losses. But to grab those big races we've got to develop great runners. We've got to buy a fist-full of yearlings, and see how they turn out. Even then it's a gamble, because you can't tell much about a yearling except his breeding and looks."

Your eyes open slightly—you see you are committed to a two-or-three-year project; with the chances of no return on your investment for some months. The trainer says:

"The average racing stable has from two to seven horses—and the owner's always broke. The millionaire has twenty or more horses in training—and expenses eat him alive.

"Now here's what we want to have when the season opens next year. And here's what they'll cost. The older horses I'll get at a fair price; for money doesn't talk, it shouts on the track when a season ends; and it soon ends this year. Many an owner will sell a good horse cheap so's to get feed-money for his stable over the winter."

A 3-year-old colt for valuable distance races—stakes, handicaps, big purses	$2,000
A 3-year-old sprinter	1,500
A cheaper 3-year-old for week-in-and-out running in the claiming races	1,000
A 4-year-old able to win over a route	1,500
Six 2-year-olds to develop—$1,000 each	6,000
Total	$12,000

The trainer explains: "We can't make expenses if we have only five or six horses of the same quality to run in the same sort of races. And we're hoping to develop another Cavalcade in the bunch of youngsters."

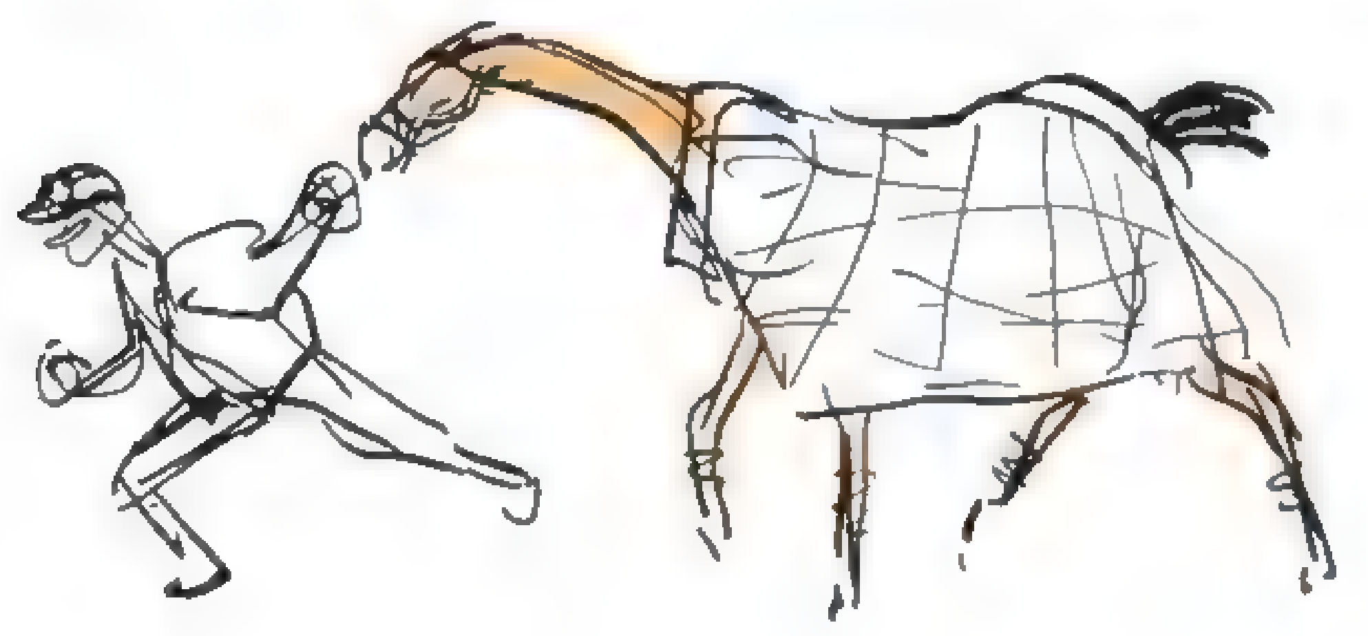
Most of the yearlings bred in America—and from 600 to 1000 come forth each year—are sold at the August sales at Saratoga. But why not go down Lexington-way with your trainer before the vendue, and try to pick up a bargain first hand? What an experience you are in for! Think you know human nature, don't you? Wait!

You drive under arching sycamores to a white mansion with tall pillars. ". . . hang your hats, gentlemen, on the rack under the sword. That weapon—it's a superstition of the house—it's never touched save in war time. My great-grandfather placed it there when he returned from the war of 1812. It's only been taken down four times. But first, let's get the dust out of your mouths."

He leads the way into a picture-lined den—pictures of great horses of other days. As the first one is hoisted the host nods toward a painting of a fleet-built animal. "Ten Broeck, gentlemen. Greatest distance racer in the world. Remember his match race with Mollie McCarthy at Louisville? Bit before your time, though. But first, let's take another one." He pours a big one around.

"Yes sir! Ten Broeck was matched with Mollie McCarthy. Let's see—that was in seventy-five, maybe seventy-six. Now Ten Broeck had one shortcoming. Couldn't run in the mud. Well sir, day before the race I was crossing the infield. There was a cloud in the sky—no bigger'n a lady's handkerchief. Ahead of me I saw Ten Broeck's owner; and he looked up and saw that cloud. He stopped. He dropped to his knees behind the Liverpool jump, and I heard him pray:

" 'Oh Lord, don't let it rain tomorrow, Lord. If you don't let it rain, I'll show you the damndest horse race you ever saw.'



"Gentlemen, the Lord heard his prayer and answered it. Ten Broeck won."

The bottle is passed for "one last one," and then, "shall we go and see the colts and fillies, gentlemen?"

You are taken into great paddocks where brood mares browse with spindly-legged weanlings—mares which won the Oaks and the Matron Stakes years ago. You walk up to them and they muzzle you affectionately, while their soft eyes seem to bespeak their offspring.

"Shan't sell these till next year—just wanted you to see some of our dams. Let's step into the yearling paddock."

He motions to a huge enclosure where a score of youngsters scamper. ". . . that big bay, he's got Omar Khayyam blood in him. Yes sir! And Omar Khayyam—he was an imported horse—he won the Derby, and his son, Mr. Khayyam, broke a track record in Maryland in '33. This little chestnut—" he points at a scraggly and forlorn creature out of place among these magnificent colts and fillies, "he's the best of the lot, but nobody knows it. No sir, he's not for sale! His grand-daddy was the immortal Papyrus, winner of the English Derby in Ben Irish's colors."

Those drinks took the edge off your discretion. You say: "Yes, and Zev beat the tar out of him at Belmont Park."

The breeder glares. "Even Man o' War was beaten one race, sir!" So he was. You are so bold as to comment on this youngster's appearance. "Those bones—" they are sticking out like knots on a gnarled oak. Again you said the wrong thing. "Bones! America's greatest gelding had so many bones sticking out you could hang a hat on 'em. They even nicknamed him Old Bones. But he won the Derby and fifty other big races. That was Exterminator, sir!"

You are silenced. He continues in mollified tones: "It's blood that tells—and he's got blood in him. On the distaff side he comes down from that famous English mare, Nun Superior by Permission, out of Priestess by Hermit the Second, registered in the English Stud Book, Volume XX."

You are still silent—and still looking at that keen bay, with imported Omar Khayyam blood in him. But your host talks of Little Bones:

"Yes sir, when I retired from racing and began breeding, I swore I'd stick to this end of the game. But this little chestnut makes me break my resolve. Gentlemen, his dam was nominated for the Futurity. The Futurity will be worth a hundred thousand for the winner next season. And this time next summer this little chap will be doing six furlongs in 1.12—one minute and twelve seconds. You know what that means. No sir, he's not for sale.

"He takes my colors back to the turf and into the winner's circle."

He shows other yearlings, with every mark of speed: rabbit-chests, short-backs, and long-bellies. "These are for sale, you might pick up a bargain here. But, aren't we a bit thirsty?"

We are!

Into the den again. An old Negro smiles ingratiatingly by the cellarette. The host steps to the waiting bottles. "Ever hear Marse Henry Watterson's recipe for the perfect mint julep? Take a frosted glass like this one; drop in a spot of sugar—so; lay a mint leaf reverently over it. Trickle a jigger of old Bourbon on it." He stops. Sniffs his bottle. "Richard, just how old is this whisky? Seems green to me."

Richard shows his ivories and answers: "Yes suh, it is a mite green. We laid it down just a speck ago. Let's see, it was the year Sir Barton win the Derby and the Preakness and the Belmont in a row—"

The master breaks in: "That was 1919." He is duly apologetic for liquor which is only 16 years old, laid down in charred oaken kegs.

"But I was speaking of Marse Henry's mint julep. We stir this—but ever so gently, so as not to crush the mint. We wish merely its bouquet, not the essence. Next we fill the glass with finely-cracked ice—so. Then drape mint leaves around the rim. Now for the final touch."

He holds the bottle of Bourbon aloft. "Marse Henry—and many's the time he sat in the chair you are in—he said if two were going to imbibe, put in enough Bourbon for two. If only one, then enough likker for four!"

One good thing leads to several more; and without you being conscious of it the conversation is deftly turned to the achievements of Papyrus and his get. ". . . yes sir! That little grandbaby is going to repeat the record. Named in foal for the Belmont Futurity! He'll win that next year. Then I'll point him for the Derby and the Preakness, the Belmont Stakes and the Arlington Classic. A horse that does six furlongs in 1:12 flat late in his two-year-old form is ideal Derby material."

So it is. But you forget. Little Bones has yet to run his first race. "The julep, now—yes-s, er, believe will take, er, 'nother one. Now Omar Khayyam blood is good, er, les'see—a jug o' wine—but, er, I believe my trainer's—trainer's the man to point—point the chestnut—"

The Master of the sycamores thunders: "Not for sale, sir! He carries my colors. Buy any colt or filly save that one."

After two more drinks—Richard spikes the guests' glasses and makes his master's drinks thin ones—you are ready to cry on his shoulder; to cry with joy because at last he has been persuaded to part with Little Bones.

You drag out a checkbook. A hardened

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For Gold and Glory

Continued from page 109

hand falls on your arm. It is your trainer. You'd forgot him. Yes, he's had a drink or so too, but he's been in this room before. He says—and there's dynamite in his voice: "We don't buy a hide till tomorrow." He turns to the breeder: "You might think up a bottom price for that colt with Khayyam blood—then split it in half and name it. As for that bony chestnut—bah!"

He is on his feet. You are led out. He tells you, "The old bozo tried to unload the runt on us because he knows he won't get a buyer at Saratoga. Maybe we'll take the Khayyam colt, maybe not."

You discover — to your joy — that he doesn't go in for expensive yearlings. He says: "Price alone doesn't make a race horse. Remember The Triumvir?" Who doesn't? He commanded the highest price at the Saratoga sales several years ago—costing thousands and thousands. Yet he didn't win a race as a two-year-old. For that matter, has The Triumvir ever won? Maybe he's drawing a milk cart now. That's the fate of many a thoroughbred lacking class.

At last your stable is assembled, and your trainer elects to winter at Douglas Park in Louisville. There's been no racing at Douglas for years—the meetings are held at Churchill Downs—but the oval is considered one of the finest training tracks in America; and for that reason many horsemen choose it. The paddocks are in blue grass—blue grass that is evergreen—and water with calcium and lime in it; that builds strong bones in baby racers.

You've paid an even twelve thousand for horse-flesh. You discover other initial overhead expenses: the transporting of horses to Louisville has cost $500; and your racing tack another five hundred: expensive blankets for each horse, two training saddles—they are $75 each—bits and halters and bridles and bandages and sponges and buckets and tubs.

You've spent $13,000—half your capital—the minute you open the stable. And there will be a six months' training and developing period before you have a chance to take in a shin-plaster.

You began with a trainer. Now you find you have an entourage to support while campaigning for gold and glory.

Your trainer has engaged three rubbers—*swipes* in turf parlance—who groom your horses, rub them as a trainer does a prize-fighter preparing for battle. One of these is paid more than the others: an old Negro with a knack for handling two-year-olds. He's worth every penny you pay him.

A fourth man is a combination foreman-and-groom. He takes charge of the stable the minute your trainer steps from under the roof. He sees that the horses are fed the right amounts, watered, rubbed, properly bedded down at night, and ready for exercising at peep o' day. The trainer directs the training.

You have two stable boys. These were chosen from the flotsam around the tracks, in the hope you may make another Tod Sloane out of one. At the moment they are exercise boys—galloping your mounts in the mornings. There's an art in galloping—that's why one of them is an experienced hand: he will instruct the other. This green lad has small hands and feet—indicating he won't grow and put on weight fast. You will make an apprentice jockey of him; and if he becomes another Silvio Coucci or Earl Porter his contract will be valuable.

Being not only lucky but wise, you call for a sheet of estimated expenses for this training period. It staggers you, but the trainer remarks, rolling his cud from jaw to jaw, "Takes money to breed money in this world."

Here's the list:

Salaries	*Monthly*
Trainer	$417
Foreman	100
1 rubber	60
2 rubbers at $50 each	100
1 stable boy (experienced)	40
1 stable boy (grooming for apprenticeship)	25
Total	$742

But wait! You feed all these, save the trainer. You may open your own kitchen, but I'd advise giving each hand one dollar a day and letting him feed at one of the public kitchens. There's $180 additional overhead monthly. And you must clothe your exercise boys. This will average $5 monthly apiece—you presume they come to you not entirely naked. Another $10 goes.

Now what about feeding those hay-burners you expect to win gold cups and derbies with? Ten of 'em. Figure a rough average cost of $15 a month a horse (just what it takes to feed a buggy-horse!) and that makes $150 more.

While in training a horse needs re-shoeing every four to six weeks—at $5 a shoeing. And every day or so a plate on some horse loosens, and you pay to have a nail driven in. Try to hold your blacksmith's bills to $40 a month.

You will have incidentals that will amaze you: breakages, articles to be replaced; liniments and salves and ungents; you'll call the veterinary in to look over the teeth, soothe a fever, blister a leg. These incidentals are inevitable and costly, even though you pare them down to a miser's spending money.

Here's a low estimate of your entire expense during this period.

Items	*Monthly*
Wages	$742
Board for the hands	180
Clothes for apprentices	10
Horse Feed	150
Blacksmith	40
Incidentals	78
Total	$1,200

Roughly, four dollars a day a horse. Of course many a Gypsy trainer (a man with one or two horses he handles himself) gets by on far less. He trains his nag, rubs it himself. Begs grain from others when funds are low—and maybe pays back. Gives a tramp exercise-boy two-bits to gallop his horse each morning. Borrows a blanket when his wears out—borrows tack—borrows everything. And sleeps in a vacant stall next to his horse on Poverty Row.

You haven't reached Poverty Row—yet. When the first day of the Spring meet comes you have ten highly-bred thoroughbreds in the pink. You make a quick calculation: they cost $12,000; incidental initial overhead, $1,000; you've spent $7,200 conditioning them. Present bankroll, only $4,800. You started with $25,000. You haven't taken in a penny. But you are ready. Now's when you need your luck; for there are fifty ways the best horse can lose a race—your trainer has impressed this—but only one way to win: to get under the wire first.

There's a purse on the day's program for maiden two-year-olds, four and one-half furlongs. (A maiden is a horse which has never won a race; a furlong is one-eighth of a mile, the track unit of measurement.)

The trainer has entered your best colt—one he is pointing toward the Belmont Futurity with its hundred thousand to the winner. Today he runs for less than a thousand dollars. You had thought your little apprentice would be put in the saddle; but the trainer says sharply:

"I'm not that big a fool. I want a boy who's an expert at handling two-year-olds. And I got him, too. But he cost us $100, win, lose or draw."

What's this?

Well, you gave him a free hand, didn't you? He tells you some more things about racing!

Though a horse is 80 per cent of the winning factor in a race and the jockey only 20 per cent, still a good jockey often snatches victory from defeat. You must ride good boys on your horses. And they come high.

Speaking quite frankly, out of your initial capital you can't afford to put a fancy rider under contract. Know what the big stables pay for their fancies? Five to fifteen thousand a year. Just to ride—and win.

Your apprentice hasn't shown any Earl Sande signs; can't risk him losing a race. You have to go into the open market and bid for your jock, from day to day. I'll grant that if you have a world beater in your barn every jockey on the track will want to ride him—jocks love to ride winners. It pays. But it's hard to get a fancy boy—the kind horses love to run for—to take an ordinary mount unless you whisper something in his ear.

Whisper money.

Oh yes, I know most racing associations say a rider shall receive but $10 for a losing mount and $25 for a winning one—other than in stakes and handicaps. But he doesn't have to ride your horse unless he wants to—if he's not under contract to you. Here's how to make him want to:

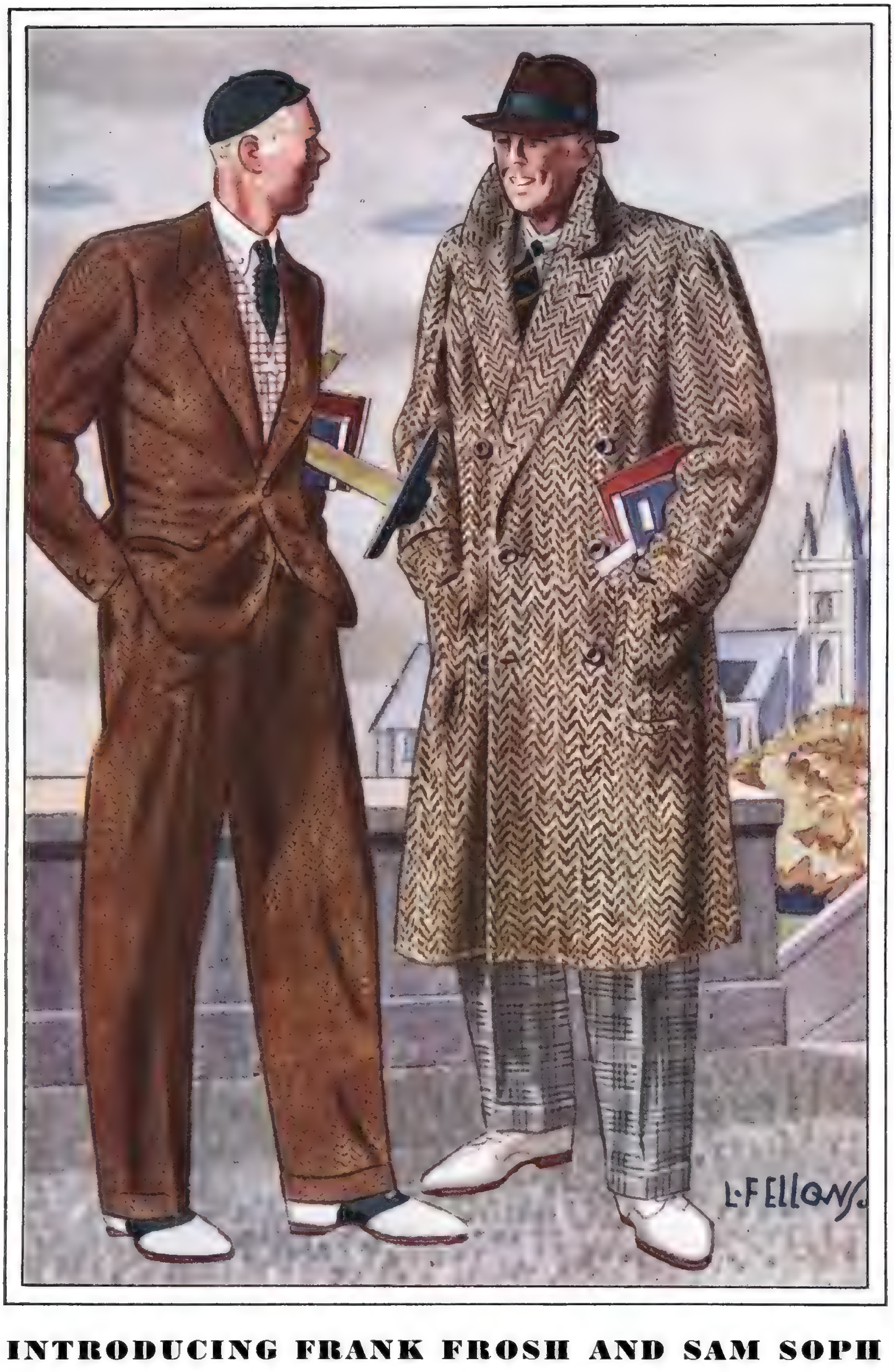
Your trainer looks up the agent of the best boy on the track who can make the weight assigned your horse. (Yes, jockeys have agents, the same as actors and writers.) He says:

"I want your boy in the fourth race tomorrow. I see he's not riding for his contract boss."

The agent says: "Half a dozen others want him, too. What do you say?"

Now this is a jockey who is riding at tops—a fighting, riding fool. He can outride any boy on the track. Your trainer comes to the point:

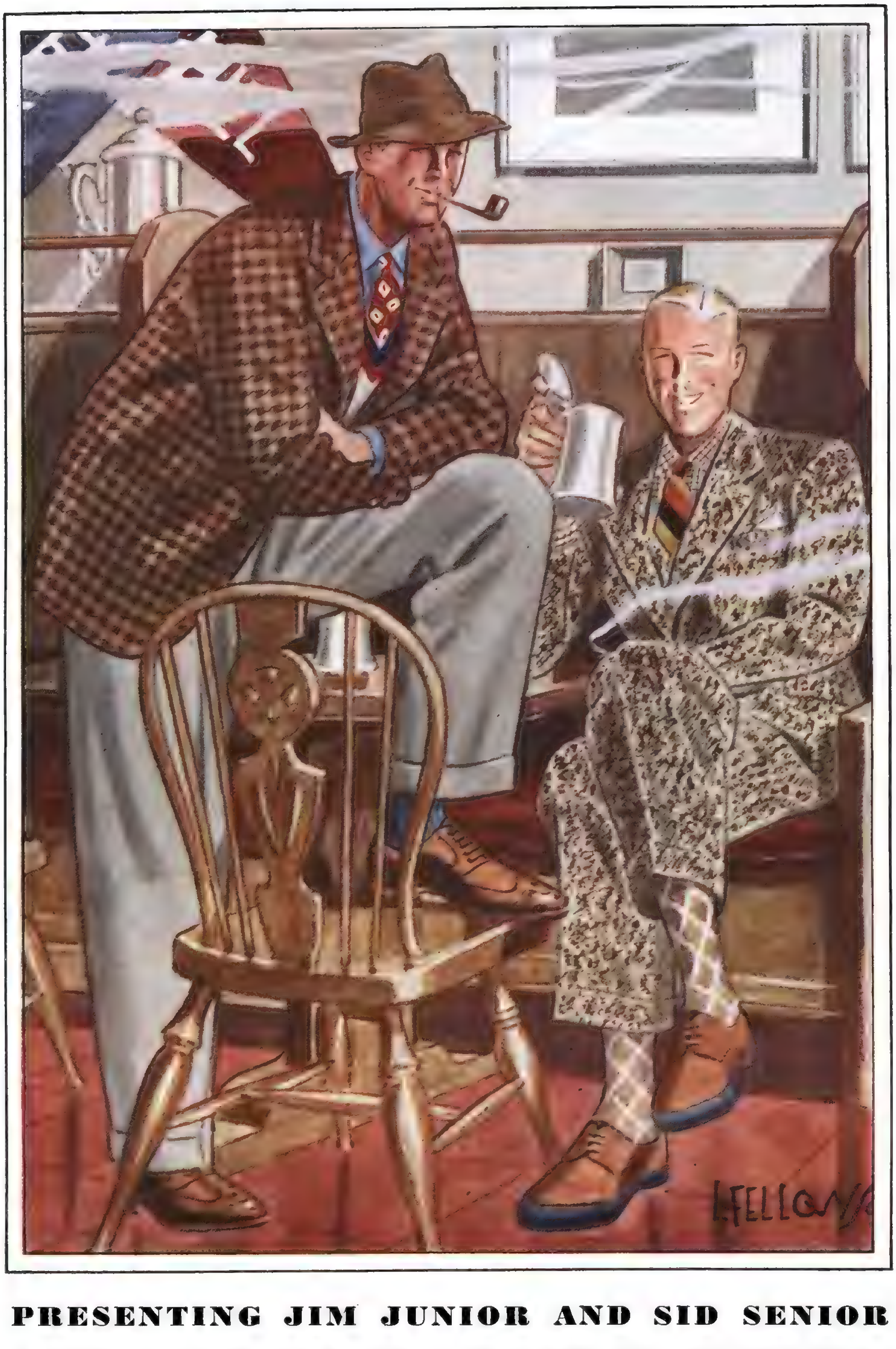
Continued on page 113



INTRODUCING FRANK FROSH AND SAM SOPH

FRESHMEN are always concerned about their clothes for the first year on the campus. A lot of them write in for advice. In general, the best rule is this: confine your sartorial liberties to the realm of accessories and keep strictly conservative in the matter of suits and topcoats. This idea is well expressed in the drawing at the left. The brown herringbone Shetland suit has natural shoulders and is very loose fitting. The trousers are not extreme. The back has a seven-inch center vent. The tattersall waistcoat is the one lively touch and that is a simple brown overcheck on cream flannel. The tie and cap have no fashion significance—they merely designate his freshman status. The sophomore expresses his new freedom with a bold Glen plaid Saxony suit, a tan striped oxford shirt with a pinned round collar, a striped rep tie, brown hat with black band, white buck blucher shoes and a coat of Connemara tweed.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



PRESENTING JIM JUNIOR AND SID SENIOR

The freshman has his malted milks, the senior has his ale, which is as it should be, we suppose. Maybe these are both seniors, because there's no way to tell this early in the year. The outfit on the left consists of an odd jacket in a hound's tooth pattern of brown, beige and red, made in a three-button notch lapel model with eight inch side vents. It is worn with a pair of medium gray flannel bags. In place of a vest he wears a sleeveless white cable-stitched sweater with a colored neck border. The shirt is blue oxford, worn unpinned, with a spaced figured wool tie. The hat is a new favorite, stitched tweed. The other suit is rough Irish Donegal tweed with bright colored nubs, a fabric just being taken up by well dressed sportsmen and destined to acceptance in dress-conscious university circles. The Wales collared shirt is cotton plaid, the hose are wool, and the Jai Alai shoes are brown reversed calf.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

For Gold and Glory

Continued from pages 109-110

"One hundred dollars to put the leg up—one hundred to win, lose or draw. Take it or leave it."

Sometimes he takes it. Sometimes somebody else offers more. I have known a crack boy to get $200 to ride in a $700 race—and then lose!

So you have a fancy jock in the saddle.

"What's the chances of winning today?"

The trainer looks you in the eye. He says: "Ten horses in this race—one chance out of ten."

"But you've been saying he's going to be a world-beater—"

"Listen friend!" He talks to you like an irritated uncle, even though you do pay the bills; "I've given you the answer I'd advise you to give all your friends all the time. It saves a world of heart-aches and hard feelings.

"Remember what happened to Sam Riddle when he had a bunch of friends up at Saratoga one day in August, '33?"

You do. Mr. Samuel D. Riddle, who owns the great Man o' War, was entertaining lavishly that day. It happened he had a two-year-old, Speedboat, entered in one of the races. The story is that these friends wished to know: What are Speedboat's chances? Speedboat, a son of Man o' War. Mr. Riddle is said to have told them his trainer didn't think Speedboat had much chance.

He wanted to win, was trying to win; but Speedboat faced powerful opposition. Mr. Riddle wouldn't advise a wager.

Speedboat went to the post at 50 to 1.

Did you see that race? The horses turned into the stretch, the riders jockeying for position. Suddenly the boy on Speedboat saw an opening—thrust his mount into it—drew alongside the leaders—and flailing his bat on the horse's barrel, passed the judges—first.

Legend says Mr. Riddle turned green. The only man on the track known to have bet on Speedboat was a casual visitor who was an outboard motor fan.

Now your entry is brought into the paddock, and you stand beside your trainer as the blanket is whipped off. The jockey in your new silks—how beautifully they gleam!—swaggers to the head of his mount and makes friends. This is a nervous, high-strung baby racer, and he's an expert in handling them.

The trainer carefully saddles him. Then calls the jockey. You hear the riding instructions.

"This baby is on edge, but it's his first start."

"I know that."

"It's a maiden race, but there are six nags in it that have started before—down at Hialeah and New O'leans. You got to watch out."

The jockey nods.

"This fellow has plenty of heart—understand? He's schooled to come from behind. But I don't want you to have to come from behind. Get that?" The rider does. "When the barrier starts up, you're off. You're number 3. You get off, snatch the rail at the turn, and tip-toe home. If you have to, hit him once."

"Once? Say, I'll crack him fifty times."

The trainer's eyes freeze. "You do it and I'll whale you. I don't want this horse ruined. If he can't win with one blow he can't with fifty. But he can win—understand?"

The bugle blows. Your trainer stoops, seizes the jockey by the left leg, and tosses him into the saddle. The horses are led out on the track.

You are in a box with friends—your trainer in the infield where he can watch closely—when the barrier springs.

There's a blur of moving color—your horse shoots to the front as they round the turn.

Your colors in front!

You'll have a thousand thrills on the track, but never one to equal this moment. Another horse has shot from the pack, is drawing alongside yours. Is passing yours! Now's the instant your colt can show his class. Does he quit—or come on?

He comes on!

Your jockey raises his arm—it falls—once. That colt leaps forward. He's alongside that first horse again. They're battling down the stretch—half a dozen lengths ahead of the field.

The other horse gains again.

Your jockey goes to hand-riding. You are seeing a great rider—maybe a great colt—in action.

But he's being beaten—but wait! Your jockey is literally shoving his mount forward—he's a money-rider—he doesn't admit he's ever licked—they're head and head now—in a flash your boy jerks up his reins—he literally lifts your horse's nose across the line, first!

Your number goes up. Then the time. Underneath it a board is placed:

New Track Record.

The stands are applauding and cheering as your jockey rides back to weigh in. Hardly is the horse cooled off before the agent for a great Eastern stable asks:

"He's for sale, of course? What's your price?"

Then's when your trainer spits red. "You want him because you know he's great Futurity material, don't you? Nothing doing!"

Some say that performance was a flash in the pan. Your trainer knows otherwise. A week later the colt proves his class by romping home victor over a superior field in a five-furlong sprint. The time is phenomenal—58½ seconds.

The colt's sire was a good distance horse. His dam has produced several stake winners. This baby shows the mark of a potential champion. Not one but three buyers demand you name a price. Again your trainer scorns them. He is a shrewd man. He shows it when he reveals:

"Listen, I've nominated this colt in fifteen big stakes from Louisville to Saratoga—and don't forget his dam was nominated for the Futurity. Think we'll sell?"

The first buyer retorts: "Cash shouts—twenty-five thousand!"

You are the luckiest of lucky mortals. Shall you take the bird in hand, or gun for the fifteen in the future? Your trainer speaks out without being asked:

"You told me you wanted a big stake winner, didn't you? Fifty years' experience was behind me when I bought this colt. I developed him. He's going to be a champion. You can't sell him from under me. You've got to give me a chance to win the Futurity—the Derby—the Preakness—the Belmont. It's my right, man!"

But you own the horse. You know the track maxim, it's better to sell and be sorry than not to sell and be sorry.

If you keep him, is there any guarantee that one of the 101 horse ailments won't lay him low? You recall how the great Equipoise—champion handicap horse of the decade—was laid on the shelf by a foot ailment from May to October last year. And Equipoise is as staunch as an ox.

What of this delicate two-year-old?

Any guarantee he'll win those stakes he's named for?

In a moment of analysis you figure:

Expenses are mounting. In six month's shifting from city to city you'll spend a thousand on transportation; another thousand in stake entries; at least a thousand for fancy jockeys. And there'll be sickness—there always is during the season. Vet's bills come high.

The next six months will cost you $10,000; you've already spent $7,200 in training. Your stable cost you an initial $13,000. At the end of the season you will have spent at least $30,000.

Your sole asset will be a stable of hides. Maybe they'll be valuable. Maybe not. Maybe you'll win much money in that time—maybe not.

How much can you win? The average thoroughbred wins about one race every two months. And you are lucky if he will stand up under training for a six month's stretch. Three races a season. Figure the wins at $700 each—the average purse today. (Don't count on stake winnings—that's blowing bubbles.) What have you? An average gross income of $21,000 from your stable—maybe! Give your trainer 10 per cent of that—leaves you less than twenty thousand. Your year's expenses will be that much, without undue sickness or ill-luck.

Where's any return on this investment?

There is none.

You are lucky to break even—ask any horseman!

These facts and figures make you dizzy. Maybe this colt will develop into another Cavalcade—maybe!

The words run through your mind: better to sell and be sorry than not to sell and be sorry. Why not sell out and clean out, now, with a fat profit?

It's not a question of losing your nerve but of regaining your senses, man.

In a moment of utter bewilderment you take out a coin. You toss it up. It falls—

Write the end yourself. #

Introduction and Tarantelle

Continued from page 85

clutched in his fist, his mouth hanging open. Then he ran to the door and slammed it shut with a bang that shook the whole room. The leather headgear fell to the floor and he kicked it so successfully that it flew vertically upward, smacked the ceiling and landed at his feet again. He opened the crumpled piece of paper, held it before his horrified eyes with shaking hands:

PROGRAM CHANGE
AMAZING NEW DOUBLE
UPSIDE-DOWN ACT!!!

With this afternoon's performance, Adolphus Who Walks On His Head!! joins your old favorite, Pasquale Who Slides On His Head!! in DISPLAY NUMBER SEVEN, now the ONLY DOUBLE UPSIDE-DOWN ACT in the WORLD!!!

He tore the bill across and across, hurled the tiny pieces against the wall. He paced feverishly up and down, then sat on the edge of his cot and beat the side of it with his fist until the pain made him stop. In an instant he was up again. He flung the door open, leaped to the green turf without touching the ladder, and tore toward another vermilion truck, jostling clowns in his haste, his yellow shirt a darting spot of color.

He swarmed up the ladder of Tunk's office and confronted his boss, who eyed him thoughtfully across the flat-topped desk. Tunk, sitting, was nearly as tall as Pasquale, who stood with his fists pressed so hard into the desk top that the knuckles were white.

"What-sa idea gettin' this fella? My act-a no suit you no more? Is no good no more? *What*-sa mat'?"

"Now Patsy," Tunk said soothingly, taking a cigar out of a vest pocket and biting off the end, "your act's a humdinger, always has been, always will be. I just had a chanct to get this guy an' I got him. Now be a gent an' don't take it so hard. Once you get into the swing of the new routine you'll like it fine, see if you don't."

The veteran acrobat's eyes blazed and he danced in his rage.

"I like-a it, you say. Fat chance I like-a it. I no get the center spot no more. Another fella work while-a I work. Oh yes, I like-a it."

He whirled. At the door he turned.

"I *love-a* it!" he rasped, and was gone.

Tunk struck a match and lit his cigar. As he blew the first puff, Pasquale rocketed into the office again, leaned his fists on the desk, and stuck his parchment face into Tunk's, his lips protruding like the lips of a trombonist who has played his instrument for several hours.

"What about da pipple?"

"Pardon?" Tunk said, taking the cigar out of his mouth.

"What—about—da—pipple?" Pasquale repeated, closing his eyes for emphasis, then opening them wide.

"Oh, the people," said Tunk. "Well, what about 'em?"

"All dese-a towns we play for last ten year, dey all know Pasquale, dey all give da big-a hand for da slides. Now two fellas da same time, nobody don't know where to look. You tryin' spoil da whole show? *What*-sa mat'?"

Tunk looked pained. "Now Patsy, you know that's foolish talk," he said. A gold tooth twinkled as he smiled sympathetically. "Why, most o' the time we got all three rings full at once an' the Hippodrome Track filled with clowns. This double act is a swell new feature an' I wish you'd be a gent an' look at it that way—"

Pasquale was leaving again, hurriedly. Tunk sighed, and inserted his cigar in the lardy oval of his fat face.

Inside the Big Top, where Pasquale stood glaring with arms akimbo, the air had a Turkish-bath humidity. The canvas tent—like a great ribbed membrane, yellow and hot with sun, faintly translucent—was stretched taut on the slanting red poles that dug into the sawdust-covered grass. Ropes and trapeze swings thickly filled the upper space. The terraced wooden seats, that made a red oval around the oval of the arena, were vacant. Half a dozen khaki-clad circus hands lounged, grateful for a few moments of rest. In the space between the left ring and the center ring, a short, blond German in loud black-and-white-striped street clothes was fussing with a complicated orange-colored structure: a platform higher than a man's head from which eight steps, each about a foot high, led, like a fantastic staircase, down to another platform a yard from the ground.

Pasquale walked over and stood beside the German. Keeping his eyes riveted disdainfully on the orange steps, he spoke:

"So dis a-what you do? Bumpa-da-bump down da steps? *Dis* a-what dey get to spoil my act?"

The German looked up with interest and smiled. He extended his hand. "You are Poss-kvoll-eh, *nicht wahr?*" he said.

Pasquale nodded curtly, ignoring the hand.

The German dropped his arm, still smiling amiably. "Vell, our acts are der same yet differendt—dot iss fordunate, *hein?* Und both exactly two minutes. Ve should make goodt team."

Pasquale snorted, turned, and stalked off as majestically as his short stature permitted. He had not looked once at the German, who shrugged his shoulders and resumed his fussing.

A little over an hour later the terraced seats were jammed with wilted, peanut-munching children and adults; the stagnant air in the great sun-heated canvas pouch, dank with the gamey odors of the circus, lay unpleasantly on their faces and hands, like a warm wet surface. "The Leaps" were in full swing, roars and applause mounting higher each time an additional elephant was led up to stand beside his mates while tumblers, and an occasional clown, raced down a sagging inclined plank to spin in somersaults over the immobile gray backs of the pachyderms.

Pasquale, in full magenta regalia, squat and disconsolate, was pacing swiftly up and down in the open air just outside the right-hand entrance, swinging his leather headgear in his hand, a murderous frown on his brow. "Hey Patsy," a youthful circus hand yelled, "I hear you got a partner now. Look out he don't steal yer stuff!" Pasquale turned sharply and walked to the entrance where he stared with dignity into the big arena, a spot of color glowing in each amber cheek.

The last "leap" was finished and the ringmaster's whistle blew: the elephants were led out at a ponderous trot and circus hands leaped to carry Pasquale's high, magenta platform into the right ring, drive his magenta stake into the turf, and string the taut wire between them; far away, other workers were lifting the German's orange structure into the left ring. The little circus band, with its toodling calliope, struck up a *prestissimo* march, to prelude the entrances of Pasquale and Adolphus, who, at the next whistle, ran at top speed into their respective rings to stand beside their platforms, a magenta and an orange goblin separated by the whole hot arena, bowing and grinning to the wave of warm applause. The band cut short its tinsel haste and the huge high-hatted announcer bellowed from the center ring:

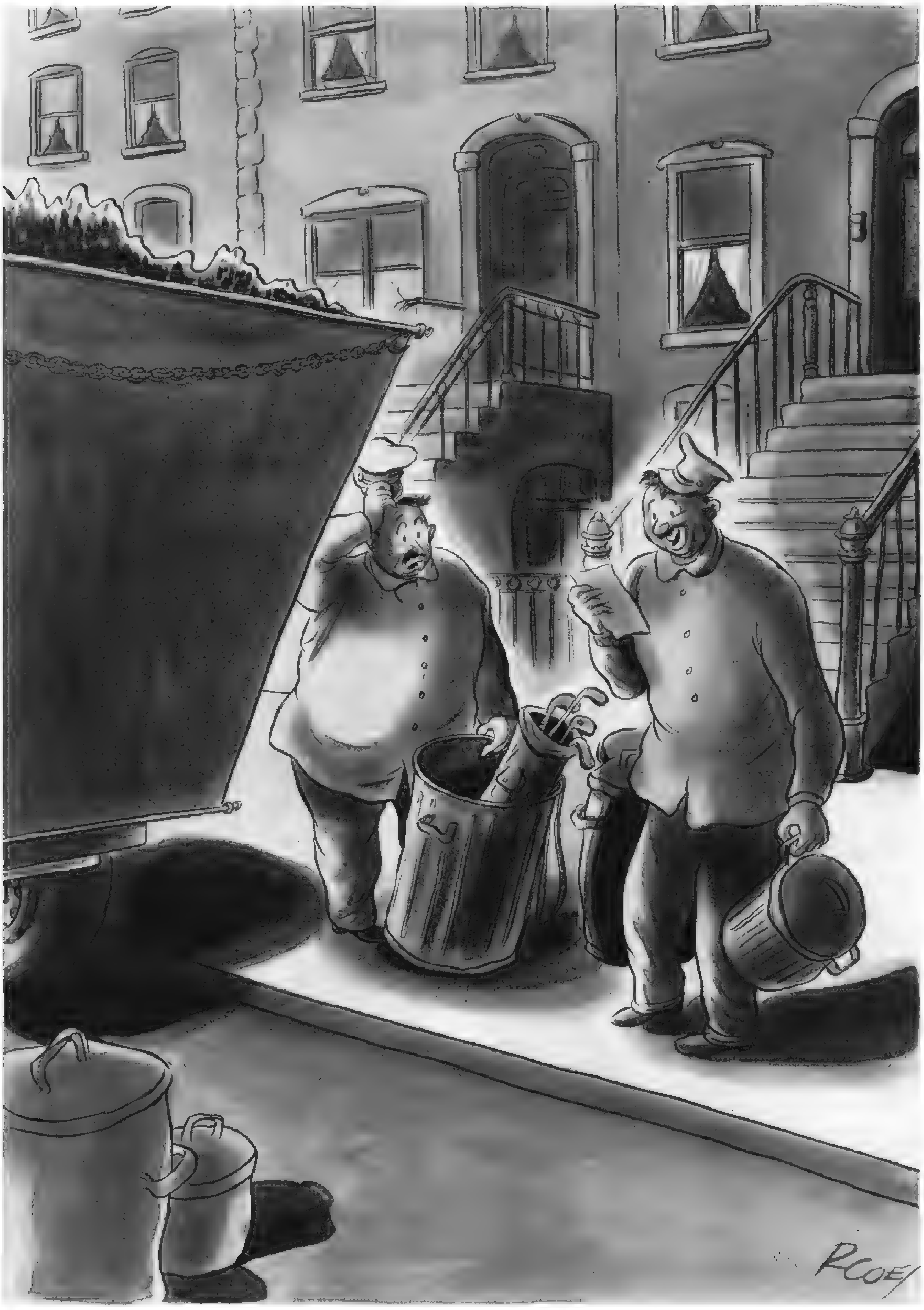
"For the first time in history, ladies and gents, you will see a simultaneous double upside-down act. As Adolphus walks on his head down the eight steps of a staircase, risking life and limb at each and every step, Pasquale will make two of his famous death-defying slides on his head down a taut wire. Ladies and gents, Adolphus and Pasquale."

In the hush which followed, Pasquale, with a heavy heart, placed his headgear on his head and buttoned the strap under his chin. His professional smile had vanished and his mouth was a grim downward-curving crescent.

The whistle shrilled. Pasquale bent over, seized the magenta edge of his platform with both hands and raised himself slowly to a hand stand, his face upside-down between his arms. Directly in his line of vision was the far, orange figure of Adolphus upside-down on his top step. Pasquale glared. The whites of his eyes were startlingly prominent, and his grim mouth became grimmer but the crescent was upward-curving now. His body was rigid, but his thoughts raced: it was an insult, a gross insult, to bill him, the great Pasquale, as one-half of a "twin" act; *nobody don't know where to look, Tunk tryin' spoil da whole show;* all the savor of life, present and future, had ebbed away and his stunt, which he used to enjoy so keenly, had the taste of ashes.

As he fitted the groove of his headgear onto the top of the steelly-inclined wire, which forced him to look at the top of the tent, he heard a dull thud and sensed a curious tension. He knew the German had negotiated the first difficult step. Without understanding why, he delayed a few seconds until he heard a second thud, felt the tension rising higher. Then he let go with his hands and zoomed, a magenta

Continued at top of page 116



"I can understand it all right, after looking at Mr. Ross' score card!"

Introduction and Tarantelle

Continued from pages 85-114

streak, down the wire, leaping to the ground just in time to avoid striking the stake with his head. There was instant applause, bursting with a spontaneity his first slide had never evoked before, and he grinned and bobbed as he ran back to the platform. The tension, and the quality of that applause, had done something to him, something new and heady and profoundly satisfying, but he did not know what it was and he had no time to think. He clambered up the platform with furious, exultant haste and seized the edge again with both hands. The applause died suddenly and he realized that in the seconds that had elapsed he had heard three more thuds from the other end of the arena. The tension was still rising and, with the sixth thud, electricity seemed to crackle in the stifling air. The silence was absolute and the seventh thud, which came as Pasquale fitted his headgear onto the wire again, was louder than any of the others. Again he delayed a few seconds longer than usual, this time assuring himself, with a lump of self-admiration in his throat, that it was a heart-warming feeling of coöperation that was making him do so, that the flattering tension and the rich applause had absolutely nothing to do with his behavior's sudden right-about. Then he let go, swaying crazily as always for the second slide, hearing, at the half-way mark, the eighth thud, leaping to the earth at the precise instant that Adolphus did.

The applause burst like a thunderclap and climbed higher and higher, with a driving force behind it that was infinitely sweet to Pasquale. The two performers bowed and bowed by their rings and then, the applause continuing undiminished, began, unconsciously, to move toward each other along the Hippodrome Track. When they stood side by side cheers were added to the rain of clapping and, impulsively, they clasped hands and bowed again. They turned and ran across the center ring, past the beaming announcer and ringmaster, to bow and bow again to the other side of the arena. The ringmaster blew his whistle and the band began to thump, as they ducked out the center exit.

Tunk Smiley was waiting for them outside, his moonface ecstatic in the white August sunlight, his gold tooth glittering joyfully. He clapped them on the back and walked between them, a fat arm around each.

"Boys," he said, "you're the best team the Morton show ever had, bar none. You couldn't have timed yer routine better if you'd practiced together a year." He hugged Adolphus tight. "They were holdin' their breath after every step, thinkin' you'd never keep yer balance fer the next one." He hugged Pasquale. "An' Patsy's slides drove 'em wild, especially the second time there when he nearly fell off." He halted, making them halt with him; he shook with silent laughter. "Why, boys, I got excited myself, watchin' you from out here, an' believe you me it's a long time since I got excited over anything in this show. An' when you both finished right on th' nose—" He whistled in admiration. Adolphus walked away grinning and Tunk, keeping a hand on Pasquale's magenta shoulder, yelled "Great stuff!" after the retreating orange figure.

"Patsy," said Tunk, as the two stopped and faced each other beside Pasquale's vermilion home, "I never seen you work better. Never in my life. You've made a smash hit outa Number Seven by workin' so good with this new guy. Word o' this will get to every motor-truck show in the country within a week, mark my word, and they'll all be jealous of our crack twin act. Patsy," he concluded huskily, "you're a gent!"

Pasquale, dripping with perspiration, closed the door of his hot little room and hung his headgear on its hook. Bliss and astonishment fought to dominate his nut-brown, streaming face. Exhausted, he sat down on his cot and unbuttoned the collar of his magenta coat, his mind drifting lovingly toward Naples, Christmas, and eels. #

Over the Hill

Continued from page 58

day came again and the woman and the children and I were together. We walked and we talked and we rested. And the walking was fun and the resting was fun and the talking was fun.

But I don't know what we talked about or even what I thought. I don't believe I thought. The woman was beautiful and kind and happy. And the children were happy. And I was happy. But I didn't think, "She is beautiful and kind and happy and the children are happy and I am happy." That was what should have been. It was what always should have been and always should be. Over the hill and on the other side things were as they should have been. Things were as they always should be.

It is hard for me to describe the change. I guess it wasn't a change at all. The thing was and then it wasn't. And because it wasn't it never had been. You can't change from something that never was to something that is.

I put my foot on the brake and the exhaust from the motor made a rumbling sound as I took my foot off the accelerator. I saw the service station and the nursery and the dairy farm and the sun came through the mist and the grass was green but there were no flowers.

"I had a dream last night," I thought. "and I remembered it awhile back and now it is gone."

I was over the hill and on the other side and I was driving my car to work and thinking about Oney and her nagging and crying. I was thinking about how the crying was even worse than the nagging and how eventually the nagging would drive me crazy.

"It would be nice to think about the dream," I thought, "but I can't remember it."

And then I was at the office and I was wondering why the others looked startled when they saw me. I wondered why some of them looked startled and frightened. It was time for the conference to start and I went into the boss' office. And he looked startled, too.

"My God," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"Why I came in for the Monday conference," I said.

He said something to his secretary and she left the office.

"It isn't Monday," he said, "it's Wednesday and even if it were Monday, what made you come to the office? Don't you know they're looking for you?"

"Two days," I thought, "two days. This morning I got up and it was Monday but over the hill and on the other side it became Wednesday."

And then I remembered and I thought, "It wasn't a dream. This is Wednesday. It isn't Monday at all. It's Wednesday."

The boss didn't say anything and I realized he was behaving in a peculiar manner but I didn't think about it much because I was too busy thinking about the other thing. I was too busy thinking about how it was Monday when I drove over the hill and down the other side and now it was Wednesday.

The boss' secretary came in and with her was a policeman. She pointed to me and then ran across the room. She was frightened.

The policeman grabbed me by the arm and hurled me against the wall and he put his hand on his gun.

"You better come quietly," he said.

"Why should I go with you at all?" I asked.

"Don't play innocent," said the policeman.

"I'm not playing anything," I said. "I just don't know what you're talking about."

The policeman laughed and then he grew angry and it seemed he was about to hit me.

"I'm talking about your wife," he said, "and you know damned well I am."

"My wife?" I said. "My wife? Why?"

"Because you killed her Monday," he said, "and you know that damned well, too."

"This isn't Monday," I thought, "it's Wednesday. It isn't Monday, it's Wednesday."

And it seemed I should laugh at the policeman or become angry or shout denials, but I didn't.

I felt I had to say something just to break up the silence in the room.

"I didn't kill my wife Monday," I said.

"Maybe it was Sunday night, then," said the policeman. "My Lord, you're dumb. Didn't even change clothes."

He turned to the boss.

"He didn't even change his clothes," he said.

"Why should I have changed clothes?" I asked.

The policeman pointed at the sleeve of my grey suit.

"Why shouldn't you have changed?" he said. "That's why. What's that on your sleeve?"

I looked at it and remembering and thinking ceased to be.

"It's a bloodstain," I said. #

"Camels don't get your Wind!"

OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS SAY

HAROLD ("DUTCH") SMITH, Olympic High-Diving Champion, enjoys a Camel. Here's his smoking experience in his own words: "I've been smoking Camels for the past nine years—smoked 'em even before I took up diving. There's more real flavor in Camels. And what is equally important to me—Camels never affect my endurance or get my wind."

Read also the comments from Smith's team mates on the Olympic squad. It speaks volumes for Camel's mildness that Olympic champions agree: "Camels don't get your wind."

So turn to Camels. You'll smoke more—and enjoy smoking more! For Camel smokers can smoke all they want, knowing that athletes approve Camel's mildness.

"I'VE SMOKED CAMELS for years," says James Bausch, Olympic Decathlon Champion. "Camels don't get my wind. They must be made from costlier tobaccos, to be so mild and so refreshing!"

"I HAVE TO KEEP in top condition," says Josephine McKim, Olympic swimmer. "Camels are such a mild cigarette that I can smoke them all I wish. They never get my wind or jangle my nerves."

"AFTER A TOUGH MEET, I get a 'lift' with a Camel," says Leo Sexton, Olympic shot-put champion. "Camels are mild—don't cut down speed or wind, and taste better. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

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Among Olympic Champions who smoke Camels are:

DIVING
- Pete Desjardins
- Harold ("Dutch") Smith
- Georgia Coleman

TRACK AND FIELD
- James Bausch
- Leo Sexton

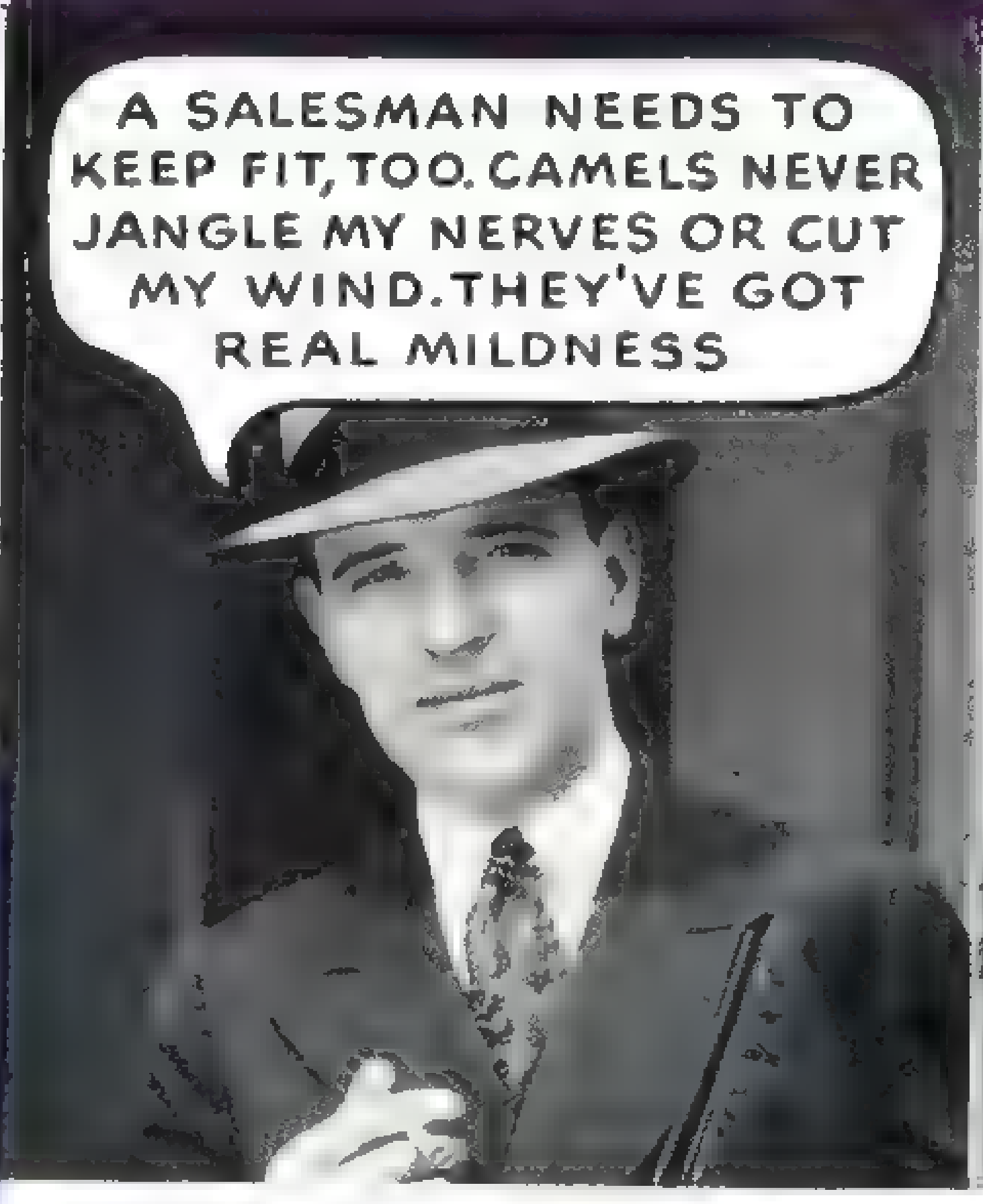
SWIMMING
- Buster Crabbe
- Helene Madison
- Josephine McKim
- Stubby Kruger

ROWING
- Bill Miller

Some Famous Camel Smokers in Other Fields:

TENNIS: William T. Tilden, II; George Lott; Lester Stoefen
GOLF: Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, Helen Hicks
BASEBALL: Lou Gehrig, Carl Hubbell, Mel Ott, Dizzy Dean

SO MILD! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!


A SALESMAN NEEDS TO KEEP FIT, TOO. CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES OR CUT MY WIND. THEY'VE GOT REAL MILDNESS

SALESMAN—Allan M. Craig, Jr.

I'M DEVOTED TO SWIMMING, AND I AGREE THAT CAMELS DON'T GET ONE'S WIND. ALSO, THEY'RE MILD AND GENTLE ON MY THROAT

COLLEGE GIRL—Helen Lange

CAMELS CERTAINLY MEET THE SPECIFICATIONS ON MILDNESS AND TASTE. AND CAMELS GIVE ME A 'LIFT' WHEN MY ENERGY IS USED UP!

CONTRACTOR—Eugene Doe

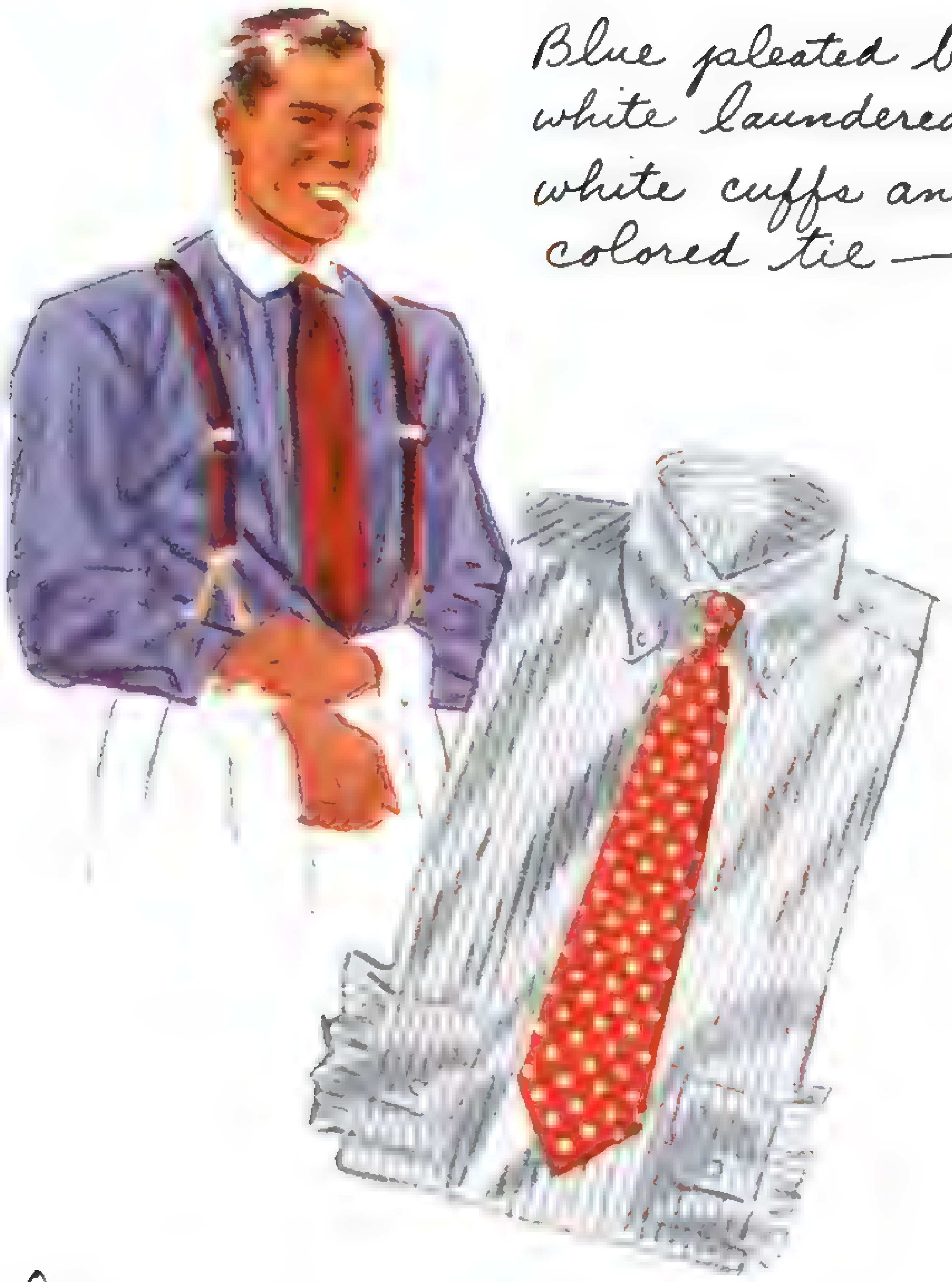
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

—Costlier Tobaccos!

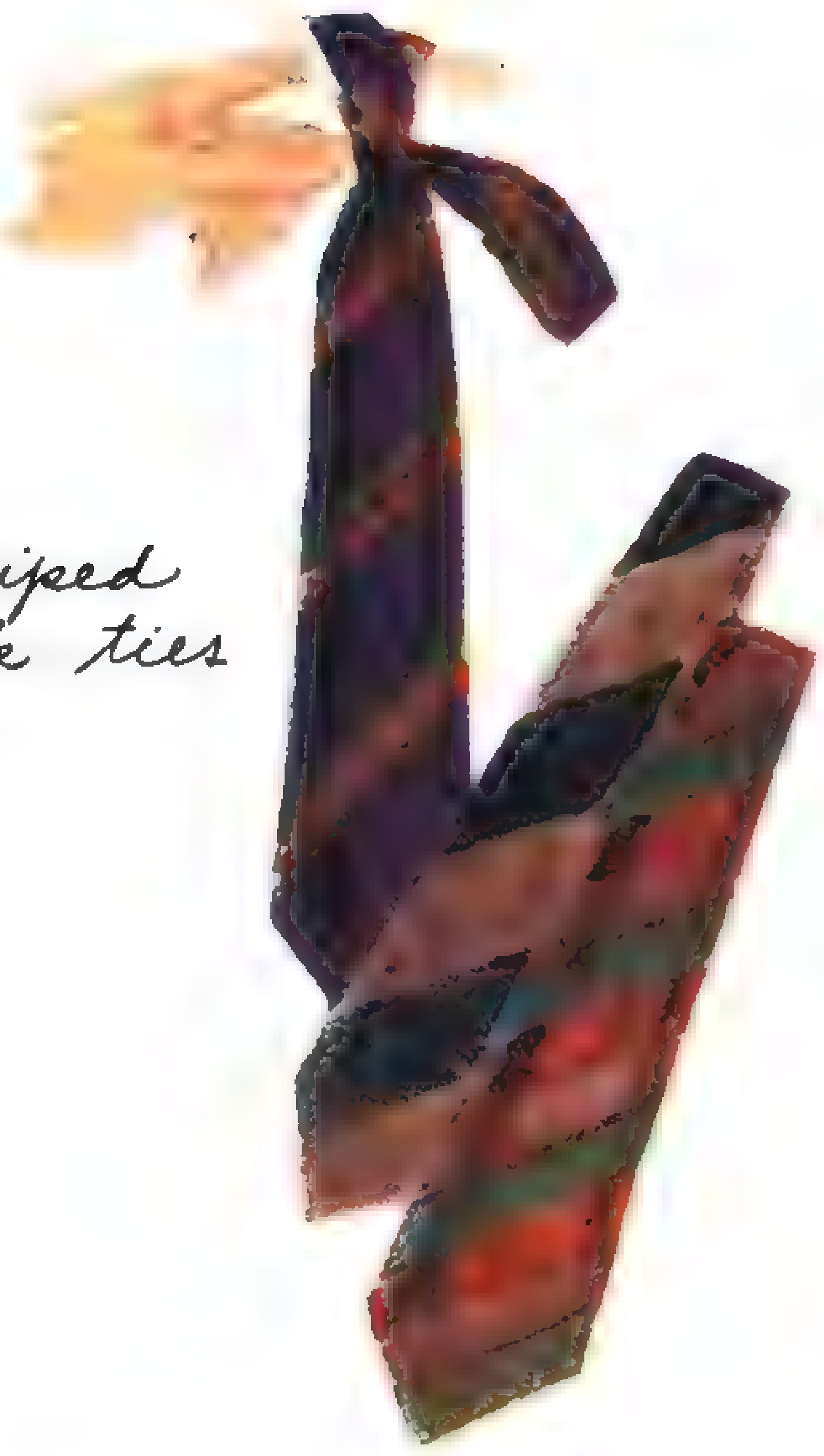
● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

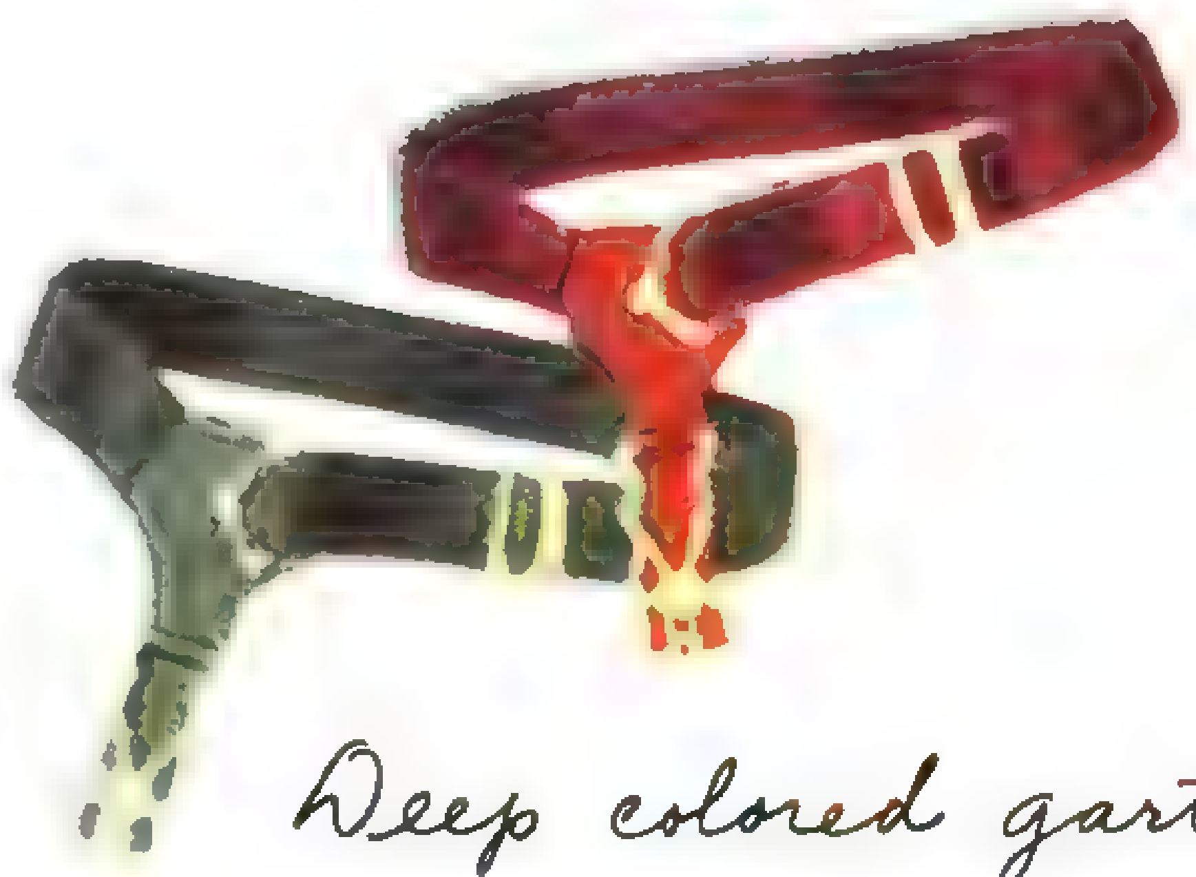
Blue pleated bosom shirt-
white laundered Kent collar,
white cuffs and wine
colored tie —



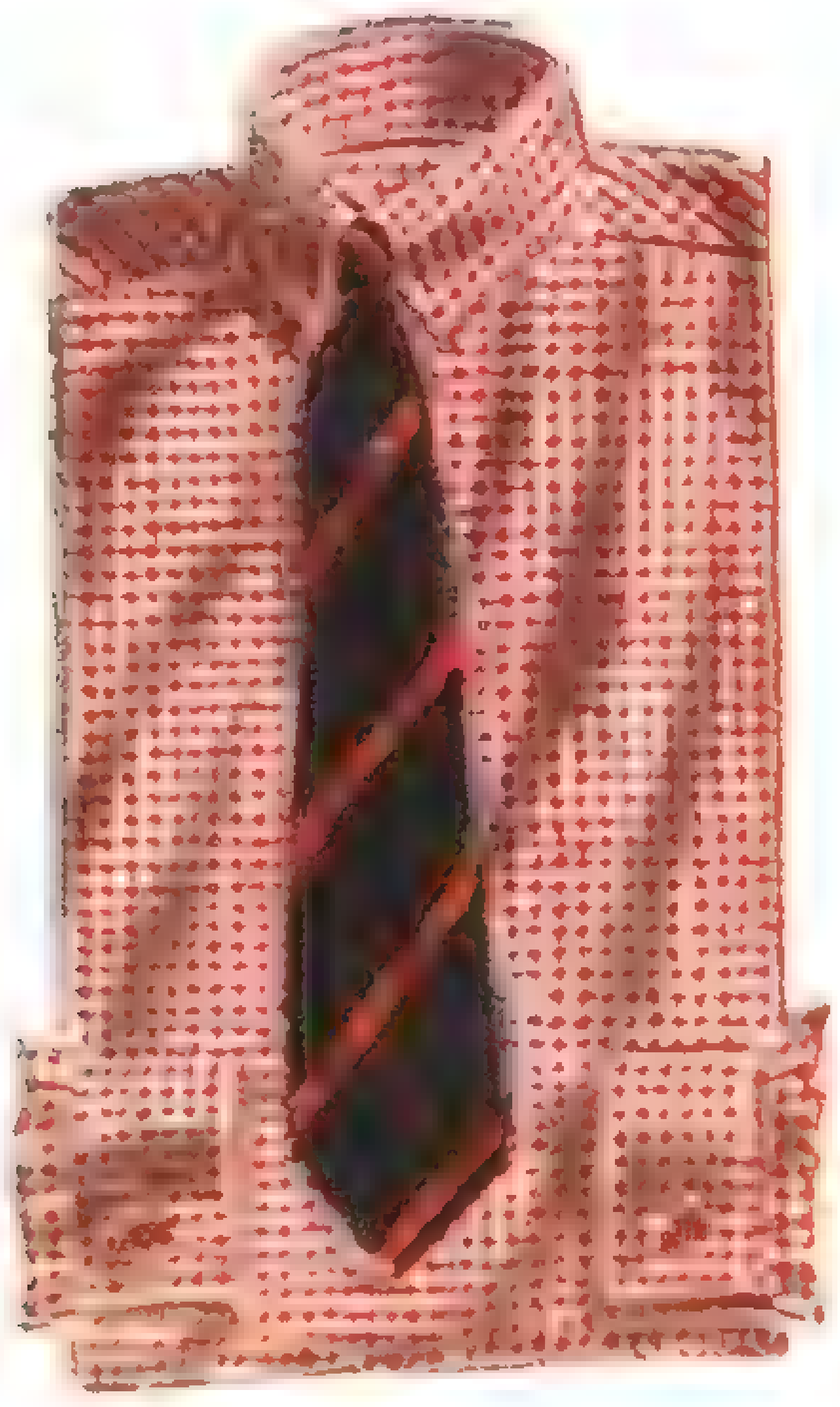
Dark grey and white candy
stripe shirt with button-
down collar — red tie with
white polka dots —



Deep color striped
rep silk neck ties

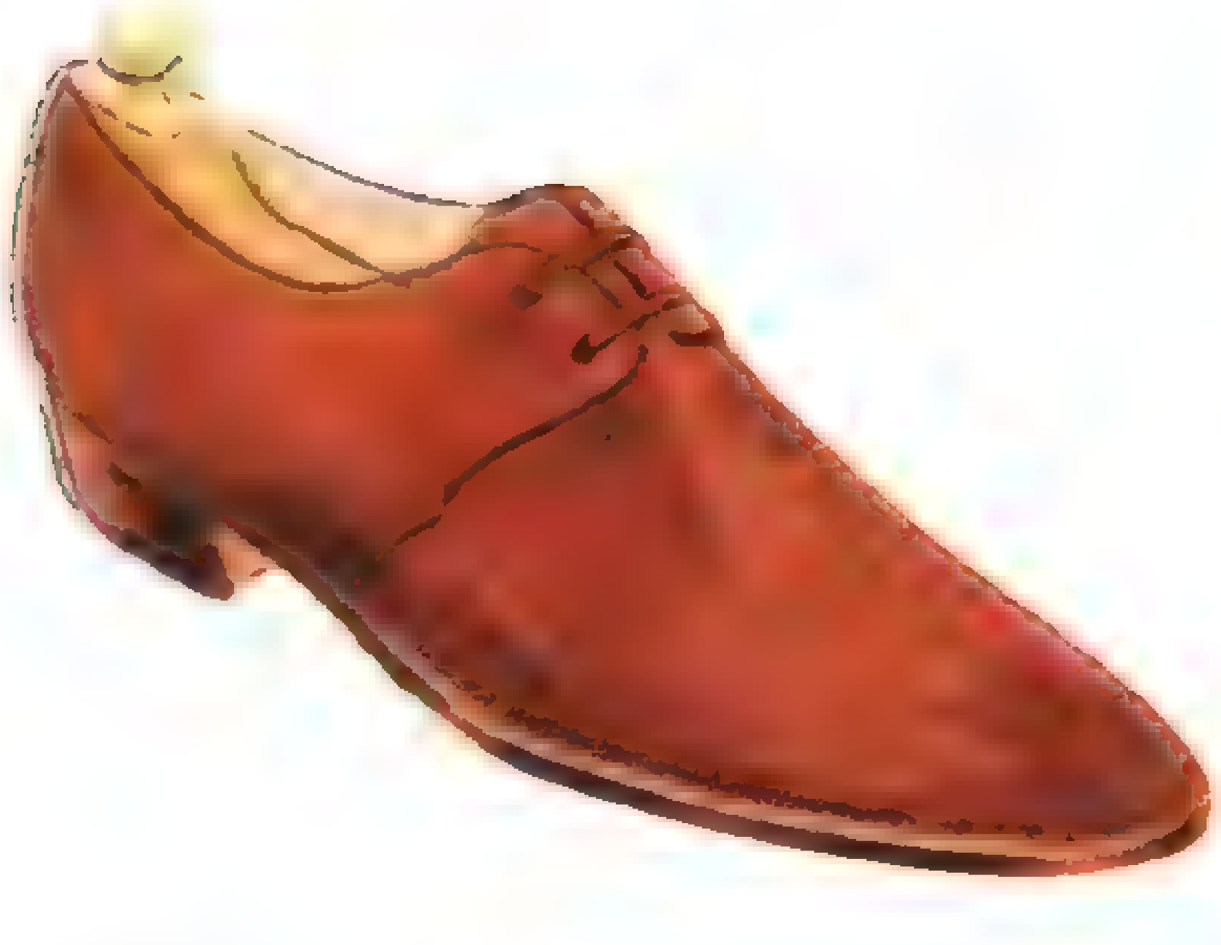


Deep colored garters
with pads in brighter tones —

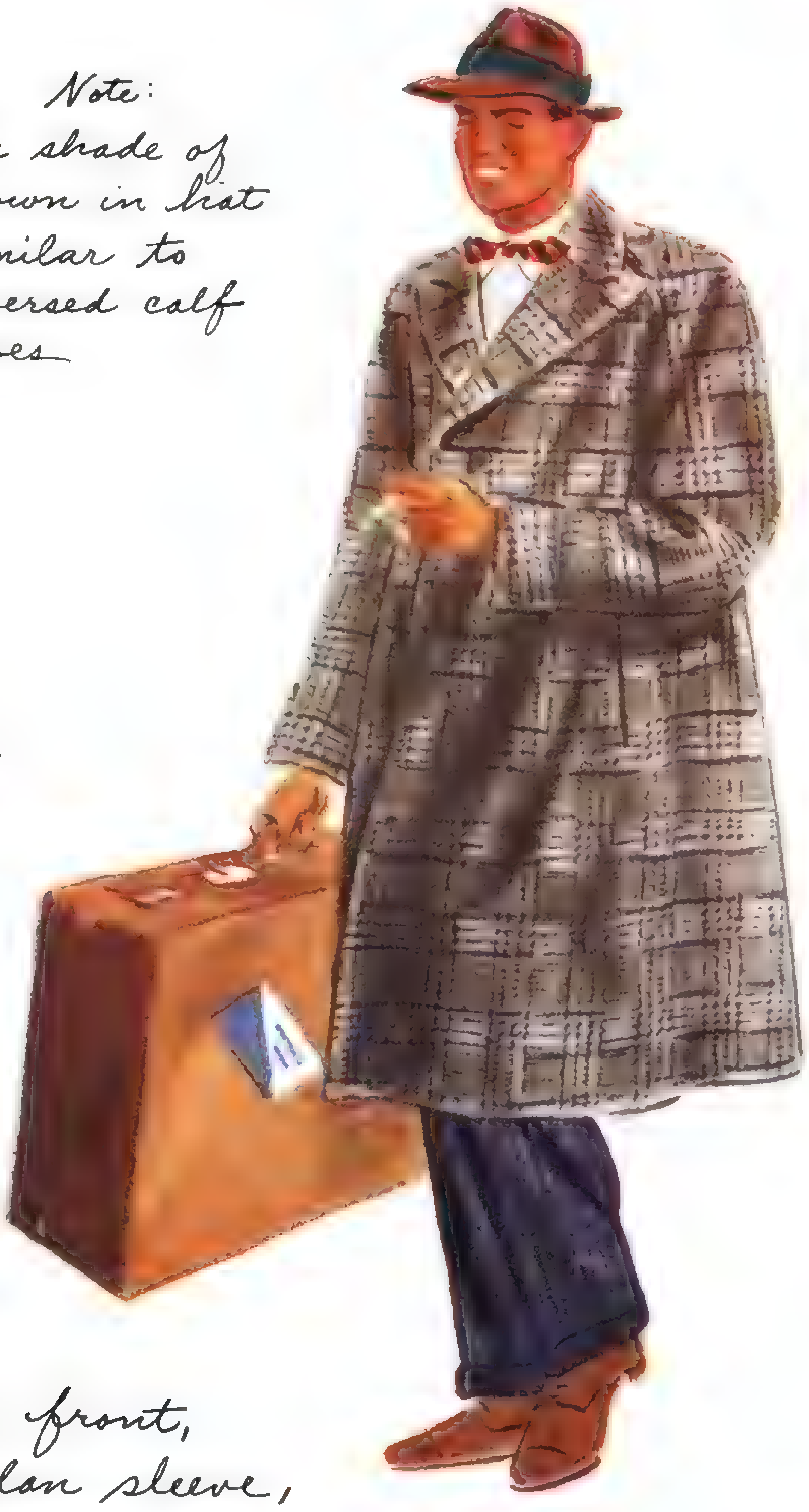


Red and white hounds'
tooth tab collar shirt-
black tie with spaced
red stripe —

Note:
The shade of
brown in hat
similar to
reversed calf
shoes

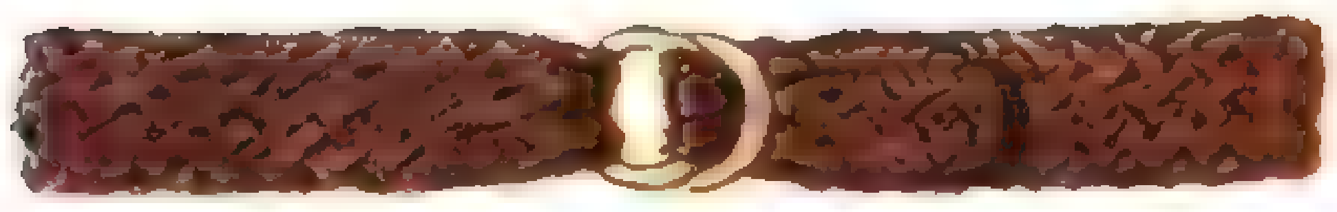


Brown reversed calf
two eyelet shoes —



Fly front,
raglan sleeve,
peak lapel topcoat as worn by
H. R. H., the Prince of Wales —

Robert Goodman



Cinch buckle belt of
braided reversed calf —

It's an Ill Wind

Continued from page 57

my wife. If you knew her . . .!"

All the time we'd been talking, that fellow's face had been worrying me. I was trying to think where I'd seen it before. Now, as I stared at him, through that mask of grey beard and the unwashed grime on it, I could see the ghost of another face; that of a sanguine, handsome young man, in a ship's officer's uniform, which had smiled at me every evening for the last three months from my sitting room wall! I said, suddenly:

"Your name's Mummery, isn't it?"

Then the likeness vanished. He was once more a decrepit, expatriated seaman in a Danish tramp.

The captain lurched in again at that moment.

"I've fixed up your boatswain," I told him, "as well as I can with a sort of jury-mast. Of course the sooner he's in a hospital the better for everybody; but we've no X-rays in Shellcombe. Even if the sea calms down, I think you'd be very much wiser to take him to some place where he can be carried ashore more easily to some big general hospital. If he loses his leg your company will find themselves in for pretty big compensation."

He listened to me sulkily. I could see he was as anxious to get rid of Jim Mummery as Jim Mummery was anxious to stay.

"An Englishman is better in England," he said. "If the wind drops tomorrow, I'll put him ashore. He's a drunken devil anyway, and I don't like the responsibility of a case of this kind."

As I turned to go, the injured man called me back.

"Is she still alive?" he whispered.

I nodded: "Yes."

"And not altered much?" he said. "No, that kind wouldn't alter."

"Not much, I imagine. In her way she's a good woman, Mummery."

"Don't I know it!" he said with a sigh. "Does she happen to be married?"

"No, she's been faithful to your memory."

"I might have known it," said he. "Well, you've done your best for me. Thank you. . . . I hope this here gale won't drop."

It was a devil of a journey home, the sea running higher and the wind blowing wilder than ever. Mrs. Mummery was waiting up for me with hot cocoa when I arrived. The reproach in her eyes when I preferred hot whisky was something to remember. Next day rain came sheeting down and the gale grew so fierce that no boat could approach the *Karen Larsen*. I was thankful for Jim Mummery's sake, though he must have suffered. And next night the wind changed. Changed, not dropped. It swung round like a tiger and turned Shellcombe into a lee shore. All the craft that were sheltering in the bay had to haul up their anchors and run for it as best they could. The *Karen Larsen* went with them. By dawn there wasn't a single steamer left in the roads.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. #

Damon vs. Pythias at 112 lbs.

Continued from page 81

spent many hours together walking, riding in his car, or sitting in his "classy" apartment. All checks were paid by Frankie because I was always broke.

And now, Frankie was to be my first professional opponent! Had I better ask Mr. Blake to get me someone else?

Every day I boarded the street car after school and hurried to the gym. My manager was always ready with sparring partners and put me through the paces. After work-outs, I went straight home to rest. After an early "supper," I put in two hours on my schoolbooks, then to bed. In the mornings, I awoke at six; did my roadwork and hurried to school for my eight o'clock class. Each day was a repetition of the other. My time was so occupied that I never did get to see Frankie to explain.

We saw each other for the first time in months when we entered the ring. Frankie had wished me luck when I went to the Olympic try-outs, but he was away from the city when I returned. I wanted to rush over to him; put my arm around his shoulders and talk about a great many things but the circumstances did not permit of much intimacy. Instead, we smiled, shook hands and went to our posts. I could see that he, too, was thinking the same as I.

In the opening round I started to box him as I had been instructed to do. Mostly, we danced around the ring shooting our lefts. Frankie was an exceptionally flashy boxer and I found him a difficult target. In and out we boxed—feinting, jabbing lefts and crossing rights. We ended the round on even terms. There had been no slugging—nothing but fast, clever boxing. It was fun. A game of skill and wits and I was pleased that I could now hold my own with Frankie.

"Tear into him this next round," I heard Mr. Blake say just before the warning buzz. "Take advantage of your strength. Crowd him into a corner and sock with both hands."

I "came to" with a start. I tried to play my little game and get mad at him but it wouldn't work when I thought of Frankie.

Fortunately, Frankie speared me beautifully at the very opening of the round. I blinked to get the tears out of my eyes. From then on I carried out instructions to a T. Every chance I got I backed him into a corner and let loose with a battery of lefts and rights. Soon I began to break down his defense, cutting and slashing my way to his jaw and belly. I hooked and crossed like a madman.

Just before the bell sounded, I ripped a mean left into the solar plexus and Frankie dropped. He got up but I couldn't go in to finish him and the round ended.

I didn't look over at Frankie this time and Mr. Blake kept my attention on myself. I was a converted left-hander and still retained the bad habit of shifting back to my natural stance in moments of great stress. Against a man like Grandetta such a move might be fatal. Mr. Blake hammered the thought at me.

I was mad at myself when I went out for the third round. I really hit my stride and slammed for all I was worth. Blood started to drip from Frankie's mouth. Once more I backed him into a corner and let both hands fly at him. His head bounced back with each blow—then he began to sag. For a moment I hesitated, uncertain. Then from more of a push than a smash, he fell to the canvas. He got to his feet and I knocked him down again. I prayed that he'd stay down but he wouldn't. He showed a fighting heart as great as I had ever seen. Courageously, he tore into me and pulled me into a clinch. I tried to shake him loose but he hung on. I could hear him mumbling. What was he saying? Was he asking me to take it easy? I was pummeling him inside with my left when I heard more clearly:

"You're making a great hit, Fidel. Keep it up and don't stop." The words came more audibly as he straightened up and tried desperately to find my jaw.

"And don't stop!" The words rang in my ears. I couldn't believe it. And there he was on the verge of a knockout at my hands.

It was a lucky thing that the bell rang then or I know that it would have looked as if I were faking because I was standing there with my hands down, mouth open and gaping like an idiot.

From my corner I watched the seconds sponge him off and wipe the blood from his face.

"What a heart and what a sportsman!" I thought.

The fourth and last round was coming up. (In those days California law did not permit bouts of longer duration.) We came out boxing on our toes. We speared each other with lefts. I tried hard to work up the "killer instinct" but the attempt was a failure. Frankie's encouraging words were still running through my mind.

Frankie had regained some of his strength. He came at me to make a final effective spurt. He swung his punches as hard as he could, but holding him off was easy now. I boxed around him, clinching, backing away and then tearing in at him for a flurry. I didn't show real power. My punches lacked the steam of the previous round. By now Frankie was making a last desperate stand and the crowd was cheering wildly. Toe to toe we stood swinging as I gradually backed him into a corner. The crowd rose to its feet yelling madly. We were slugging it out like two bitter enemies when the bell rang. I won! And got fifteen hundred dollars for giving a pal a beating!

Mr. Blake charged my failure to finish Grandetta to inexperience. I made no explanation to alibi my showing at that time. Three years later, when I was retiring as undefeated flyweight champion of the world to enroll at Stanford, we lunched with Ray Fee in San Francisco. Then I explained my aversion to matches with friends. The "friendly enemy" was not for me. In later years, when I returned to the ring as a featherweight, Mr. Blake always asked, kiddingly, if a prospective opponent were a pal of mine. Many I knew well, but real pals are seldom found when we get beyond the years of boyhood. #

Meat for God

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Susette was his youngest, and the only child of whom he knew the whereabouts. His old woman was sod by now. She had been the daughter of Big Ignace, the man who had stood above him that day in the wet snow and had not given him the taste of steel which his back had expected. He had just stood there, astonished by Sam Peël's want of spirit; and then had gathered him up like a sleepy child and taken him to his tepee. Sam Peël was no coward, as he proved later when he fought side by side with Big Ignace against those unrelenting enemies, the Blackfeet; perhaps it was the fever of starvation and fear (he had been lost for a week) which had unnerved him. His life had been determined that day.

Until then he had been Jean Pierre Marie Le Moyne, a name to evoke memories in Montreal and Trois Rivières, and beyond. He had gone out with the fur brigade, his first, and he never made the return voyage out to Fort William and across the Great Lakes and down the St. Lawrence. For all his waiting family knew, the wilderness had his bones. He had stayed where he had been found; those particular mountains and the particular patch of sky above them became dearer than anything he had left behind.

In time he forgot that he had ever been Jean Pierre Marie and was satisfied with Sam Peël, which was the nearest the Salish people, with no "r" sound in their tongue, could come to rendering his name.

Big Ignace's daughter—Florette was the name Sam Peël gave her—had been a good wife. He was proud of the skilful work she put into the buckskin clothes he wore (no man had better); and whatever the hour of day or night he might come home, he had never been kept waiting for food. In all their thirty years together he had never whipped her and she had never scolded. It was well that they were content with each other, because they never had any happiness in their children. The old life was going to pieces as their children were growing up and it was impossible to keep them in a tepee. One boy was shot because he looked like somebody who happened to be a horse thief; another was decapitated as he lay sleeping on a railroad track, evidently drunk; still another, put in the county jail for his part in a little fight, broke his neck when his foot slipped on the window sill as he was escaping; and so it went. Some were in prison now, others had gone off and had lost themselves. Sam Peël knew nothing of them, and it was just as well.

Susette, his last child, had come to live with him a year ago, bringing Le P'tit with her, and it was these two who made him realize that the old ways were completely gone. Somehow he had lived until now, alone for a long time, but he could not understand how he had managed it. He would be sitting there in the doorway and suddenly feel hungry. Without second thought he would go for his gun, resting on pegs behind his plank door, and then his head would clear. He had not shot that gun for ten years, except on New Year's morning. What should he shoot at? The housetops of St. Xavier? The stumps of his poor brush farm? There was a game warden now. He went riding around. "What's this meat you have? A steer? Show me the hide!"

"Papa! Put the gun back! You go to sleep there, then you jump up and go for your old gun. Just sit down, Papa."

It had come to that. A man who had hunted buffalo and had fought pitched battles, had to be told to put his gun down. He might shoot something!

Susette had been fat when she came to him with Le P'tit a year ago: "My man won't work. He drinks and lays around. And they throw him out of the poolhall. And now he's gone for good. They say he went to Spokane with a woman. She'll get her belly full. So now I have to stay with you, me and Le P'tit." She had been fat when she came saying that, but now she looked pinched in the face. Her bones came out of hiding.

An old man, past eighty (he had really forgotten how old he was), could not take his axe and split wood to sell down there in St. Xavier. He had no horses—the last one had been killed for meat just after Susette came—else he might go to the county and get a job driving one of the green school wagons. It was difficult to understand how everything had happened. Couldn't he have had all that land down there in St. Xavier which they were selling now for five hundred dollars a lot? Couldn't he go down there and tell them to get off, he had come first?

The spring sun was not warm, but not cold either. An old man's weathered skin hardly felt it. An old man's eyes thought nothing of all this change: this snow seeping into the rocky hillside earth, these waxen sprouts pushing up with caps of mud. An old man's head worked at a puzzle.

If it was true that he might have had all that land down there, why was it that he had to kill his last horse when Susette came to live with him? Why was it that Susette had to go down to the slaughter house? . . .

There was a sound in the nearby brush, there were running steps, light steps, a shrill voice shattered the puzzle.

"Gran'père! Gran'père! Quick! The gun!"

Le P'tit, the serious, had stopped ten paces off and had already set himself to return in the direction he had come. He was like the second runner in a relay race, reaching for the baton, his feet beginning to carry him away.

"Quick, I say! Gran'père, can'tcha wake up!" The little fellow's high excitement was giving place to sharp distress. His round face was working as if in a moment he would cry.

Sam Peël was only now aware of the interruption. "Yes, yes, mon petit. No doubt you have caught a bear, a very large one."

"No! No! It is a buck deer! Just there!" By now the boy was wild with impatience. He jumped about. Would the old man never get to his feet? Would he never get his gun? Could he not understand that he had just seen that big fellow push his high head through a thicket of young spruce and stand listening? He might be gone even now, though Le P'tit had crept along the ground like a dog, leaving his bow and arrows behind, and had come as fast as he could run. He was there, not a hundred yards off. Perhaps he had come down from the mountain for green grass. Old man! Get a move on!

"A deer, you say? Mon petit, it was a cow! There has not been a deer on this mountain since your mother was a babe—Very well. It is a deer and I am coming."

The little fellow had a way of bossing one around. When he played a game, he played it hard. Sam Peël, before now, had learned to give in. Here was another of his games. In his make-believe he had turned a cow, perhaps a heifer, into a deer. He might as well have made it a buffalo. He did not intend to load his old gun, but the boy, eying him sharply, reminded him of the oversight.

"Gran'père! Put a bullet in. We got to have fresh meat."

It made Sam Peël smile. He watched the boy turn into the brush, gesturing for caution. He would have made a good hunter, if there had been anything to hunt. It was a born gift. The old man was diverted from his troublesome round of thought. He had slipped a fat cartridge into the old Springfield rifle (there were precious few of those cartridges left, but then he had no use for them), and his step quickened to the boy's enthusiasm. Susette had seen him take the rifle down and he had to call back.

"The little one has something, over here in the woods. He says we'll have fresh meat. So get the pot ready."

Susette sniffed. "You two—you babes. If you could shoot a sack of potatoes, now, that would be something. Vas donc!"

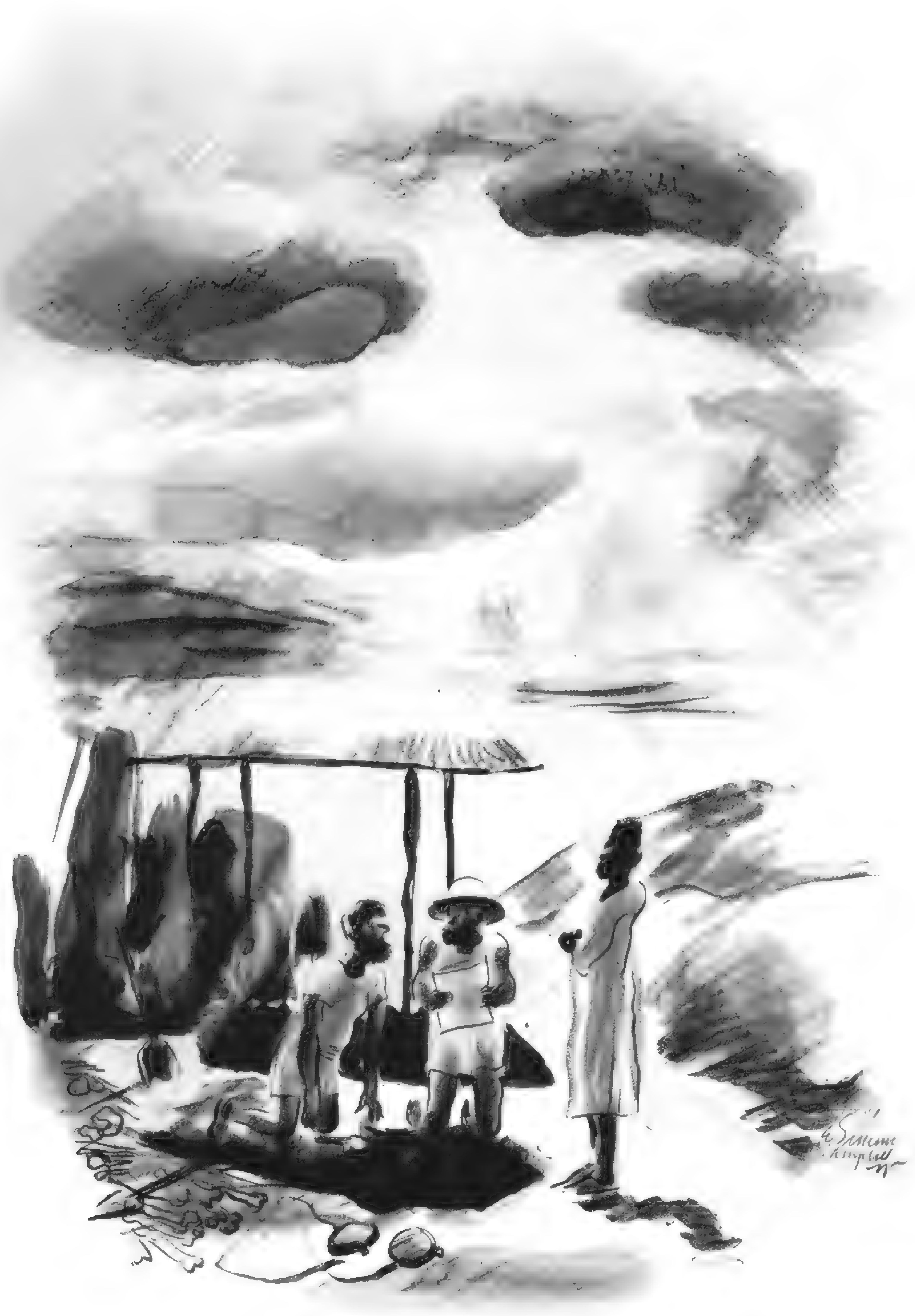
What upset Sam Peël was his coming upon the deer's tracks. It staggered him, so that he began all at once to tremble and to perspire. He got down on his knees and looked closely. There was no mistaking the sharp hoof marks. He could have wept. He could have kissed the ground. Not once in these long years had he seen a sight so pleasant. It was beyond fancy. Such a big fellow, too! The tread was heavy.

"My dear one! My beauty! Why didn't you say it was not a joke! What a smart fellow you are!" He was chanting so loudly that Le P'tit had to hush him.

By that time the old man was ready for business. His trembling was over. A glance told him which way the deer was heading and what direction he would have to take to come upon him. He recalled, with dismay, that he had taken just one cartridge. What an old fool! But it would do. One shot was all he needed. He who had shot buffalo by the hundred. . . .

He had a moment of remembering other times like this. The excitement that seized everyone when news was brought that game had been found. Perhaps the whole camp had been sitting for weeks with nothing but boiled black moss to eat; the wind would be sweeping veils of frost and snow across the sky; hungry eyes would stare into tepee fires—and then a runner would arrive urging a spent horse. A band of elk had been discovered. More hunters were needed. Horses were to be brought. At once the camp would be in an uproar. Children would begin to shout. Dogs would howl. The women would sharpen their knives. Fires would be kindled. Then the hunters would

Continued at top of page 122



"It's a bar bill—from the Explorers' Club"

Meat for God

Continued from pages 86-120

go dashing out of camp. And afterwards there would be the night of forgetting how black the days had been. A bragging man would be heard to exclaim: "From now on, meat is my food. I eat no more of this *tripe de la roche*." An old woman would roll a piece of meat in her toothless mouth and murmur: "Peace, fool! It's such as you that brings this blight upon us. When you learn to eat what you have it will be easier for those who have to live with you."

Sam Peël's eyes were pleasantly afire. Now there was no slowness about him. He ordered Le P'tit to the rear. It was no time for child's play. The old man walked stealthily and with energy. The gun was in his right hand, balanced, ready. From time to time he paused to listen for the sound of crackling brush. The buck was in no hurry. He was down here scouting the land. That was evident from his spoor. One could see where he stopped and sniffed the wind. There was a smell of green grass on the air. That was what had the old buck stirred up.

When finally he heard the sound for which he had been listening, the rest followed in almost the same breath. Brush cracked. Sam Peël stopped dead. The rifle was in both hands, half-raised. The gesture was old and familiar. It was a moment of supreme confidence. He could hold his own, thus and smile mockingly.

The big buck, immensely tall at the shoulder, pushed through an undergrowth of frazzled brambles and stopped. His nose was in the air. Something was wrong. His front feet had jutted out together, braced. He snorted. Then he raised his front quarters, was pivoting, when Sam Peël's big gun exploded. The echo of it rolled up the mountain. He had been right. One cartridge was enough. The buck's front legs failed him. His hind legs lashed out convulsively and he shot forward, his chest plowing the earth. That was all.

The moment was complete. It was achievement in an old and beloved art. But it was brief. The old man's joy was suddenly gone. He did not move after he had fired. The gun was still half-raised. He was not looking at the fallen buck. The clamor his gun had made, the fearful, continuing echo of it, had struck him dumb with terror. The good God! Who might not have heard that shot! He had forgotten what a throaty blast the old piece gave off. The echo crashed and crashed in his head. It would never stop. He could not silence it. What if the game warden had heard it! What if he should come on the run! Sam Peël did not know whether it was the deer season or not. He did not understand those things.

Le P'tit had run forward to the kill, and like a happy dog going to retrieve, he danced about. "Gran'père! You shot him dead! He doesn't move! One shot, and he's dead!"

For a long time Sam Peël heard nothing. His lips were moving. Words were uttered: "Old fool! Now you've done it! Old fool! Now see!"

Then he heard Le P'tit, still shouting: "Shot him dead! Gran'père, that was the best shot in the world!"

What was that? The good God! The child was telling everybody! They would all come after him—the sheriff, the judge, the soldiers. He would have to hide himself. Or he could—

"Le P'tit! Say not a word to Susette but run quick to the house. Understand me, child! Not a word! There's pitch pine kindling under the stove. Bring it! Say it is for Gran'père and Susette will not stop you. Hear me? Not a word."

The boy questioned and was slow in starting, but at last he set off as fast as his legs would take him.

"Don't skin him, Gran'père! Wait till I come!"

Sam Peël worked fast. First his big gun, to which he had clung these years, believing it to be his oldest and best friend; he took it and laid it across the slaughtered buck. Then he rushed about. He grabbed up dead wood, branches of trees, windfalls, old brush. Armload after armload was heaped upon gun and deer. He worked without pause. His ears strained at hearing. Was that a footfall? Was a horseman approaching? Faster! More wood!

Here was Le P'tit! Here was the pitch pine!

"Never mind, Le P'tit! Never mind! There will be roast venison for the good God. Don't grudge it. Don't weep, mon brave. See how quickly the fire goes! There, my dear, it has all caught. We'll go to Susette. She was right. You can't shoot a sack of potatoes. We'll tell her that."

That night there was no meat for supper. But that was nothing new. #

X + Y + Z = Gag

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with a young English professor who, they think, will be a refining influence. When the pair come back, mama asks, "Did you have a good time?" and the professor exclaims, "Hot-patootie! I'll tell the cock-eyed world we did!"

This was fashioned directly from the well-known story of the Jewish gentleman who, wishing his son to get rid of the family accent, entrusts him to an Oxford tutor. Returning some months later to inquire after the boy's progress he is met by the tutor, gesticulating with his hands and exclaiming, "Oi, it's vunderful de vay your Abie is now spikking Henglish!"

And *that* story has its roots in the time-honored "boomerang" formula—setting a trap for another and getting caught oneself. Closely akin is the "man-bite-dog" formula of reversing an expected ending: If an elegant automobile collides with a dinky flivver and the flivver is wrecked—nothing funny about that. But let the elegant car be knocked into a ditch while the flivver rattles merrily on, and there's a laugh. Varied in the human equivalent: An angry little man goes into a room to confront—unknown to him—a heavyweight prizefighter. Blows, shrieks—and out flies the battered pugilist.

For every holiday and regular event the professional humorist is equipped with innumerable stock situations. At Christmas there's the wife buying awful-looking ties or terrible cigars; father usurping kids' mechanical toys; wife buying hubby things for her own use; children unmasking father or uncle as Santa Claus; father getting bills for gifts presented to him, etc. Keep your eyes open this Yuletide and you'll encounter every one of these themes; and see if you can anticipate those for other holidays.

Where the humorist does not start off with an old joke or situation (many scorn such procedure) there is another method: "Comic logic" it is called by Harry Hershfield, cartoonist, radio "toastmaster" and prolific producer of stories that sweep the country.

Begin with any ordinary object—a door, a bathtub, a congressman. What is its purpose? What peculiarities has it? What unusual situations can it bring about?

Hershfield contemplates a skyscraper apartment building: . . . Thousands of people living there . . . A city in itself . . . and he presently evolves the gag about the man who moved up from the tenth floor to the thirtieth floor "because he didn't like the neighborhood down there."

Juggling further with the skyscraper theme, Harry says to himself, "What if the elevators stopped running?" And he develops his famous story about the three salesmen who come to a convention-jammed city late at night and have to take the only available room—on the thirtieth floor of a hotel *where the elevators are out of order.* To relieve the long climb up, they decide to first sing gay songs, then tell funny stories, then tell sad stories. Reaching the twenty-ninth floor one of them suddenly gasps, "Oi! Have *I* a sad story to tell—I forgot the key!"

A gag by itself, however good, is only half the job. The professional humor-maker must consider how it is to be put over, where it is to be "planted" and many technical problems such as "timing" and "pacing." A gag may wow 'em in one spot, may die in another. Gags piled too rapidly on one another will kill each other off. A routine built for Eddie Cantor would have quick timing; one for *Amos 'n Andy*, slow timing.

In the big movie comedies, such as those of Chaplin, Cantor, Harold Lloyd and the Marx Brothers, with fortunes at stake, gag production reaches its most studied and scientific point. Months before the filming, a staff of top-notch gagmen is assembled. With the general nature of the production in mind, daily councils are held and the story is sketched out by scenes selected for their gagging possibilities.

That is to say, if the hero is going on a trip, there might be more gags in a ride by bus than by train. Most of the gags are minutely worked out before a foot of film is taken. In fact, for their latest picture, the Marx Brothers are trying out the projected gags on a special tour before regular stage audiences.

Every feature comedy strives for at least one "running" gag. This consists of a piece of business introduced early in the picture,

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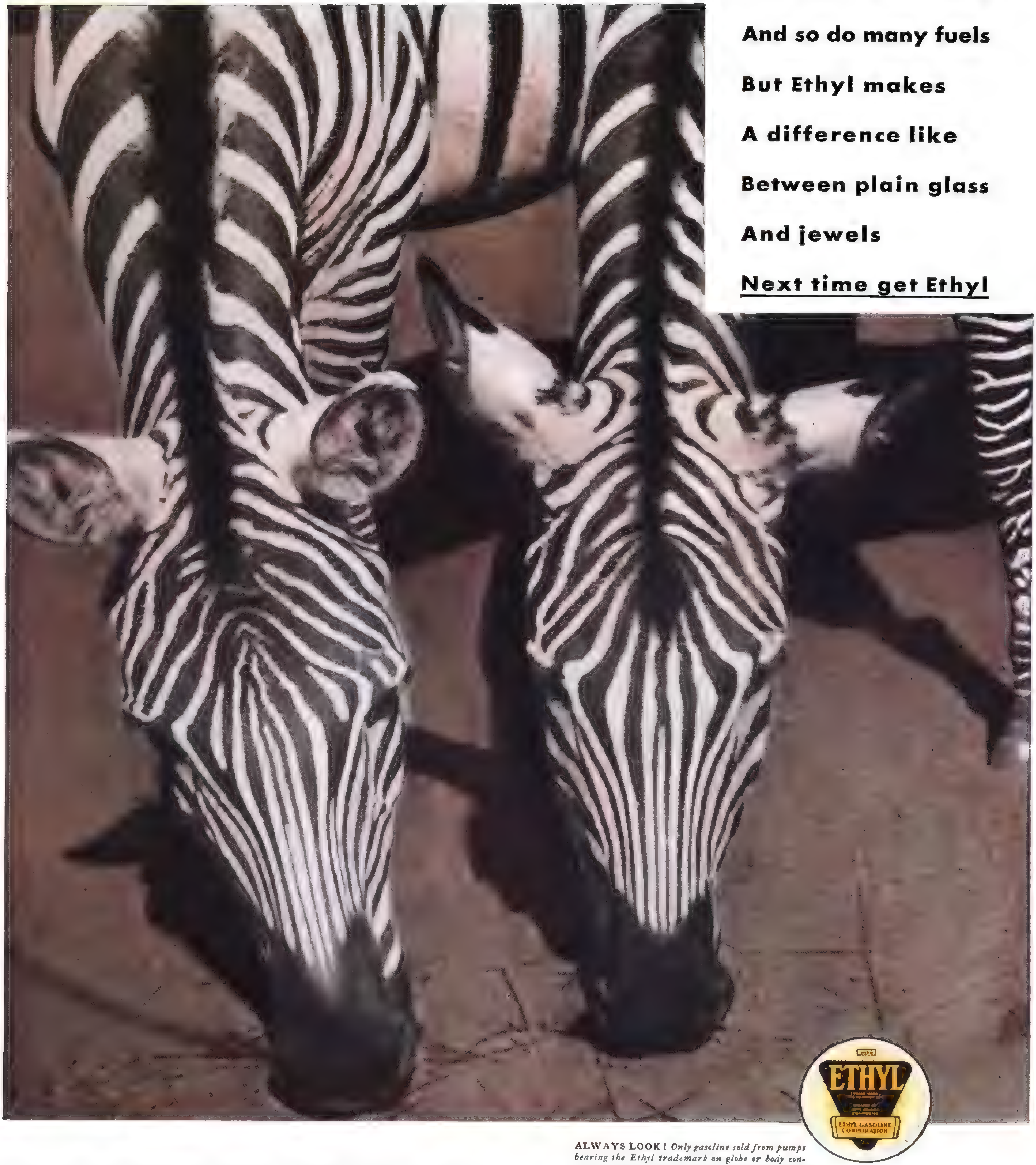
MIKE AND MAME

Look much the same
And so do many fuels
But Ethyl makes
A difference like
Between plain glass
And jewels
Next time get Ethyl



ALWAYS LOOK! *Only gasoline sold from pumps bearing the Ethyl trademark on globe or body contains sufficient Ethyl fluid to bring out the FULL performance of modern, high compression cars.*

3 FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GASOLINE

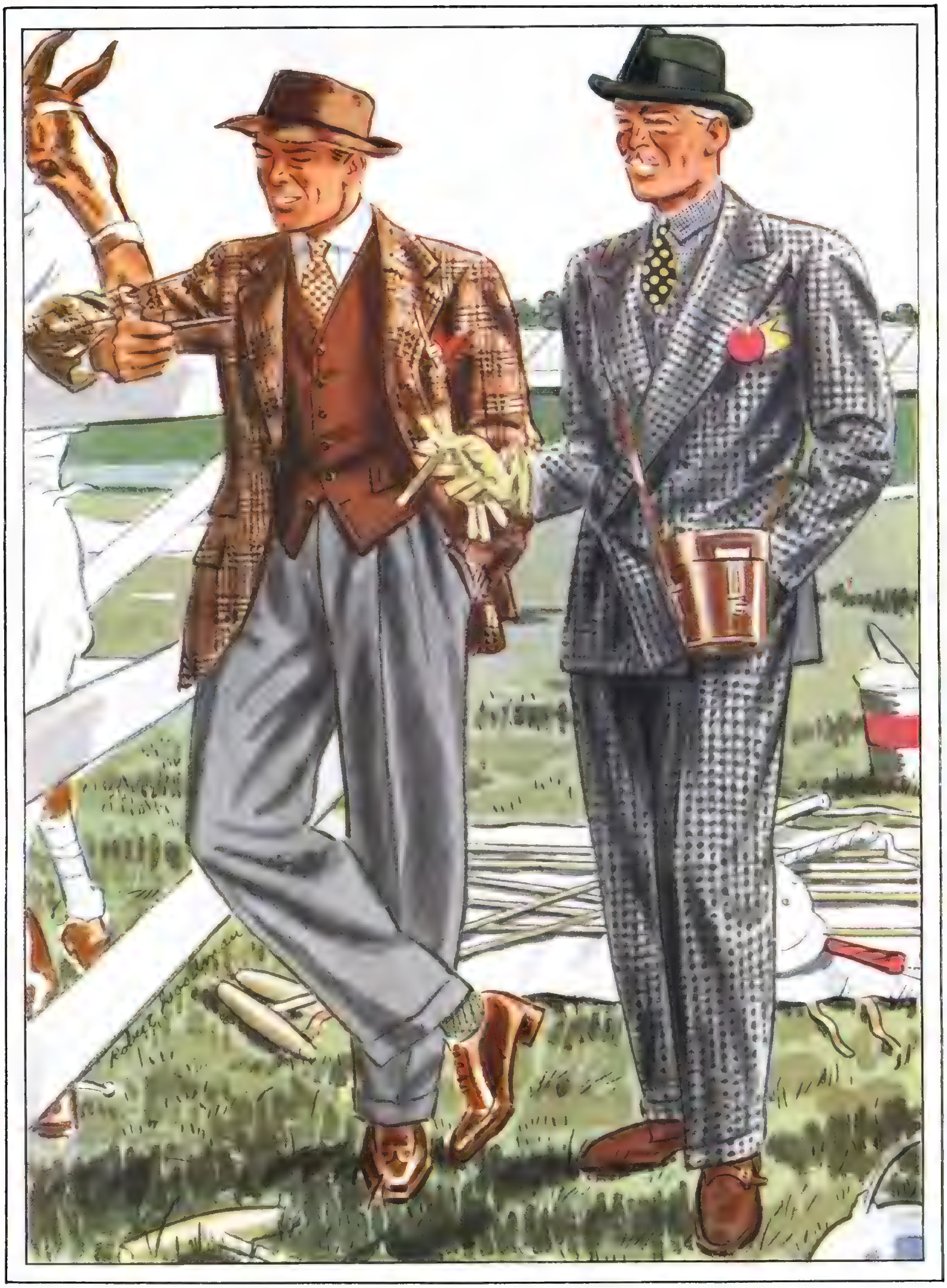
1. Pumps marked Ethyl contain the coolest fuel for summer use. The Ethyl fluid prevents harmful knock, which is more prevalent in summer. Thus more of the potential energy of each gallon is transformed into engine power and less sent as waste heat into the cooling system, already battling high outside temperatures.

2. Ethyl fluid is needed to develop full performance by modern high compression cars every season of the year. It makes older cars, too, run better as carbon and mileage accumulate. That is why approximately 95% of all premium gasoline sold in the United States and Canada now contains Ethyl fluid.

3. Sufficient Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) is used to produce the highest anti-knock rating by the official test methods of the oil and automotive industries. The all-round quality of premium fuel so treated is protected by double inspection at the refinery and at the pump.

* * *

To get all the power and pleasure from your car investment — **NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!**



THE CLOTHES MEN WEAR AT MEADOWBROOK

It is in the horsey set that many of the country's major trends of general fashion see their first presentation. The outfit at the left consists of a bold Glen plaid jacket of black and rust-brown, with a deep blue overplaid in an easy fitting natural shouldered model with outside ticket pocket and deep side vents, grey flannel slacks and an adaptation in brown suede of the postboy model waistcoat, a grey oxford shirt with widespread collar attached, a brown and white shepherd's check tie and a pork pie hat. The other outfit is comprised of a Saxony gun club checked double breasted suit in the long rolled lapel model with unflapped pockets and deep side vents, a tab collar shirt with small grey checks, a black cashmere wool tie with yellow polka dots, a silk handkerchief of hunting yellow, monk front reversed calf shoes with leather soles and heels, yellow chamois gloves and a rough felt Homburg hat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

X + Y + Z = Gag

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repeated in various forms and finally, topped with an unusual twist. In the Will Rogers' comedy, *Life Begins at Forty*, there is the village loafer with the mania for whittling. First, he is shown whittling the drawer of a desk; then his kids are shown with the same mania, whittling everything in sight; later he absent-mindedly whittles off the limb of a tree on which he is sitting; and, to climax, comes a scene where he battles with himself to keep from whittling the peg-leg of a cripple next to him. You'll see a similar running gag in almost every major comedy.

Gag technicians have learned that an audience may enjoy itself most when it knows just what is going to happen. Hence the "anticipated" gag, as Ernie Bushmiller calls it: A fat man, hiding from a jealous husband, is hanging from a window ledge when his suspenders burst. Frantically he tries to hold up his pants and keep his grip. The audience (convulsed, you hope) waits for the pants to come down, for him to fall into a barrel of rain water below, for the husband to discover him. And that's exactly what must happen or the audience will feel cheated.

The "repetition" formula, akin to the running gag in that it familiarizes the audience with an amusing situation, differs in repeating it in almost the same form so that it gets funnier each time. Even death can be made farcical if one character after another is killed off in too obvious succession. (See Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra.*) Constant repetition of a catchy phrase or expression is a sure-fire method of getting laughs. Where it can be permanently identified with an individual, such as Ed Wynn's "So-o-o-o," Joe Penner's "Wanna buy a duck?" and Jack Pearl's, "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" it is the most valuable device in the gag business.

While the three fields of mass humor have virtually the same audiences and are basically the same in their humor (many humorists working in two or all three fields simultaneously), there are marked differences occasioned by technical limitations. These limitations are greatest in radio, where humor must be conveyed entirely through the ear, without the many visual aids offered by the stage, movies and even comic strips. An added stress is therefore placed upon the words; and, at the same time, there is a special difficulty in getting material.

In the heyday of vaudeville a good skit writer, like Aaron Hoffman, could write a comedy playlet which would tour the country for years and bring in fat sums in royalties. Comedians, such as McIntyre and Heath, Moran and Mack, and Gallagher and Shean, used the same routine year after year, with slight changes made leisurely as they went along. But with the radio, the act or routine is flung nationwide in fifteen minutes and is instantly dead. It is because of this short-lived nature of radio material that many of the best humorists shy at writing original skits for it, and when they do, usually resort to the stereotyped puns and comedy forms which can be produced with the least effort.

In the comic strip—an inclusive term for all types of newspaper comics, Sunday pages, strips or panels—the principal limitation is the rigid frame within which the words and drawings must be held. Next, the feature must adhere to a formula (created by the cartoonist himself or assigned to him) which will make it marketable on long-term contracts; and, above all, because its chief function is to build and hold circulation, it is most valuable when it can "tease" the public along from day to day. For this reason, the old type "gag" strip, which was little more than the picturization each day of a different joke, has been almost crowded out by the "continuity" strip, which tells a running story with the humor subordinate or giving way entirely to adventure.

"Character" is a primary factor in all the fields of humor. No matter how bright the lines or situations are, they will fall flat unless the characters which enact them have the indefinable qualities of "personality" and "sympathy"—on the radio, " 'Mike' (microphone) appeal." And what may interest sociologists is that the most popular of all comic characters in the United States is the "sap." Appearing in various guises, the genial "sap" plays the leading part in many comics, ranging from that prince of saps, *Caspar Milquetoast*, down through *Andy Gump, Mr. Bungle, Krazy Kat, Joe Palooka, Benny* and dozens of others. In the movies, he is variously played by Charlie Chaplin, Eddie Cantor, Harold Lloyd, Laurel and Hardy, Jimmy Durante, etc. On the radio, by Ed Wynn, Cantor again, Joe Penner, Gracie Allen (female version), *Amos 'n Andy* and almost everybody else. So whenever the popular humorist wishes to "create" a central comedy character, he can confidently start with the formula of America's adored sap.

Up to this point I have been speaking only of the humor produced for the mass audiences, and along about here I'm conscious of a voice from the rear of the hall, "*Yes, but who told you it was humor?*"

That, of course, is unanswerable, like a challenge to a woman to prove she's charming. But to sophisticates who ridicule the comedy products of the newspaper syndicates, radio and screen because of their formula nature, it may be observed that almost all of the formulas and methods of the popular gagmen are constantly employed in our most advanced fields of wit.

The "anticipated gag," "built-up" gag, "running gag," "boomerang gag" are and have been for ages, stand-bys of the comedy theater. The formula similes, puns and word-plays are in regular use by our most superior wits, from Alexander Woollcott to "F.P.A." The "sap" theme underlies much of the work of cartoonists favored by sophisticates (Arno's "society sap"; Steig's "low-brow sap"; Helen Hokinson's and Mary Petty's "woman sap" are but a few examples), while an analysis of your favorite cartoonists of Esquire itself would show a high sap-theme content. And turning to our most sophisticated weekly, we find our old friend, the "schoolroom" gag, in a series, "Notes, for an East Side dictionary: *Plot*—a stain or smudge, generally made by ink . . . ; *Goggle*—a medicinal preparation for killing germs in the throat . . ." etc., etc.

Unquestionably, however, the humor of the sophisticated milieus is far more original, mature and unhackneyed than that of the radio, movie comedies and newspaper comics. But that isn't saying, "shame, shame!" to the popular humorist. Consider that the immense size of the popular audiences, a mass of millions of men, women and children averaging an intelligence quotient of about twelve years, makes possible only the broadest and most elemental of humor. Satire, sarcasm, irony, subtlety are for intimate audiences only. *Of Thee I Sing*, a notable venture in satire, while a smash-hit on Broadway, was never even attempted by the movies, although some of the most banal farces, many of them flops on Broadway, have been turned into enormously successful pictures.

Another thing, Morals:

Suppose you and the boys (maybe a few of the girls, too) got off in a corner at the club for a little laugh-shindig, and you said, "But remember now—no jokes about sex in any form, no gags about Duties No. 1 or No. 2, no laughs at the expense of any race, nationality, religion, nothing that'll offend any large group, big advertiser, industry or individual with any influence. And especially Sex, or anything that the children couldn't hear. All that's positively out. Now let's go ahead and tell some good ones!"

Well, that's what the popular humorist is up against.

About fifteen years ago the late Bert Leston Taylor, ("B. L. T.") ran a naïve little squib in his *Line-o'Type* column in the *Chicago Tribune* (not nationally syndicated) telling how to catch fish in the winter by standing with a club over a hole in the ice, strewing a can of peas around the edge, and when the fish came up to take a pea. . . .

In all innocence, two comedians signed up for a long series on the radio in Chicago, told this story their first night on the air. That ended their contract.

There is an endless chronicle of radio acts yanked off the air, comic strips cancelled and motion picture comedies chopped to pieces for the mildest of offenses. By the time popular humor has run the gauntlet of prejudices, sectional differences, creeds, conventions and censorships by reformers, super-patriots, religionist and business interests all waiting to take a whack at it, there should be little wonder if it often emerges weak and wobbly, and downright amazement that it comes through as well as it does. For, despite everything, I believe that some of our most original, expressive and authentic humor comes from the popular fields, and I can think of a great many newspaper comic features, radio skits and movie comedies that rise above every limitation imposed upon them without need of apology by any standard.

And just as a final thought, in case anyone got the impression that to be a successful popular humorist it is merely necessary to know the stock jokes and formulas: Anyone can learn to cook with a cookbook, but it takes a good deal more than just recipes to make you an Escoffier—or the producer of a *Mickey Mouse.*

The Spider Spins Alone

Continued from page 73

. . . No, I don't know his name, but I found your telephone number on a card in his pocket . . . Well, he's a small man, about forty or so, partly bald, and . . . all right, please get up here as soon as you can. I think he is dying." He repeated the address and hung up.

When he came back into the room the Spider noticed that the doctor's face was wet with perspiration, and when he spoke his voice was harsh.

"Now listen," he said, coming close to the Spider. "I'm going to give you a light shot to put you to sleep until these friends of yours are gone. Otherwise they may think you're faking. The rest of the job you can leave to me. I've got your tickets to New Orleans and there's a train from Penn Station at seven-fifteen. You can stay here until then if you want to."

"Okay, fine," the Spider cleared his throat. "But first take this dough and stick it away somewhere," he handed over the long envelope.

The doctor disappeared with it behind the screen. Then with hands that shook only slightly he filled a hypodermic syringe with morphine. He came back to the table, wiped an area on the Spider's arm, inserted the needle and pulled the plunger slowly until the gauge showed empty. He waited a few seconds longer than two minutes, then reached with his left hand and rolled up the Spider's eyeball.

When the doorbell rang the doctor ran out and opened the door of the room across the hall. He nodded to the nurse, a cheaply pretty girl with very blond hair and large scared eyes. He held the door open for her, watching her closely. Then as she walked down the hall to the front door he returned quickly to the room where the Spider lay blanched and still.

Rocco and Steve were without their hats. They stood in the doorway, staring.

The doctor stood up and removed the stethoscope from his head. He looked from the Spider's face to the men in the doorway.

"Do you know this man?" he asked wearily.

Rocco and Steve stared at the blood-stained figure on the table. Finally Steve raised horror-filled eyes and saw that there was another man in the room.

"Yeah . . . yeah, we know him," Steve said dully.

"I picked him up in front of that vacant lot on Burke Avenue, a block from the White Plains road," the doctor explained slowly and patiently. "I was returning from a late call when I suddenly saw his body lying there on the sidewalk. I didn't wait to call the police, which is probably what I should have done, but brought him straight here. I've done what I could for him, but it isn't very much. There's a bullet hole behind his right ear."

Rocco and Steve exchanged a long look of understanding.

"Frankly, I don't want to have my name mixed up with an affair of this sort," the doctor admitted. "I have a large family practice, and the publicity . . . I hope you gentlemen will understand."

Steve nodded blankly.

"Good. Then if you will take him away now I promise you I shan't report this to the police. Did you come in a car?"

"Sure, we got a car outside," Rocco replied.

"Then if you will drive it into the alley you can get the body out without anyone seeing you from the street," the doctor explained.

"You mean he's—dead?" Steve asked quietly.

"Yes, he's dead," the doctor replied. ⌗

Man of Decency

Continued from page 64

from every Philadelphia newspaper. This alone is enough to merit Breen's mention among Ripley's believe it or nots, for reporters are rarely sacked in Philadelphia. Most of them stay a lifetime with the sheet they start upon as a cub. Should their chosen paper fold, they shift over to the surviving sheets and anchor there until the boys on the staff chip in for their funeral wreath.

Breen's sudden departure from the staff of the *Philadelphia Record* is still the best newspaper story you will hear at the bar of the Pen and Pencil Club, the Quaker City newsmen's shelter. Breen's regular assignment on the *Record* was the downtown police districts. His duties were to travel nightly from police station to police station, pick up news bits and phone in his gleanings every few hours to the city desk. This was rather a drab stint for perennially energetic Breen because the downtown beat was not exactly a lively sector for news. An occasional negro stabbing or a one-alarm fire were, on the average, all that came out of there. Hence, smart Newsman Breen instead of dutifully chasing over a district traditionally barren of leads, was accustomed to spend his evenings taking in a show on passes from the dramatic critic. Between the acts, he would do right by his paper by covering the district via the telephone in the downstairs smoking salon of the theatre.

One wintery night while Breen was cozily enjoying the opening of a new musical comedy something did happen downtown. An oil refinery on the southern edge of the city caught fire. The flames spread quickly and carried in their surge row upon row of South Philadelphia homes. So great was the conflagration that the flames were reflected in the skies for miles around. They could be even seen from the windows of the city room of the *Record* office uptown. Yet the *Record* had no word from Breen on the fire. While the cantankerous city editor, Harry Wilson, raving and cursing, paced up and down the city room, rewrite men frantically but vainly attempted to reach by phone the missing Breen at the various downtown police stations.

About two hours later, after Wilson had dispatched every available reporter to the scene of the great downtown fire and the rewrite desk had shot up to the composing columns of the front page stuff on the story, the city editor's phone rang.

"Breen, downtown, speaking. As usual, nothing doing."

Also while he was supposedly covering the downtown district for the *Record*, Breen used to slip uptown some evenings to woo and win Mary Dervin, the eldest daughter of the Fairmount Avenue Dervins. Today, the Joseph Ignatius Breens have a brood of six younger Breens—Helene, 18, Natalie, 17, Joseph, Jr., 15, Frances, 14, James, 12 and Thomas, 10. En masse, every Sunday, rain or shine, the Breens may be seen attending mass at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Beverly Hills.

Breen literally let himself in for what is regarded today as Hollywood's most important and most ticklish job, namely, that of being the industry's great "NO" man. It happened at a meeting of the fellow members of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America., Inc., held one sweltering July evening in 1934, in New York City. This association, headed by Will H. Hays, is commonly known as the Hays' organization and its members are responsible for practically 85% of all movies made and shown in America. At that time, it was estimated that more than 65,000,000 persons—half of the nation's population—were under official church pressure to boycott indecent and un-Christian films. Nearly 15,000,000 Catholics, Protestants and Jews were reported to have actually joined the crusade known as the Legion of Decency whose aim was and still is to boycott films regarded as morally objectionable. And boycott the films, these crusaders sure did. Over a six-week period during June and July of 1934 when the anti-movie clamor was at its height, national film attendance fell off to the tune of more than 15,000,000 paid admissions weekly. At this particular New York conclave, the producers were inclined to laugh off this crusade as temporary and to ignore it. Had not the industry ridden out past crusades? How was this one any different from the others? Finally in the wee hours, Breen, hitherto regarded by the movie moguls as just another one of Hays' publicity boys, dramatically took the floor.

With all the eloquence of a Bourke Cochran, the savagery of a Huey Long and the forcefulness of a Patrick Henry, Joseph Ignatius Breen lashed into the assembled and startled satraps. In an impassionate address, interspersed with some unparliamentary Fairmount language, Breen tersely told them that they were courting even further declines in box-office receipts and perhaps federal censorship, unless they took immediate action to assure the church folks that the movies of the future would be pure and decent. Besides, he added, that any reform which they might effect should not be simply a temporary gesture but a sincere and permanent measure. For right then the pulpit, press and public were not in the usual gullible mood to swallow the same old ingenius reform and whitewash hokum which the industry had so successfully employed in the past to smother anti-movie movements.

The moguls had no comeback to Breen's

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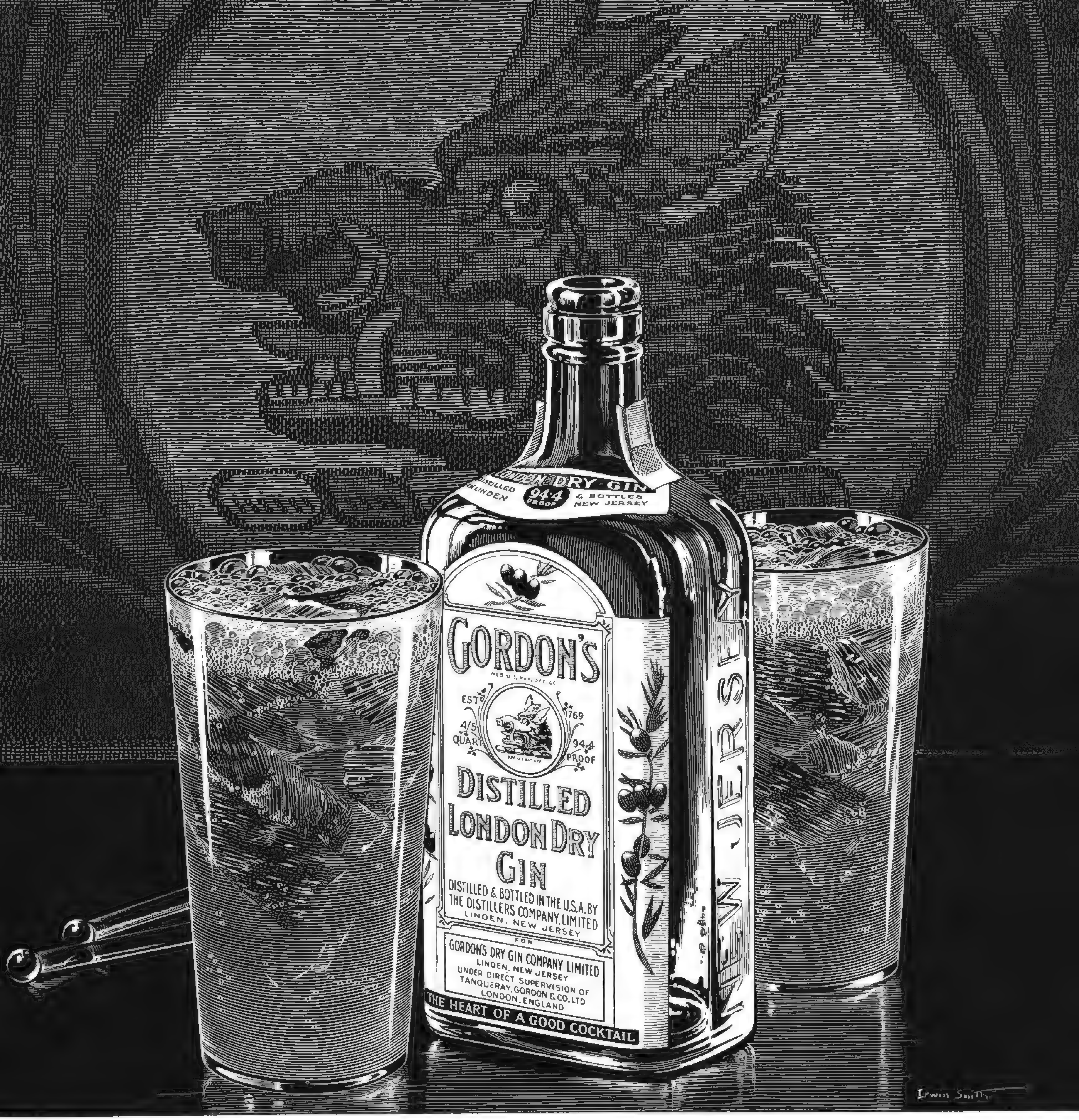

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WHEN GIN IS CALLED FOR CALL FOR GORDON'S

Cocktail, rickey or Tom Collins—when the drink calls for gin learn to specify Gordon's. A world favorite for 166 years, Gordon's is smoother, kinder to the throat. At home and at the bar, when gin is called for call for Gordon's.

THE 94.4 PROOF OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Permit R-514

Man of Decency

Continued from pages 64-126

charges. They knew that what he had told them was true. Breen had just returned from a conference with a committee of Catholic bishops in Cincinnati. The Bishops had been very courteous to Mister Breen but they had blandly informed him that, regardless of what the movies were going to do about reform, the Catholic Church fully intended to develop and extend membership in the Legion of Decency to every town and city in the United States. This campaign would be continued until the Bishops were really convinced that the release of pictures conformed with reasonable moral standards.

As a result of his Ciceronian outburst, the moguls voted unanimously to purify their pictures and elected Joseph Ignatius Breen as the Lord High Purifier with virtually unlimited power to scrub the screen clean. A few days after this moguls' conclave, Breen was officially installed as "decency dictator" in Hollywood. Ever since that date, July 15, 1934, Breen's word has been final upon what is and what is not vulgar and obscene.

All scripts and finished work must be reviewed and passed upon by him. Those scripts and films which Breen approves are given a certificate. A producer must show this certificate before the film can be released and distributed. For a member of the Motion Pictures Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., who releases a picture without Breen's purity okay there is a fine of $25,000. However, it would not get him very far even if he tried to do so. He could not get distribution for this "outlaw" film through 85% of the major distributing outlets, all of which are controlled by the members of the Hays' organization.

Ever since he became Hollywood's man of decency, Breen has been given plenty of gratis advice on how to clean up the pictures. With the possible exception of Franklin D. Roosevelt, he probably receives more personal letters than anybody else in the United States. His weekly mail averages more than 5,000 missives. A few are congratulatory. Many are downright nasty. Nearly all are protests. For instance, the coal operators do not believe it is good labor policy to produce the film *Black Hell;* an oil company is against releasing *Oil for the Lamps of China;* the Association of Young Turks say that they will boycott any picture depicting one of their kind as a villain; ditto for the bankers' association; ditto for the Harlem and Southside Negro Uplift Groups.

"Pretty soon," remarked Breen as he reviewed some of these protests, "the movies will have to eliminate all villains and have entire casts of heroes."

Avalanches of protest letters, repeated wails of outraged producers, directors, authors and exhibitors, the vindictiveness of various organized groups, do not phase Breen. Nor can they sway him in the slightest in his decisions. He simply, but staunchly, maintains that he did not ask to be anointed Hollywood's high priest of decency. Since the moguls themselves, of their own volition, ordained him, Joseph Ignatius Breen, with all the innate stubbornness and persistency of the Celt, fully intends to continue to call them as he sees them in Hollywood. Sure, under the circumstances, any dacent man couldn't do otherwise. #

Interior of Mexico

Continued from page 51

there are some good-looking salt domes near Carcajal and the International plans to get some leases there. All of which they duly report to their own office.

The spy should be good-natured, sociable, amusing. He is a drinker, one of those phenomenal men who can soak up alcohol and never lose his head. At three-thirty in the morning he can gauge the accuracy of a drunken driller's story, and at nine the same morning decide correctly whether another man would fall for a cash present. Everyone knows what he does, still they all like him. He's a good fellow in a queer sort of job, and my God how the man can drink. People are proud of him. Year after year, keeping pace with the big men who come to town to assuage a three month's thirst, men who go through three months' pay at four hundred dollars gold a month, in one whirl. And still he's untouched.

Sure. It's a great life. By and by he's taking a drink before breakfast to pull himself together, another in mid-morning, and plenty at lunch. His standard daily consumption of alcohol, regardless of business, becomes staggering. If he's lucky, by and by he'll have some common little sickness and go out like a candle. If not, he'll hang on till his hand begins to shake and his mechanism needs more liquor than his brains can handle—not getting drunk, but fuzzy, eccentric, no longer smart after midnight. Then he goes home with his savings, which may be considerable. The life at home is harder, different, less sociable, and more expensive. People tire of him in bars. His thin blood is cold in winter, he's miserable even in New Orleans, and probably in the end he drifts back to Tampico or Vera Cruz or wherever it may be. His skin is loose over his cheeks and neck, his eyes wet and opaque, his clothes shabby. He is quick to spot old friends, anyone with whom, once, anywhere, he raised a glass, and he has a special line of talk for newcomers, young men who agree that you can't let a fellow North American, and old-timer, down.

We met the spies purely socially, having nothing to tell save that we ran across some chapopote up the coast, and no reason for concealing that. We rolled poker dice, drank beer, ate little oysters, and when the bar closed at nine o'clock we could turn in or go to Ernesto's.

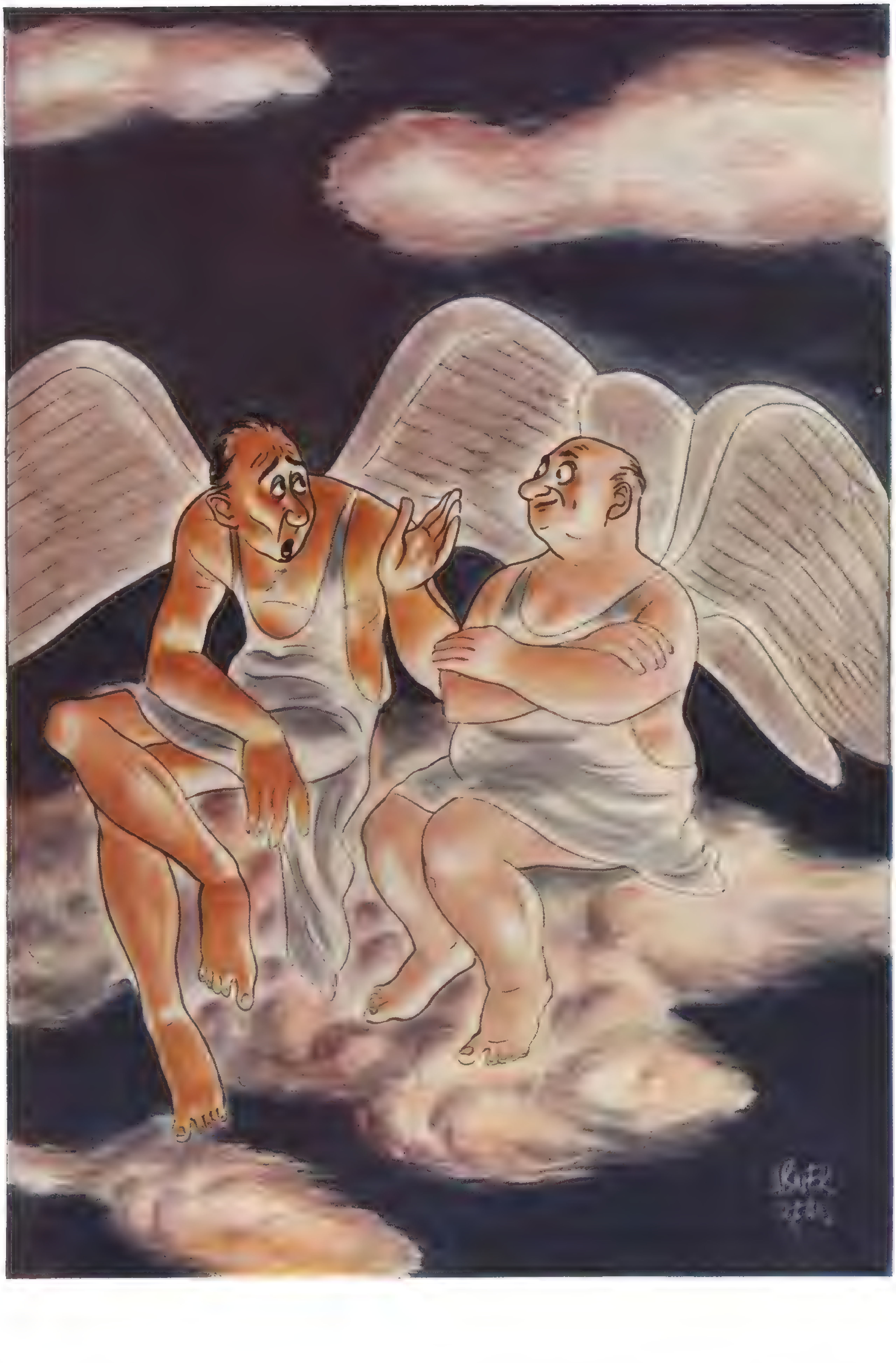
Any kind of drink cost a peso there—whiskey, gin, habanero, tequila, ron negrita, beer—save champagne, which was seldom opened these days. You could just sit with your friends, you could invite the girls to drink and dance, and go home as early as you pleased; no one pestered you. The liquor was good and the orchestra a lot better than you had any right to expect. The girls were local, and most of them were delighted to be where they were, escaped from the poverty and hard labor and monotony of the little villages to an endless *baile*, company, life, music, red silk stockings and brilliant dresses, powder, perfume and rooms with real beds in them, their bureaus covered with bric-a-brac. They thought it was swell, and expected to retire rich. Some of them might. They knew the usual tricks for double-crossing and making men spend, but they were not vicious. On the contrary, friendly, well-behaved, never pushing. It was a surprisingly pleasant place, the big barn of a room with its bright lights and innumerable doors along two sides, the music, and the gathering of men, English, North American, Mexican, who mostly knew each other. It was a club.

Orderly, too. You had to be orderly in Puerto México. There was a mounted night patrol, *vaqueros*, dressed in dark clothes, riding black horses. You didn't see them at a distance, their horses' steps were quiet in the sand. You looked up at the sound of a bit clinking right by your shoulder, and saw them going past at a fast running walk, with their riatas coiled at the horn. If they saw what they thought was disorder, they'd rope you and head for the jail. You could explain later. Everyone behaved.

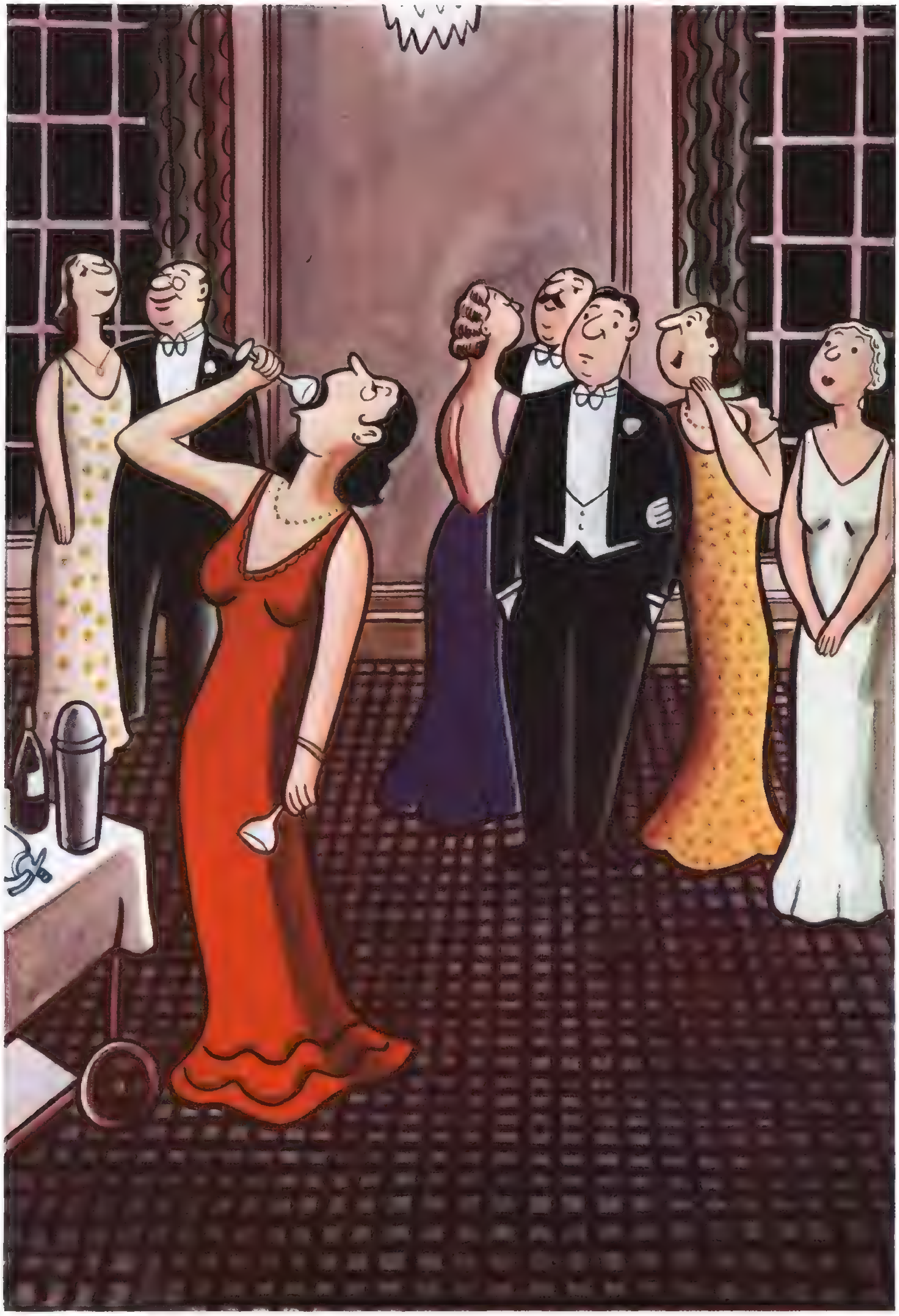
It took a slight moral effort, but I thought I'd be a fool not to do it, so I put in a few hours talking to Ernesto, the owner of the house. He was Chinese, or of Chinese blood—the bland, flattish face, sparse whiskers at the corners of the mouth, the grave, impenetrable expression. Well past middle age, slight and small-boned with a bit too much flesh on now, and a woman's broad hips. He wore slippers, brownish silk trousers, a white silk polo shirt open at the neck, and his neck, too, was feminine. He'd take some non-alcoholic drink and sit, his palm-leaf fan eternally in motion, talking in rather a high, harsh voice about the state of business, watching everything that went on without seeming to. In business he was hard and practical as a nail. I was fascinated by his face, his eyes—the good one, Chinese, black, betraying nothing, the socket of the other filled by a curtain of scarred skin, the scar running on around his cheekbone in a perfect circle. A girl had broken a beer-bottle and jabbed him, once.

He would talk, courteously, giving no sense of haste, and by and by freeze you out. He was at once a man, a woman, and neither, passionless, a monster, with the curious self-respect of a good mind in such a setting. Some sailors once, being drunk, got curious and investigated him forcibly, I was told.

Ernesto was politely cold, as who would say: I pander to you normal men, I know you all too well. My race, my deformity, my scar, my business cut me off. For whatever queer reason you may wish it, you cannot know me, achieve a glimpse of my inner self. You are normal, alien, animal: good evening. Your friends, these girls, the liquor are for you. I want your trade, and reasonable courtesy, I give you the same. That is all. #



"She said her husband was out of town and I was fool enough to believe her!"



"She started last January when young Carmichael told her to go to hell"

The Kat Comes of Age

Continued from page 103

can come in the middle of a sentence begun under the noonday sun.

It is impossible to give in words precisely the effect of the pictures, but even from what I have said it must be clear that Krazy Kat and Mickey Mouse have a great deal in common. In fact, the Kat and his mouse, and Krazy Katfish and Osker Wildcat and Kristofer Kamel and Mock Duck and the rest of Krazy's friends and relations were introduced to cartoon comedies some fifteen years ago. I gather they were not peculiarly successful, because they were not long continued, and it remained for Disney, directly or indirectly inspired by Krazy Kat, to make a great success. Mickey Mouse is funnier, and the Silly Symphonies have a quite separate enchantment, but I still wonder why the attempt is not made again to put Krazy Kat on the screen. Harriman himself, in addition to being a delightful draftsman, has a sense of color. Some ten years ago Krazy blossomed into a full page color comic, and although his adventures were minute episodes, they could easily be extended to make a perfect screen cartoon.

The actual counterpart on the screen of this imperishable character is the original figure which Charlie Chaplin created at exactly the same time. If you will think back carefully, you will remember that the little man of Charlie Chaplin, the familiar figure with the derby hat and the mustache and the rattan stick and the big shoes who dangled in effigy outside dim and dirty little movie houses, was like Krazy, full of heart, full of sweetness and love. Chaplin would befriend a stray cur; Krazy bends over to say, "Hello, worm!" to a caterpillar. And, like Krazy, the little Chaplin figure was beset by the hardness and lack of understanding of a world without imagination and sympathy.

When I relate Krazy to Chaplin, I am, of course, saying as much as I can say. To my mind these two are the great imagined and fully created characters of the past generation in America, and I do not know any figure in the more serious arts who comes anywhere near them, and who gives such long and continued satisfaction. I wish I knew some way of communicating the exact quality of that satisfaction, especially in regard to Krazy Kat, who is not nearly so well known as Chaplin. I can only say that those who have once fallen under his spell can never forget him, and form a sort of secret society, bound together by their love of a gentle little monster, the first character in our popular mythology. ⧻

Masters of Moulage

Continued from page 52

Viennese actress, was solved. In the Vienna Zoölogical gardens the police discovered the body of a young woman with two bullets in her head; to cover all traces of his crime, the murderer had burned the face with acid, then poured benzine over the victim and set it afire. A shower of rain put the fire out, but the parts about the jawbone were greatly damaged; the cheeks were badly charred and perfectly stiff. All essential clues for ascertaining the perpetrator of the crime or identifying the murdered girl were lacking. For several days the body lay in the morgue, where it was viewed by hundreds of people; newspaper and radio descriptions were broadcast but no identification was forthcoming.

Then the Viennese police called a council which included a professor of dentistry, a skin specialist and a sculptor, who examined the woman's head and arrived at a conclusion as to what her face might have looked like. They then took impressions of her upper and lower teeth and made a moulage death-mask of the face. This mask was kept unchanged, but using it as a model, a second mask was now constructed to illustrate how the victim might have looked in life. A photograph of the second mask was taken, and it was by means of this photograph that the murdered woman was finally identified.

The solution of the crime came about most interestingly: every dentist in Vienna was shown the moulage reproduction of the girl's teeth, until a certain dentist recognized some of his dental work. He was then asked to look at the reconstructed sculpture-portrait of the victim, and was greatly affected when he beheld the likeness of a former patient, Katherina Fellner, a woman of many love affairs. Clues were now readily available and the police wove a conclusive network of evidence around a Viennese merchant who was subsequently convicted of the murder.

To dispel the notion that moulage is only a criminological revival of Madame Tussaud's "Waxworks," modelled and painted up to emphasize the gruesome details of murder, let me cite an instance in which moulage recorded valuable but rapidly melting evidence in the shape of some footprints in snow. A fire-bug, surprised in the act of setting fire to a prosperous Swiss cattle-barn, made his getaway across a snow-covered field. The temperature was on the rise; in an hour or two, the tracks would utterly disappear. Now it can be readily appreciated that neither plaster nor tin-foil would be of service here, but an ingenious chief of detectives hit upon exactly the right material for the purpose. Diving into a rural carpenter shop he seized the pot of joiner's glue, heated it, then set it aside to cool for a few moments. He then laid some thin strings across the footprint in the snow, allowing the string to project beyond the edges of the print. When the glue had congealed sufficiently he poured the glue over the footprint, covering strings and all, to a depth of approximately ¼ of an inch. The cold snow hardened the glue before the warm glue melted the snow, and in a few minutes a perfect moulage reproduction of the footprint rewarded the detective's ingenuity. Indeed, so faithful was the copy, that not only were peculiar boot-nail markings discernible, but the crystalline structure of certain snow flakes could be seen by the naked eye!

Even the humble cheese yields up evidential data to the masters of moulage. A petty thief entered a grocery store, stole a few dollars from the till, then while wandering around the premises, took a bite from cheese which he found on the shelf. While the intruder was eating the cheese, in walked the proprietor. Surprised, the thief shot him and took to flight. The only traces left behind by the fugitive were the marks of his teeth quite clearly indented on the cheese he had been eating. These teeth marks showed spacings and irregularities not present in the teeth of the dead grocer; *he* had not been eating the cheese, so it became the clearly-defined mission of the police to locate a set of teeth that would compare identically with the marks on the cheese.

An awkward complication arose here:—conceivably some weeks or months might elapse before the suspect was captured, and by that time the cheese bearing the teeth-marks would be so dried up that the precious evidence would be ruined. At this point, moulage stepped into the breach, made a perfect reproduction of the incriminating marks and enabled detectives to preserve the only clue in their possession. Interestingly enough when the suspect was finally seized, his "bite" corresponded exactly with the moulage cast.

When extreme decomposition has taken place it is often impossible to secure fingerprints from an unknown body. Last year in Paris two human hands, evidently cut from a murdered body, were washed up on the banks of the River Seine. Normally, fingerprints would be taken and compared with those in the files, but in this case the hands were so lacerated and decomposed that it was not possible to make fingerprints. Moulage casts were made and by counting the papillary ridges which were distinctly visible on the reproduction, the identity of the dead person was established.

Under the Poller method it is possible to secure a highly realistic replica of a face or hand by painting the moulage casts in tones of normal living flesh. The possibilities are unlimited here; in murder cases where the body has been mutilated, evidence of a type not hitherto brought into court is now introduced with startling effectiveness, and the mute testimony of a moulage torso speaks, like Caesar's wounds, with a hundred purple tongues. Though sanguinary, this evidence is of great value for the following reason:—in most murder cases, the awful fact of death and mutilation is forgotten because the unfortunate victim, long interred, cannot remind the court of the ghastly wrong he has suffered. But with a life-like moulage proxy in the courtroom, a cold sternness sits upon the jury and stiffens its resistance to sentimental pleas on the murderer's behalf.

For purposes of criminological instruction, moulage is unsurpassed. In the Viennese police department there is a cabinet filled with moulage reproductions of characteristic calluses found on the hands of the baker, cobbler, tailor, stucco worker, barber, etc. A study of this collection makes it possible to recognize a number of occupations solely by the marks on the hands.

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Masters of Moulage

Continued from pages 52-131

Here is observed the typical discoloring of the nails in the professional photographer, the diseases of the nails that attack the confectioner, washerwoman and housepainter. How are these useful? Well, there are numberless cases in which the delinquent tries to conceal his occupation and identity, but if the investigator is familiar with "occupational stigmata" as a result of his studies with moulage models, deception of this type will be scarcely successful. Such markings are even more valuable in the identification of the unknown dead, as the occupation of the deceased sets limiting bounds on the investigation.

Thus far we have considered chiefly a type of moulage that can be taken from a comparatively firm substance, usually human flesh. The "lifting" of a dust imprint —let us say the traces of a bare hand on an unused table—involves subtle processes of which the average bungling police detective has no conception. But an Austrian scientist, Dr. Hans Müllner, has devised a method of copying imprints found in the softest and most fragile media; this process, known as the "Müllner moulage," can snare plastic reproductions which on account of their solid three-dimensional qualities, impress a jury much more strongly than a mere photograph.

Suppose the handprint described above were a valuable clue in a mystifying case; how does Dr. Müllner proceed to copy it from the table? First he encircles it with a strong cardboard cylinder about 30 inches high and wide enough to cover the print completely. Next he takes an atomizer mounted upon a small reservoir filled with the finest, freshest plaster. This plaster is sprayed, not directly onto the print but at the inner walls of the cylinder, with the result that it descends gently and evenly in an impalpable layer upon the print itself. The next step in the Müllner process is to spray a finely nebulized cloud of alcohol into the air directly above the imprint. Gradually the fine layer of plaster absorbs the descending alcohol spray; the chemical action here "fixes" or hardens the plaster over the imprint, and the process is repeated three or four times until a fragile but perfectly serviceable cast is secured. This is then tenderly lifted out and reinforced at the back with successive coats of plaster. The investigator now has a copy of the handprint in the dust—an objective piece of evidence that compares very favorably with a fingerprint as a form of judicial proof.

It is no easy matter to reproduce such comparatively sturdy clues as tire-tracks or heelmarks in mud, or the impression made by a human body falling in a sand pile. Yet all of these difficult transfers have been made in America by criminal investigators skilled in practical moulage. In the Cessaro case, for example, an Italian laborer was murdered by his son-in-law, one Ernest Cassiso, for a small amount of insurance naming Cassiso's wife as beneficiary. Cassiso produced an alibi saying that he was thirty miles away at the time of the murder, that his automobile had frozen up and could not possibly have transported him to his victim's house. Investigator Paessler, a consulting analyst of Wilkes-Barre, who had been especially assigned to this case, inspected the grounds near Cessaro's home, and found fresh tire-prints in an ash-covered lane beside the house. He made a skillful moulage reproduction of these prints and compared them with the tire marks made by Cassiso's car. They were identical! Armed with this most suggestive clue Paessler delved deeper into Cassiso's activities and uncovered evidence that finally convicted him.

The auto tracks in the above case were, it is true, deeply imprinted in a fairly solid matrix of mud and ashes, and offered no particular difficulty to the investigator who elected to make an ordinary plaster cast model of them. But even if the tracks had been found in dust so impalpable that a child's breath would have blown them away, they still could have been copied by an American adaptation of the Müllner method. This system of picking up a print in its entirety and in such fine detail that every feature of the tire will be reproduced, has been perfected by George A. Weber, a consulting criminologist of Palo Alto, California. According to Weber's formula one goes about copying a tire track in the dust as follows:

First protect the dust-print in question with a fence about eight or ten inches high made of cardboard. Next with an ordinary spraying machine shoot a spray of dust-fixative at a point approximately two feet above the dust, allowing the fixative to settle gently into the dust print. Five minutes drying time now elapses, then the print is again sprayed with the fixative. This process is repeated three or four times; at each spraying the coat hardens more firmly until it is quite stiff. Now the paper fence is removed from the print and two sticks are placed at either end of the impression. On these sticks is laid a screen of half-inch mesh hardware cloth. Hot moulage material is poured directly upon this screen until it is completely covered. The mixture is allowed to cool completely and thoroughly, then on picking up the screen you will also pick up the dust print, perfectly reproduced in negative. A positive cast is made from this, from which reproduction of the original tire can be made at any time. As Mr. Weber says, "If you were to tackle this job with plaster of Paris, you would have nothing but a shapeless lump of plaster for your pains." Weber has found another interesting use for moulage in the reproduction of the interior of a pistol barrel in ballistics cases. He warms a gun-barrel with a Bunsen burner and pours it full of melted negative material. When this is cool, he exerts a slight pushing pressure on one end of the barrel. When the material "lets go" the mold can be withdrawn easily, allowing it to twist with the riflings, thus producing an excellent copy of the lands and grooves as well as the degree of twists, and other characteristic markings on the interior of the gun-barrel.

Bertillon's early and half-joking declaration about the bird leaving its impression on a cloud-bank through which it has flown, was perhaps not so fantastic after all. If the minute pores of the skin, the configuration of snow particles, and faint imperceptible outlines on dust can all be picked up by present processes, is it too much to predict that traces as fragile as the dewy disturbances caused by a bird's wing as it cleaves a vapor bank may some day be noted and reproduced by the science of moulage? #

Serenade to Terror

Continued from page 63

joyment a bit. Some people are still sensitive about it."

Meinrich nodded.

"Oh, I know the difference between yarning over glasses of beer and facing officers!" He smiled quietly: "We had gold-braided guys at home, too." For the first time, genuine perturbation drifted across his pale pupils, clouded his expression, altered his smoothly tanned face: "My last captain in the submarine service, for instance. He was a peculiar fellow.

"To tell you the truth, I don't know what I did to displease him. I did my work well, that's sure. Maybe it's because I can talk, express myself easily. Officers don't like glib subordinates. They're right, I suppose. In any case, he had me taken off his submarine. I wouldn't have minded that, but he didn't hesitate to put a black mark against my record which kept me off the other boats until after the Armistice.

"See, it happened sometime near the middle of 1918, and there was no time to reinstate me. I was kept doing odd jobs at the Kiel Arsenal for four or five months, with occasional calls before the doctors." Meinrich laughed ruefully, shrugged: "Naturally, he gave the one motive that outsiders believed, the motive that made his part seem bigger. He claimed my mind had cracked under the strain!

"I wouldn't have minded that so much, but it gave my wife's people an excuse to side with her after she left me. I was a nut, a pathological case, an ex-submarine man gone soft! Come to think of it, the mention of that business on my naval record probably was what made the French question my right to citizenship, and started this effort to put me out of the Legion."

Meinrich now spoke with visible restraint. His large hands moved rapidly, betraying agitation and nervousness. I nodded sympathy, for it appeared obvious that he had been unfairly treated. He was fond of talking, proud of his record, somewhat boastful. But such things are rather common.

"I was a petty officer on one of the submarine cruisers which had been busy off Brest and in the Irish Sea. We had torpedoed seven big tubs, and done a lot of good work with the one hundred and five millimeter cannon. But we had stayed out too long, too long to get back around Scotland, so we had to pass through the Channel. We were spotted by chasers passing

Continued at top of page 134

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Serenade to Terror

Continued from pages 63-132

through the submarine-barrage east of Dunkirk.

"The guy at the microphone said there was a regular fleet above us. They knew we were somewhere near, but couldn't tell exactly where. The first depth-charges dropped quite a distance away. You could just feel the shaking under your feet and the quick pressure on your ears. We made for the bottom, twelve or fourteen fathoms there, jockeying with rudders and elevators until we touched, then filling the tanks to hold us steady. We were old-timers, knew the trade. There was hardly a jar when we hit, then all was still aboard.

"We waited an hour, two hours. Then we rose carefully. Inside three minutes, the depth-charges bursted again, nearer to us. We went down again, the motors were switched off. We had had a long cruise, our hull must have been strained. Water trickled in, and the floor-boards were awash. Couldn't use the pumps, because of the noise and the oil that would drift on the surface.

"Those moments are not pleasant, I admit. Waiting there, with nothing to do, except wonder if you'll ever come up. I have been through a few. But a man has to take the bad with the good in any line.

"Hours after, we started upward again. This time, they made a better guess, and the depth-charges came quite near. The electric lights were shattered all at once, and you felt as if your heart had exploded inside your chest and was being squeezed out through your nose and your ears.

"Never had the explanation as to why the emergency lights were not working. There we were in the darkness, with the depth-charges smashing all around. The air was getting very bad. We had been under a long time, water had seeped to the batteries. The fumes were starting to drift. We had to grope in the dark to remove the batteries to safety. You could hear men mumbling prayers. Then one guy—"

Meinrich's mouth opened, his eyes closed.

A horrible scream started, a prolonged ululation slashing through the uproar of the room, dominating the pounding notes of the mechanical piano. A mastiff, chained in the corner behind the bar, started to howl in sympathy.

It was the weirdest clamor ever heard. At first, there was a bristling, raking tone of sheer terror, of absolute funk, the lament of a living animal aware of approaching death. This continued until it was unbearable, then it deepened into a mellow roar, evoking, oddly yet precisely, moonlit beaches and the shadows of tall trees on moist sand. It was a bizarre, jovial, mirthful shout, a call of glee, a greeting to salvation.

The piano ended its selection with a grinding of machinery. Conversations had ceased, no one touched a glass. In the sudden hush, that cry fused up the big central stairwell, whirled and echoed. Doors slammed above us, and over the railings appeared the startled, painted faces of women and the angry masks of disturbed men.

And the cry had steadied, expressionless and shrill. It was compelling, hallucinating. I wanted to close my eyes and cry out also, to howl relief from fear and strain, from some unknown monstrosity prowling outside. The more nervous of the women screamed in turn, and there was a minute of demoniacal confusion.

"Shut him up! Shut up, down there—"

A bottle smashed against the wall, wine spattered.

Then the cry stopped short. Meinrich closed his mouth, opened his eyes. He looked about him with definite surprise. The big dog was settled back as if ashamed of himself.

"Then one guy started to yell," he resumed. "The captain said it was me. I know it wasn't." Meinrich looked at the staring faces, noted the silence: "Kind of still in here, all of a sudden, eh?"

It was then that my skin suddenly felt too tight for my frame, that my hair rustled. The man before me *did not know* that he had screamed! As the evocation of the long past peril found the lesion in his brain, the cry had been produced automatically. Meinrich did not know!

He had awakened his wife during the nights with that dreadful yell, clamoring of terror, hope and relief. And he had not known. He had shouted like this when his captain had questioned him at Post Mueller in the Atlas. He had screamed in the hospital the afternoon I had seen him there. He would yield and bellow again before the medical board, when he reached a certain point in his story.

For Meinrich, the happy seaman, had known horror, horror so complete that his brain had refused to acknowledge it longer.

For the space of seconds, he was in the submarine again, waiting in the darkness for death to strike, with the fetid air and the chemical fumes choking his lungs, with the continuous trickling of water through the hull, and the circling destroyers lurking above. As before, he shrilled his fear like an animal, as before his brain snapped, fear was replaced by disbelief, disbelief by peace.

"What was I starting to tell you?" he asked.

"Nothing. You had finished."

He grinned.

"So you see you can't believe all you hear. You have to experience yourself. All I want out of life is a few more years such as I knew in the submarine service. One day, off Glasgow—" #

Broad & Wall

Continued from page 82

hold everything because they'd go up."

"I see."

"Now the bank holds 'em for him. He lost the corpse parlor and there's a mortgage on his house. I got him out on the road selling stoves for me."

"Well," said Mr. Salisbury weakly.

"He tried to jump out a window," Mr. Cobb added cheerfully.

There was a pause and then Mr. Salisbury said, not very hopefully, "I trust you had better luck."

The older man continued to inspect the chart. "I took a lacing," he said at last, "but nothing like Schultz. I couldn't sleep nights and the wife found out what was going on. She raised the roof. Said Schultz was dumber than his wife. Made me sell everything and buy Government bonds. She's strong for Government bonds."

Mr. Salisbury got his second wind. He had begun to droop a little. "As things turned out, that was pretty fair advice."

But Mr. Cobb felt more strongly about it. "That was perfect." A downright malicious note crept into his voice. "Maybe you fellows could use her down here. I seen in the papers how bad Insull took this bunch over."

Mr. Salisbury reflected sadly that Beaton and Company no longer seemed to command much respect, even out in the Provinces. "The Insull affair was most unfortunate," he admitted somewhat testily. "However, we've all had our troubles. You yourself are in an enviable position."

"Huh?"

"If I were you I would dispose of those Governments at once—"

"Oh them," Mr. Cobb said vaguely.

"You told me your holdings now consisted entirely of Government bonds."

Mr. Cobb sauntered to a window and looked down at the River. "Some view you got here," he said. Mr. Salisbury's annoyance began to grow acute. Presently Mr. Cobb turned around. "Say," he asked, "seen any good shows? We been to twelve so far but I got nothing in mind for tonight."

Mr. Salisbury squirmed. "I can recommend several splendid plays," he said impatiently. "But first I think—"

"I like musical comedies," Mr. Cobb announced, beginning to take an interest in things again. He came back and sat down. "I used to like the *Follies* but they don't have 'em any more. Remember that little Ann Pennington—"

This time Mr. Salisbury refused to budge. "Mr. Cobb," he interrupted, "I really think we ought to get down to business. When you phoned us yesterday, we assumed you intended to readjust your holdings. A Bull market should get under way very shortly. I suggest that you reopen the account, sell those Governments—"

"Yeah. But you see I can't touch 'em."

"What's that?" The younger man became alarmed.

"They're all in my wife's name. After what happened she wouldn't trust me. Made me turn everything over to her."

"I see. But of course you could—"

"And anyway you got me all wrong. That ain't what I had in mind. Once was enough."

"Just what *had* you in mind?" inquired Mr. Salisbury, starting to freeze.

"Truth of the matter is: I came down to ask a favor." Mr. Cobb ground the remains of his cigar into an ashtray. "You see, after the wife gets through shopping, she likes to mosey about and see the sights. She wondered if you would fix it so she can get into the Stock Exchange. Thinks she shouldn't put it off. That, nor the old Wendel place," he said. #

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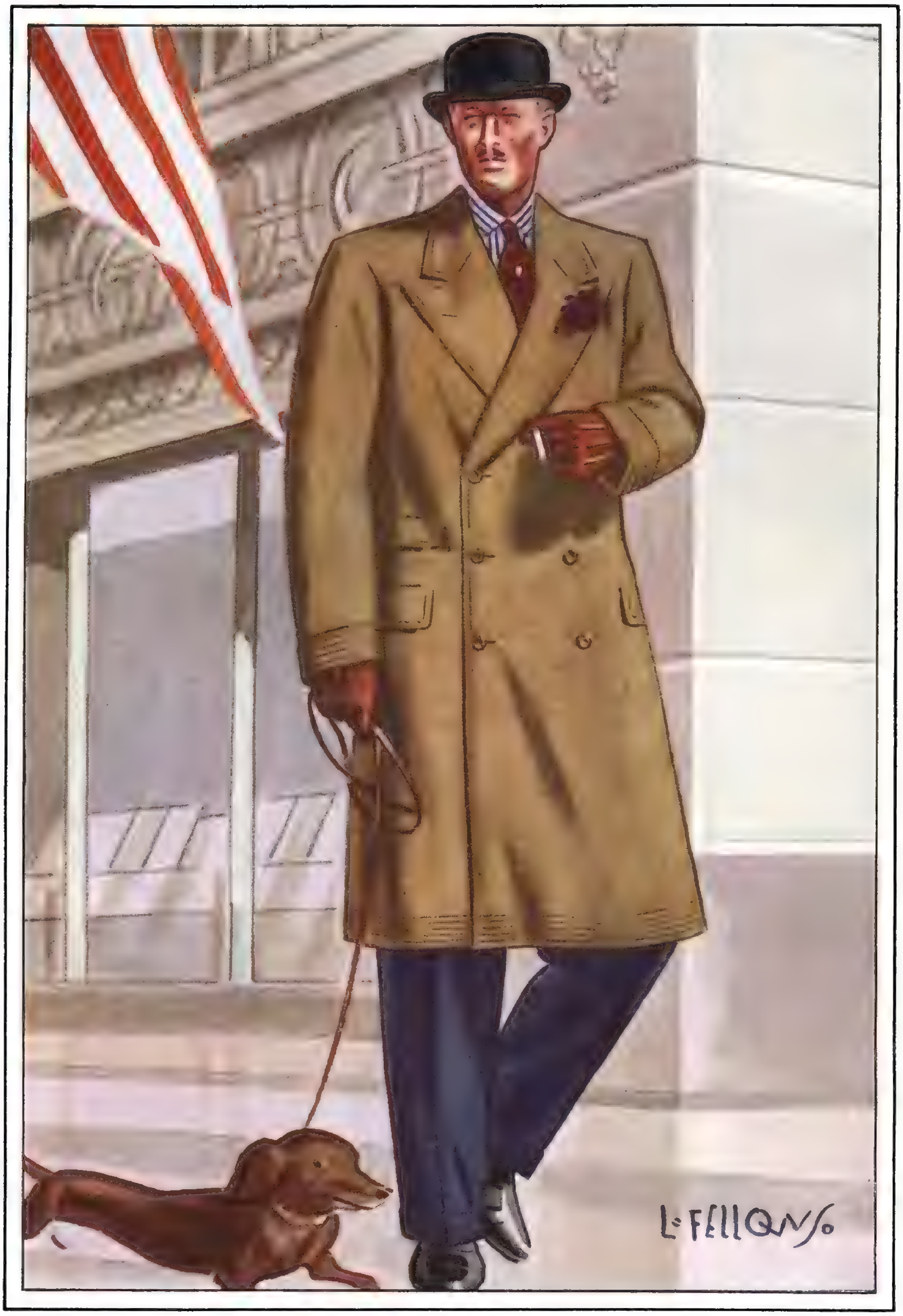

WHAT GOES WITH BLUE OR GREY OR BROWN?

We refer, of course, to the color combination of the shirt and tie sketched here. Quite aside from the fact that the use of a dark red necktie with a blue shirt is a smart new fashion note, it is also recommended for the good reason that it is the only combination that may be worn with equal correctness with blue, grey, or brown. As for the other details, this outfit is somewhat confined in its appeal, its present acceptance being limited pretty strictly to that advance guard of the fashion trends, the horsey type you see at race meets. The coat is covert, certainly an all-purpose fabric that is gaining steadily in popularity, but the model is the short racing topcoat, coming hardly below the knees, as made by a famous sporting tailor in London. The rough finish bowler is of the racing type too. The gloves are reddish capeskin, the shoes are black wax calf and the suiting is a blue hard finish worsted.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Reminiscences of a Rabbit

Continued from page 67

to engage in just such practise tussels with a fellow-rabbit, a youngster in short pants, named Sidney Wood. And look at Sidney now! All due to those pointers I gave him, of course. He watched me closely and learned at least two dozen tennis faults to avoid, but do we get any credit? Never. Oh well, the stars have their cups, and we—we have our memories. What good is a cup anyhow? Can you eat it?

There's another compensation in being a rabbit. The crowd, traditionally for the underdog, or under-rabbit, usually gives us the best of it. One summer another rabbit and I had to play on the club house porch at Southampton against Tilden and Hunter in a first-round doubles match. The reason the committee assigned the number one court to such an uneven match was that they had just returned from Europe, and the crowd was anxious to see them perform.

The less said about our futile efforts the better. In a bitterly fought match that lasted all of twenty-five minutes we managed to win a game or two. At one point Lenhart won his service without being taken to duce more than four times, and Tilden and Hunter, plainly worried, fell to arguing bitterly with each other. Hunter exclaimed: "You must have been out of your mind last night. Why in blazes did you go back to no trump after I twice raised your spades?" To which Tilden replied: "Applesauce! If you'd finessed the king of hearts, you'd have made four!"

When you watch a beginner on the stage have you noticed how avidly you pray for the poor devil, and hope he won't be too awful, and how heartily you applaud even his faintest successful sally? That's how that gallery was. We could almost hear it saying: "Let's hope they won't be too terrible." And as I served my usual quota of double-faults, and my partner flubbed volley after volley, there was a polite silence which said all too plainly: "Oh well, what could you expect?"

And then Tilden, probably out of curiosity to see what would happen, sent me a short low lob, a set-up if there ever was one. By some miracle I smashed it cleanly for the point, putting it over the backstop on the bounce. Your grandmother could have made that shot in a wheel chair, but the applause from that gallery, in its relief to find something to cheer about, sounded as though the shot had won the Davis Cup for America. My partner, always a quick thinker, seized this opportunity to shout at our opponents: "Now do you give up?"

However, they hung on grimly even though they must have been pretty discouraged when we got a game in the second set too. And then, after they had shaken hands with us and told us it was a pity we'd been off our game, they remained on the court and devoured a second team of rabbits which the committee had waiting in readiness—and then a third team. The nerve of that committee!—Scheduling Tilden and Hunter to play another team before they had even beaten us! How did they know we wouldn't win? Suppose we hadn't been way off form, and hadn't got all the bad breaks? Tch! Tch!

No, they just won't respect us rabbits. At the Agawam Hunt Club at Providence a few years ago I met the top-seeded player in the first round, a fellow even more famous, wherever tennis was played, for what we may politely call his self-confidence than for his ability. In the first set I actually got to set-point against him, to 40-15 on my own serve, as I recall it. But at this juncture the inherent rabbit in me came out, and I double-faulted, fell over my racket, slid on my ear and otherwise foozled away the set in the time-honored fashion of all rabbits confronted with points they've got to make. In the second set, of course, I went out like a light, but what really hurt was what followed: As we walked off the court I asked him: "Weren't you nervous when I had you money-ball in that first set?"

"Not a bit," he replied calmly. "I knew you'd blow up."

Incidentally, this proclivity to go up in the air in the tight spots distinguishes, more than anything else, us rabbits from the top-notchers. My college coach, after seeing me play one day, told me: "You can make just as good shots as anybody in the game." Here I popped several shirt buttons. "—But," he added, "You can't make them nearly so often."

Yes, it's mighty tough being a rabbit. Nothing but disillusion, dirty digs, bitter memories. And will we forsake the fray and stay home and take up knitting? We will not! Never as long as we can still scribble our name on an entry sheet! Our heads are bloody, but unbowed. This summer I'll be out there again, racket in hand.—And here's a point: Somewhere I might run up against Fred Perry, and here's the way I figure it: If I can get my serve and forehand going red hot, and concentrate on Perry's backhand, I'll have a darn good chance of . . . what? . . . Oh, I'm so sorry. *Must* you be going? ##

Country Editor in New York

Continued from page 105

West 42nd Street. But this is not all—this organization has on file the names and case histories (as they call them) of 60,000 persons caught shoplifting in stores in New York. But they are what Mr. Murphy calls "one-timers," that is, men and women who have seen something they wanted and neglected to pay for it. These people don't worry the big stores as much as the 6,000 professionals. He said they work in pairs, or groups, and usually have an automobile to carry off their loot and to escape in. He informed me that the women shoplifters (the biggest class, I'm sorry to say) wear specially constructed skirts under their outer skirts. These skirts are built into bags so that a woman can fold up a fur coat, snap a band around it, and drop it into her underskirt. Now comes an interesting bit of information about you enterprisin' New Yorkers. If the woman is caught she has a trip string which she pulls; this opens the bottom of the skirt, drops the coat onto the floor, and the woman departs for elsewhere. If she is halted, she knows nothing about it.

Another thing he surprised me with was a general description of these professional shoplifters. I was thinking of them as drab, woebegone lookers, but he says No; they dress like society women and try to act the part. Not a dishwater hand in a car load. Also he said that all the important department stores had their own detectives, with five for the smallest of the stores, and running up to forty for the biggest. At Christmas time the biggest store has a force of 240 detectives guarding it. Well, I think that's a black eye for New York, and I'm sorry it's true. Makes me feel better about my town; I don't suppose there's been five dollars' worth of stuff stolen in a year. Must be the tourists.

I still counsel know your neighbors.

Being a newspaper man I've been noticing the newspapers in your town, not only reading them and studying them, but looking up information about them. An' it's most interesting. For instance, I find there are 50 *daily* newspapers published in New York—and I am able to read less than half of them. And I can read a bit of French, too (pronunciation not guaranteed). One is published in Chinese, and there are also two weekly Chinese newspapers. (Same difficulty with the pronunciation.)

I met up with a hotel man the other day and we got to talking hotels, and he gave me some interesting information about New York hotels. He says hardly any New York hotels have a thirteenth floor, and that most of the hotels have done away with rooms numbered 606 and 909. Naturally that piqued my interest and I asked him why. He said that people in a hurry got the numbers turned upside down and banged into the wrong door. I guess it scared a good many people, judging from what he said.

And of course I'm interested in your skyscrapers. Skyscrapers—New York; they're synonymous, but I find New York isn't such a land of skyscrapers after all. In fact, the average height of buildings on Manhattan Island is less than five stories.

I headed straight for the Empire State Building, as I guess every tourist does. I noticed some window washers—looked about as big as June bugs—and I asked about them. The man told me that the building keeps eight men washing windows all the time. They begin at the top and work down, and when they get their feet on *terra firma* it's time to do it all over again. He said most of the men were ex-sailors, or steel workers, who don't get swimmy in the head when the earth is moved away from them.

Oh yes! here's an item I jotted down. There are more people named Cohen in New York than any other name. In fact, there are 10,000 Cohens in the Bronx and Manhattan alone. The Kellys are as forgotten and overlooked as the first five Dionne children.

Indians like to live in New York City. Seems to agree with them as the number is increasing. There are now 391 of them living here. There are two buildings that

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Country Editor in New York

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each has five floors below the street level. There is one store for every 76 persons. There is one physician for every 545 persons. Thing that surprised me was the size of the Bronx. More people live in the Bronx than in Los Angeles. But I guess I better not mention that to a Californian. But, on the other hand, they needn't feel so bad—one person out of every 17 lives in New York.

Back home I've got to be dignified, but I've sort of turned loose since I've been here. It's only natural, I suppose. I had been hankering to see a night club; about the only one we've got is the Owl Lunch. Well, I don't mind telling you I went to see Sally Rand. Biggest evening I had. Just shows what Broadway does to a fellow.

At first I felt a bit sensitive, because most of the men had on evening clothes, and the ladies were dressed up (or down) accordingly. But pretty soon I forgot about that and began to enjoy myself. I've carried allusions in my paper to the frothy night life of New York, but I don't know—there's something to be said in favor of it.

I hadn't known it before, but Sally has tossed her fan aside and gone in for bubbles. It appears that fan dancin' is a way behind the times, which I'll have to pass along to my subscribers. I wanted to meet her so I could brag about it (discreetly) when I got home, and I tried to meet her, but you don't meet Sally just because you get the urge. But I did get to talk to her press agent and he made some interestin' statements which'll bear repeatin'. Sally is from Missouri—Hickory County, which I know well. Hermitage is the County Seat. Nice town. She was born on a farm, and her real name is Helen Beck. Her mother was a church worker and wanted Sally to be a missionary, but Sally wasn't interested in saving the Chinese from whatever they needed savin' from, and took up dancing.

Here's an item I guess you'll be interested in: all she wears in her dance is white adhesive tape and a sort of grease-paint which she herself invented. She's always havin' trouble with her bubbles. I don't mean they get away from her to her chagrin and humiliation; taint that. It's the tipsy diners who want to see what'll happen if they touch a cigarette to a bubble, which is no way to treat a girl who is tryin' to earn an honest living. Her rubber balloons, I learned, are made to order and cost her $24 each.

Her press agent told me that when Sally started dancing at the Century of Progress in Chicago she got $125 a week. He seemed to scorn that as being nothing at all; and it ain't, compared to what she draws now. He told me that since the first year at the Fair she has averaged $3,000 a week. An' all the equipment she has is a fan and a rubber bubble. I can't ever look on a rubber balloon again without thinking of the possibilities behind it. The money she earns opened my eyes, for it takes me almost a year to earn as much as she does in a week.

But of course Sally's got her expenses . . . well, there's the adhesive tape. A girl who can earn that much has something on her fan.

I'm sorry I've got to drive back next week. Yes, sir, awfully sorry. New York's the most interestin' city I ever saw. But still I'll be glad to get back home. Great little town; wish you could come out and see us. I expect you'd like our town. #

March of the Wooden-leg Soldiers

Continued from page 49

perfect for concealing such a handicap. "We owe it to ourselves," he said, "to walk as well as if we had two legs. There is no point to getting surly about a handicap."

That struck me as excellent truth-talk, but after I found that the pain the thing gave me offset the personal vanity it afforded I dropped it from my bedroom suite.

"Sure," I said, to those who labored me with the Marshall philosophy, "that's all right for him, he's an actor but I'm a writer and what come-back have I got if an agent tells an editor, 'He walks beautifully,' and the editor answers, 'Yeah, but he writes lousy.' "

I told my troubles to Laurence Stallings. I had heard that he had become so impatient with his artificial leg that even at banquets now and then he was known to take it off and throw it in a corner, feeling that a dinner jacket was enough of a hardship without dragging ten or twelve pounds on a non-existent toe.

"Don't let Marshall sell you one of those legs," he said. "You wouldn't let Paderewski sell you a Steinway, would you? I use the cheapest ones I can get and in the next world war I am going to buy them from Sears Roebuck."

The only guy I didn't approach was St. John Ervine. He was on the sour side of the subject. The Germans, he felt, had given him the lousiest deal of anybody, gypping him of one of his handsome legs. So he turned dramatic critic and panned everybody who could stand up and take a bow. He seemed to take an inverted pride in walking his worst, and not giving two fairly long hoots about fooling the public, though, it might be argued that as a journalist he did a service to the public in another field, fooling them quite as well with words as Marshall did with walking.

But in the main I have found these wooden-legged soldiers march along with a poker chip on either shoulder and a ribald laugh out of the side of their mouths.

Tops among them was Walter Duranty who won the Pulitzer prize in 1932 (and you can check me if I am a year off in my dates, Mr. Cleary),* for the best reporting of the year. He was the ace leg-man of Europe and he did it all on one leg.

In fact up to a few years ago he was rated as a good reporter, but not any better than a lot of others. He had been the *New York Times* correspondent in Moscow twelve years. Yet every time he did what he thought was a pretty good job and asked for a raise, the front office no speak English. He seemed powerless to do anything about it because he couldn't chuck his job. He had nothing to fall back on if he did.

Then one day while on a holiday in France he found the train he was traveling on couldn't get to Le Havre because a wreck ahead of them had blocked the right of way. The controller very courteously came to his apartment and explained the situation. It seemed they had another train beyond the wreck which would take him and his friends on to Le Havre.

"Would Monsieur mind walking up there?"

Monsieur wouldn't mind at all. His bags were installed in the new compartment and Duranty settled down to enjoy himself for the rest of the trip.

But the French never do things by halves, so another train came along, smacked into the car where Duranty was at ease and knocked off a quarter of one of his legs.

When he had recovered from this ironic twist Duranty found himself enriched by two hundred and fifty thousand francs. This was the first time he had been more than two steps ahead of bankruptcy in his life.

"Zut to the *Times*," he said to himself. "I can live for two years on this dough and if they don't give me the raise I have been asking for all these years I quit."

Somehow, the tone of his cables and his demands changed, and the front office was cabling back: "Why didn't you ask for a raise before? Of course you're entitled to it."

Somehow, too, his whole attitude toward life and letters changed. Always in the back of his mind was that thought—"If they don't like it they haven't got me over a barrel. I still have two hundred and fifty thousand francs and the day they start or-elsing me, I walk."

He told me the tale in a Russian restaurant in Paris where, along with Anita Loos and several others, we were mooching a dinner from a dumb picture producer who quite likely was enriched by our presence. Unfortunately for him, he wasn't enriched by our conversation because we sat in an el-shaped corner and moved him right out of the picture.

Reading from left to right he was so far right that the only pay-off he got for the evening was the check.

As for the rest of us, we had a hilarious evening working up gags about gams. None of them had the melancholy and tragic touch of Bernhardt who, after she lost her leg, had to be carried onto the stage to go through her act in a sitting position. They were more in the vein of Long John Silver, with an overlay of François Villon, and I remember, through the dizzying effects of too much *Veuve Clicquot* I slapped the world's greatest reporter on the back and said:

"Ten grand for a gam? *Epatant!*"

"And what's more I still got it!"

"Duranty, you're a scream," I said; "the first guy I met who was raised on a cut!"

We practically collapsed under the strain of our own laughter. #

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*Editor's Note: What's a year or two? But we have no Mr. Cleary here. Gimmick's the name. Glad to know you.

GOING BACK TO SCHOOL

Brown Buckskin by HICKOK

The style-setting young men of the great universities are going back to school this Fall in brown buck accessories . . . it's a new and important reflection of the national importance of brown buckskin . . . first worn in shoes . . . and now spreading to the various articles of dress illustrated here. Hickok is first to interpret this important authentic trend in belts, braces and lapel watch guards . . . and Hickok presents them in the one and only correct color . . . a rich, rugged brown that is masculine, smart and becoming. At good stores everywhere.

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP

Across the River

Continued from page 76

upon its face but a fine concentric line.

The girl's lover who was tall and powerful bowed before her: "It has been agreed that I may give the golden disk to you."

The girl held it against her heart. She could not speak.

"We will take it to the goldsmith," her lover said, "and make bracelets, a ring, a necklace."

The box with the mechanism inside was handed the old man. "What is this?" they asked. "What was its use?" And he opened it up, feeling within himself a strange apprehension, he did not know why. Presently, for he was clever about such things, he had discovered that the handle could be attached and used to wind a spring which in turn made the round platform revolve rapidly. He looked at it spinning for a long time, profoundly puzzled. He tested the hinge of the soundbox arm, raised it, lowered it. He poked into the needle-holder with a thorn. Finally he asked the girl for the golden disk. He had noticed its central hole. He fitted this over the peg on the machine's whirling platform; now the disk whirled also. The thorn had become stuck in the needle holder; fussing with it with tremulous fingers, the needle-holder fell and almost struck the whirling disk, but his hand intervened. The thorn made a deep wound. He rubbed it, staring at the whirling disk.

And after they had eaten, had loaded their boat and started for the high cliffs across the river, he kept staring at the phonograph. He felt as if something had caught in an ugly snarl in his head. That night he slept badly in his tent. In the morning, pacing along the path on the palisades, indifferent to the new day, to the distant view of the dead, the voiceless city, he met the girl. She was carrying the golden disk to the goldsmith. The old man greeted her, wished her health, praised her beauty. He asked her a favor. Would she with her good young eyes peer closely at the fine lines on the disk? Were they writing? She had to smile at his earnestness but she did as he asked. And, "No," she said, "No, it is a single line, that is all."

They went their opposite ways. All day the old man felt a maddening, wordless, sensation of having forgotten something, of having missed something of vast importance by a hair's breadth, but what it was he could not imagine. #

Musical Prodigies

Continued from page 75

locks have gone grey and bald patches appear. Even Hofmann nods, but often the highest form of praise which any critic is capable of offering is that the grown-up performer is doing as well on his grown-up rational level as he did when he was a child and only intuitively aware of problems since faced and conquered.

What is it that makes a prodigy in music?

"It is," says Louis Persinger, who first taught Yehudi Menuhin and Ruggiero Ricci and is reputed to have a way with gifted children of the violin, "an ear for music so true that the sound of a false note brings pain; it is a deep-lying rhythmic sense; it is an emotional richness and reaching out toward beauty and truth in music. It is many other things—imagination, patience, perseverance."

The origin of genius in music is so mysterious a thing that it leads those who seek to explain it into almost justifiable transports of mysticism. What musical prodigies have in common, however, is a sense of perfect pitch, a sense so exacting that the boy Menuhin could express distress at his own playing after a performance which could make audience and critics gasp with astonishment and sigh with delight; a sense that could inform the child Mozart that the instrument of a trained performer who came to his father's house to play quartets, or trios, had been off a quarter of a note at the last concert. The prodigy has a sense of relation to music before instruction starts and an itch to perform and even the ability to do so in advance of the first lessons. Although prodigies have been overdriven at their practice, more often the truth is that they have to be driven *from* their practice to their "normal" childhood play. Many prodigies come from families in which music has been the vocation or avocation of at least one member; their first teacher has been Mother or Father; a brother or sister is often the companion in practice and performance. Little Wolferl Mozart went on tours with his sister Nannerl, just as Yehudi and Hepzibah today perform in violin and piano sonatas, and Ruggiero has a musical mate in his younger brother Giorgio whose instrument also is the violin. Heritage alone is no explanation, for neither Mother nor Father of the Menuhins was musical.

The sense of affinity to music proclaims itself very early. Mozart wrote his first pieces before he knew arithmetic or even before he could manage the physical job of writing down the music in his head. The Menuhins suspected their infant of musical proclivities when, at the age of six months, the sound of symphony music put him in a state of ecstatic silence. At three his lessons began. One hears and reads of retired business men discovering unsuspected inclinations in themselves to paint pictures, write fiction and poetry, even compose music, but by five the virtuoso's relation to music has been established, perhaps on the concert stage. Liszt played the piano when he was so small that his fingers could not reach the octaves, whereupon he would strike with his nose. Ezra Rachlin played well at four, and Guila Bustabo, who played in public at the age of three, had to learn the names of the four strings by having each colored differently and associating each color with the name of the nursery bears, the G string being painted red and being named the grandpa bear, and so on. Josef Slenczynski began instructing his daughter Ruth in musical theory when she was three, and in practice the following year and at the age of five she gave her first public concert. When Hofmann, who also had been trained by his father, among others, first appeared in New York in 1888 (which witnessed also Kreisler's New York dêbut) he had already had a public career of three years, but seemed so frail that the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children sent an agent to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear the child play Beethoven and the audience go wild with delight. Young Hofmann was ordered placed under a physician's care and his pulse was so constantly felt and his temperature so frequently taken that it was difficult to learn whether the breakdown that followed was the result of over-vigilance, or the fact that in a two and a half months' tour of the United States he gave 52 concerts. It is ironic to note that Ruth Slenczynski who, 42 years later, won a scholarship entitling her to instruction in Mr. Hofmann's class at the Curtis Institute, was unable to take advantage of the award because her father refused to surrender, even temporarily, his right to be the martinet of musical instruction he is reputed to be.

There is of course a good deal of truth in the legend of avaricious parents driving on their children by imposing rigid regimens of practice. The cruel father of fiction who gave his ballet-dancing daughter a pair of silk dancing slippers for Christmas instead of the toys which delighted her commonplace brothers and sisters is more than matched in reality by the father who crashed to the floor of the concert stage a doll which an admirer had rashly handed to his daughter over the footlights. Olin Downes of the *New York Times* has asserted that the chief effect of the success of Menuhin and Ricci "has resulted in sensationalism and efforts to exploit the capacities of unhappy children for purposes of gain." This has its burlesque in the tale of the ambitious Mamma who appeared with her son at the box office of Carnegie Hall to buy tickets for an Elman recital. She was informed that the tickets were $3.30 each.

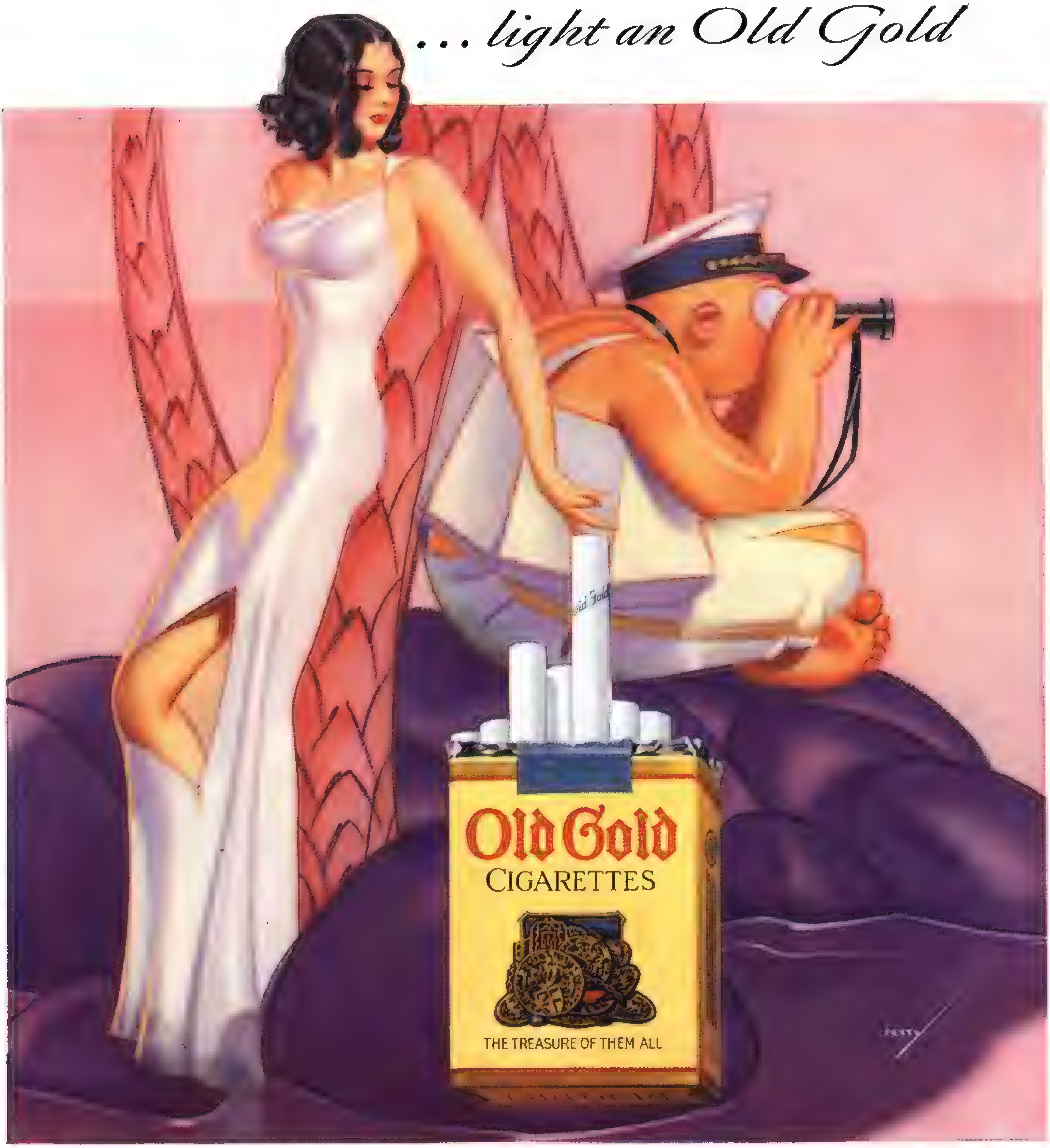
"Why!" she exclaimed indignantly, "how much does Elman get for a concert?"

"O, three or four thousand dollars."

"Four thousand dollars!" Then turning to her son: "Nu, Jakie, *now* will you practice?"

Perhaps practice makes perfect, but practice by itself does not make a prodigy. Olin Downes himself quotes one who had been a prodigy who told him he had suffered in his development in the desire of his elders to protect him and husband his resources by reducing his concert appearances and thus depriving him of the inspiration which he drew from public appearances and public approbation. Yehudi's father told me how badly the youngster took it when, during certain imposed play and vacation periods, his violin was taken from him and practice therefore made impossible. The account, or legend, of Handel practicing in secret to circumvent the prohibition of a harsh father, who had other ideas for his son, is a truer image of the relation of a prodigy to his music than that other one in which an unwilling youngster is commanded: "Go, Jakie; make us all rich and famous, go!" #

Marooned with a Mental Mummy?



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THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
PETTY

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WHEN a tropical typhoon traps you on a desert isle with a muddle-minded cavalier, don't waste away waiting for the rescue. Relax! . . . Light a sunny-smooth Old Gold. Its mellow fragrance will soothe your nerves and turn your predicament into a paradise.

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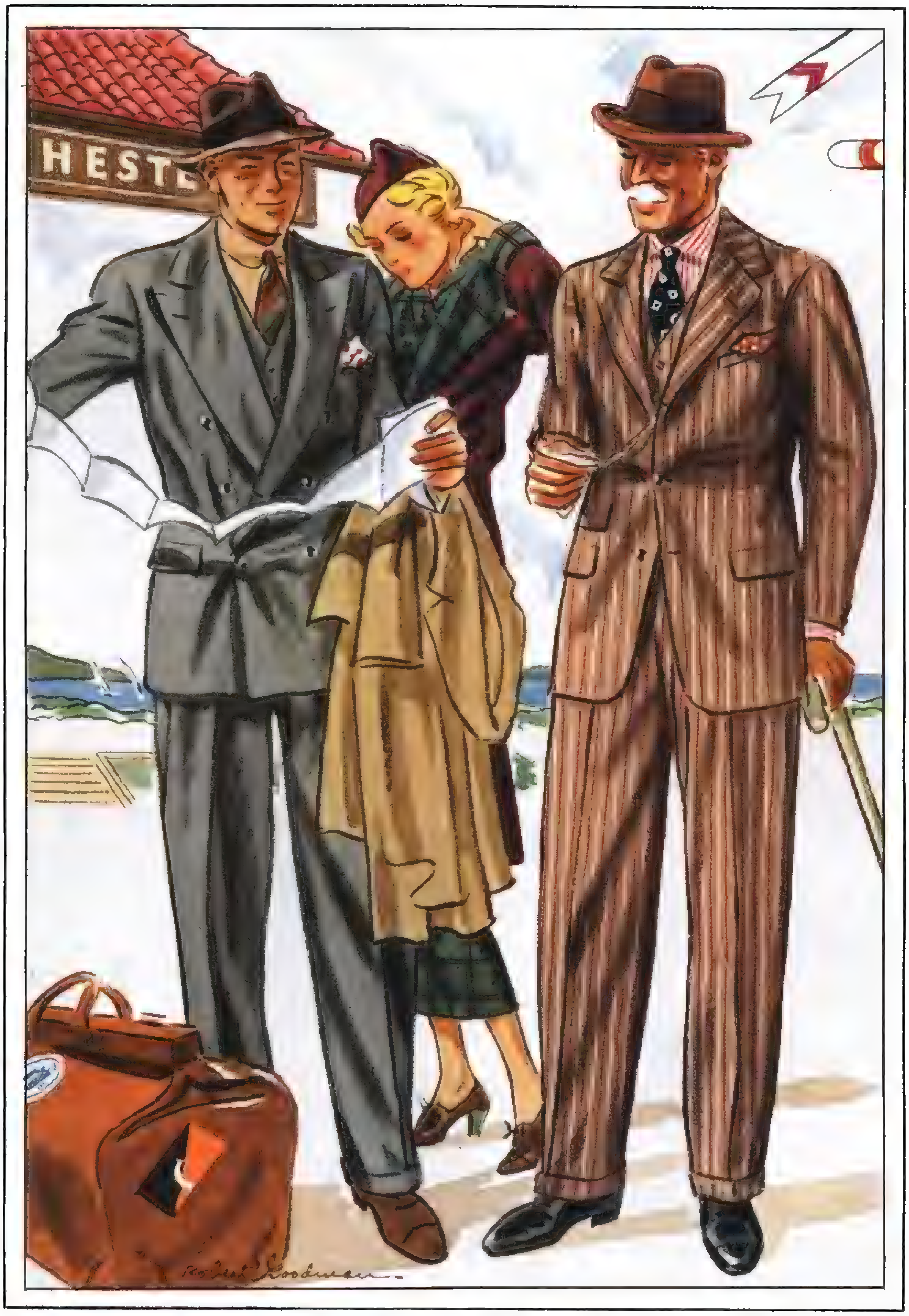


GREY FLANNEL AND THE NEWER MOUSE GREY

The older man, who is here cast in the role of a father speeding the parting collegian, is wearing a suit of striped flannel in an important new color that should properly be described as a greyed tan but is actually a mousey grey. The pencil stripings are alternating red and white. The model details are also worthy of notice, particularly the slightly wider collar, extending out almost past the line of the lapel at the notch. The shirt is a candy stripe in oxblood and white with a matching collar, detached, that may be worn either soft or laundered. The collegian's grey flannel suit is the prevailing double breasted model with long lapel rolled to bottom button. With it go a tan oxford shirt with a pinned round collar attached, a three color even striped rep tie in deep tones of red, brown, and steel grey, brown reversed calf shoes with plain toecaps and a dark brown snap brim hat with a black band.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Our critic goes around to the front door and lets the manager hand out constructive comment

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •

Glimpse List

MUSTS

Anything Goes. Perfect hot weather fare. Cole Porter's melodic juleps, Victor Moore's comic pathos and Bill Gaxton's pep will liven you up on the juiciest evening.

Earl Carroll's Sketch Book. Not many laughs, but those beautiful dames, and a nice, cool theatre.

Personal Appearance. Gladys George as the movie vamp will make you forget there's anything else hot anywhere. If you've missed it so far—don't!

The Children's Hour. A thoughtful tragedy for a rainy day—surely there'll be a rainy day sometime soon. The best play of several years.

The Old Maid. The Pulitzer Prize play, doing steady business notwithstanding (room).

Three Men on a Horse. You're warned against this one if laughing gives you appoplexy. Horses, betting, mother's day, laughs.

Tobacco Road. If you think *you're* hot, look how much better off you are than these poor hook-wormed gully-jumpers. Second or third year—I forget which. And still going strong.

* * *

The sweltering weather, which bore down heavily and early and stayed completely on the job, bringing decimation to Broadway's showshops, has fetched unprecedented prosperity to the bucolic rialtos. There seems hardly a de-cowed grange 'twixt Flatbush and Flagstaff which does not groan from plenitude of audiences, while the rafters echo (and how) with the earnest rantings of Thespians happy to participate, for coffee, cakes and the equivalent of Junior's pocket-money, in the production of dramas, dated and pre-dated. Yes, the Summer Theatre is going along as merrily as a grig—if "grig" means something haphazard, amateurish and slightly anemic.

You might judge that my opinion of the timothy play-places is less than enthusiastic, and from the viewpoint of art you would be right. The antiques dug up seem to be more "sur-" than "re-" vivals; while the tryouts are so hastily chucked together, so diffidently staged and so astonishingly cast that I see little of benefit to the stage as a whole from these essays.

It is particularly in the personnel of the companies that I am gravely upset. This present off-season season seems to have unearthed unlooked-for oodles of the Wee Folk; never have I glimpsed so many mimes of both sexes (simultaneously) flitting about in the foot-lights. Now as for androgynes and gynanders, I can take 'em or leave 'em alone; but I do consider things are going a bit far when camping is apparently a fixed feature of the acting-vacation. I even saw a couple of leprechauns in one clover-loft; at least, I thought they were leprechauns, but it might have been two other fellows. Just let Sir James Barrie, concerned about Tinkerbell, ask his famous question about whether I believe in them; after what I've encountered in the sylvan dells, I shall arise and bellow a mighty, "Yes!"

Yet the rural lyceums are doing land-office business, and I think I've guessed the reason. It's because they offer such restful locations for quiet snoozes between entreacte boozes, and they represent Somewhere to Go for the Socially Elect, who can dash from a nine-thirty dinner and have fun squashing the toes of the lowly hinds who are trying, for some clownish reason, to get glimpses of the second act. Hooray for the barnstormers. I'll go out again, if they'll let me in free.

Meanwhile, New York is virtually a theatrical shambles. The main drag is foggy with the ghosts of plays which promised themselves longevity. During all the weeks of baking, only three offerings have come in, which we will kindly hurdle. Matters dramatic have been discussed only in the cooler ex-speakeasies, in one of which I was attacked, verbally, with virulence, as a critic. In vain I protested that I have been only a reviewer. Critics were on this gentleman's pan, and I, he said, was one. It wasn't me, but the whole race of critical dastards, if I heard him aright, who committed malfeasance, mayhem and wilful arson upon the stage, without constructive effect.

Now, I've heard this sort of squawk before. But this time it came from a manager. The short of it all is that he dared me to let him write me a brief review of the season, in which he might show critics what real constructive criticism is.

So here is a manager, who has produced such worthy efforts (among numerous others) as the Emily Dickinson play with Dorothy Gish, and the All-Colored repertory season in Harlem, offering an object lesson in constructivity:—

"Dear Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.:

I am picking up the gauntlet you so generously tossed at me and writing you this in the hope that it may articulate some of the things I feel are lacking in the present estate of dramatic criticism. I hope it may prove interesting to you in that I am attempting to express how one who works in the theatre for a living feels about his trade. If I seem to make a special plea for tough-mindedness in the literature of the theatre, ascribe this to a personal attitude derived out of a training that led inevitably to this position. I admit that I have small patience with the soporific and sentimental aspects of the theatre, but, more important, I have a case for creative criticism, the kind that indicates to a playwright, a director, or a manager, the nature of an error and suggests an alternative measure. I confess that I have read precious little of such criticism, and I welcome the opportunity to try my own hand at it. I admit freely that I myself have produced several plays that crumbled before an audience but never anywhere have I read anything that indicated to me where I went wrong or how it could have been remedied in production. I should have welcomed gratefully such criticism, so, in consequence, I doubt whether anyone can take offense at this missle.

"To do this idea full justice would need a pamphlet, so in this brief space I can only summarize some of the things in the last theatrical season, seizing on several of the more or less celebrated productions. I recall first the sharp split in taste that was caused by *Within the Gates*. Here was a play that was hailed on the one side as great, and on the other as very small potatoes indeed. The point to me was that it was neither, although I should shy more strongly from the former position than the latter. To me the play was an instance where O'Casey's future might be guided if the way were indicated for him considerably. O'Casey, being a thinking artist, wrote a play of what he considers is contemporary conflict—and reduced it to the struggle between the search for God and the attraction of worldly beauties. But while he was writing an intellectual play with dialectical points, he tricked his audience with lush poetic dialogue, ballet composition and emo-

Continued on page 180

The Candid Cameraman

If you think our movie plots are no good why not try making up a couple of plots yourself

by **MEYER LEVIN**

MOVIES

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

The Call of the Wild: For the performance of a dog, of Jack Oakie, and of a lot of winter scenery. Clark Gable and Loretta Young are also in this, and adequate, but it was the shots of snowfields, pine forests and teams of huskies mushing into the great white coldness that brought longing grunts and lookathat's. Good summer entertainment: cooling and refreshing. Gold-rush plot.

Sanders of the River: For Paul Robeson's fine performance and for some wonderful scenes of native ritual, jungle shivers, and Negro dancing. When it goes into advertising poses for the British Empire it is not exactly entertaining and appealing; but when I said bad things about *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, in that connection, some people got sore. See the picture and draw your own conclusions.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Escapade: If you walk into the midst of this without noticing the cast, you may think the star is Elisabeth Bergner in her winsome and naïve mood; at moments, you may think it's Anna Sten. I guessed Bergner. The actress is Luise Rainer, a new importation from Vienna, and the play is one of those light Viennese things about a famous artist and a scandal with a high-born lady, and a true love affair with the lady's maid. But charmingly done. And this Luise Rainer, though a trifle self-conscious in some of the scenes where expression wipes expression on her skillful and comely pan, is hereby established among the top-notchers.

Love Me Forever: The stock-brokers rushed to the previews, and sat there holding each other's pulses. But after this second Grace Moore opera opened, Columbia stock zoomed. Me, I am baffled. That is, I can give myself a five thousand word explanation of why this singing and acting iceberg is so popular, but still I can't believe it. The thing boils down to this: grand opera has been so heavily sold to the public as a highbrow art easy to love, that when the cheapest stuff out of grand opera becomes available in a movie, it benefits by a generation of ballyhoo for the Metropolitan. Anyway, Grace Moore is smoother in this than in her previous opus, and Leo Carillo is a redeeming feature.

She: Lost kingdom extravaganza, with Helen Gahagan's first film appearance as the ageless queen who remains forever beautiful. Still a good thriller, with adventure, sun-worship, and impressive mumbo-jumbo. The religious dance before the big sacrifice scene is worth seeing.

LET YOURSELF BE DRAGGED ALONG

Front Page Woman: The gal reporter competing with her sweetheart on the rival sheet, and refusing to marry him until he admits she is a good newspaperwoman. Perpetuates the "scoop" myth about reporters. A lively plot about a murder mystery. Bette Davis.

An Orchid for You: Jean Muir, that pleasing young woman, in a divorce tangle drama. She is the florist who won't tell to whom her customers send flowers. Passable summer entertainment.

Stranded: Kay Francis, the passionate social worker, in love with a hard hearted bridge builder who thinks that if people get into a bread line it is their own fault.

Shanghai: Paramount seems to be doing its best to ruin that fine romantic heavy, Charles Boyer, by miscasting him in lugubrious Chinese roles. This time it's a half-caste, with Charley cursed for life because he is the son (legitimate) of a Russian General and a Manchu princess, and therefore no can marry white heiress. He works his way up from rickshaw puller to financial master of Shanghai, then throws all away, and rushes off to an elaborate temple remotely situated in the wilderness, and Loretta Young follows him, actually tossing her last mink coat as compensation to the coolies who drag-rope her boat up the final few yards of river, landing her in the arms of her lover. Loretta is beautiful as ever, and seems to have a bit more maturity, playing opposite the handsome Boyer, but the picture forces them into some of the most ridiculous scenes and mouthings ever insulted upon a couple of seemingly intelligent actors.

WASTE

Lady Tubbs: The one about the cook-shack mama who inherited a fortune and posed as a lady to get her niece married into high sassiety, which she then exposed as being not-so-high. Alice Brady tries hard to make the wheels turn, but to no avail. A few notches more on the hokum side might have made it real funny.

Paris in Spring: Would be oh so gay oh so light bedroom tangle with two couples wrongly assorted chasing each other through the vaulted halls, down the winding stairs, and over the sloping roofs of an ancient castle. Tullio Carminati, who is poison to me.

There isn't much to say about the movies I've seen lately, so I thought I might as well make up a few movies, and talk about them. These are going to be ordinary movies of the kind Hollywood might make, only we'll try to give them a fresh story angle.

1. A movie for Shirley Temple or Jane Withers. Title: *Child Prodigy.*

This picture deals with the career of a lovable little girl, perfectly normal, playful and prankish, who happens to be a genius at the piano, or the violin. The piano would be better because of all the cute shots we could get of the special pedals that have to be built for her.

Her father is a school teacher, and, while aware of her talents, hates the idea of exploiting the child. Mama may be ambitious, and not averse to riches and luxury.

The kid is bashful about playing before adults, though she loves to perform before other children, and likes to play *Kitten on the Keys* as well as Bach.

So finally papa needs an operation, or mama needs a new hat, and the music teacher prevails on papa to let baby give a concert. Baby is cured of her stage-fright by having a whole section of the auditorium given over to her playmates. She makes a wonderful success in a highbrow number, and for encore plays *Kitten on the Keys*, which causes the conductor to practically devour her with kisses. Mama signs up for a flock of concerts, but papa wisely cancels all but ten of them, insisting that baby shall lead a normal child's life, and, while not depriving the world of her talent, shall perform only as much as her health and her nerves will permit.

The closing shot shows the little girl among her playmates, who have organized a kazoo orchestra. She is the conductor, and mimics the bearded highbrow of symphony hall. The conductor himself, come to visit the family, happens to catch the kids at the game, and goes into stitches.

That's the basic idea, the plot can be wangled many ways, including a separation between mother and father, over the child's professionalism. Story should be touched up to suggest that it is suggested by the life of an actual child prodigy.

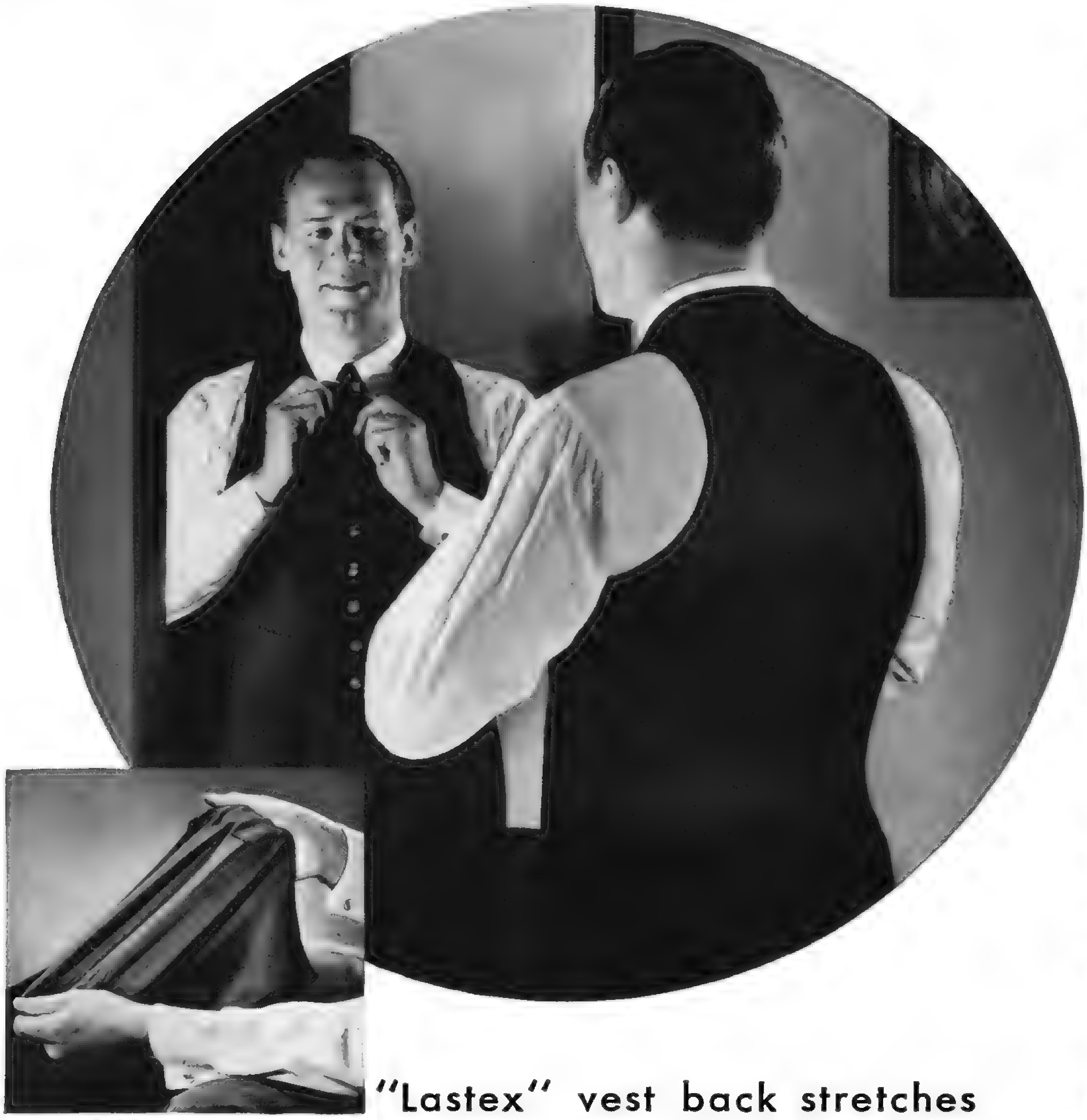
2. A movie for Mae West.

Mae has about one good box office picture left in her career, I'd say, and we might as well take a shot at a slightly different role, to see if it'll hold up the slide.

In this picture, Mae is a police-woman.

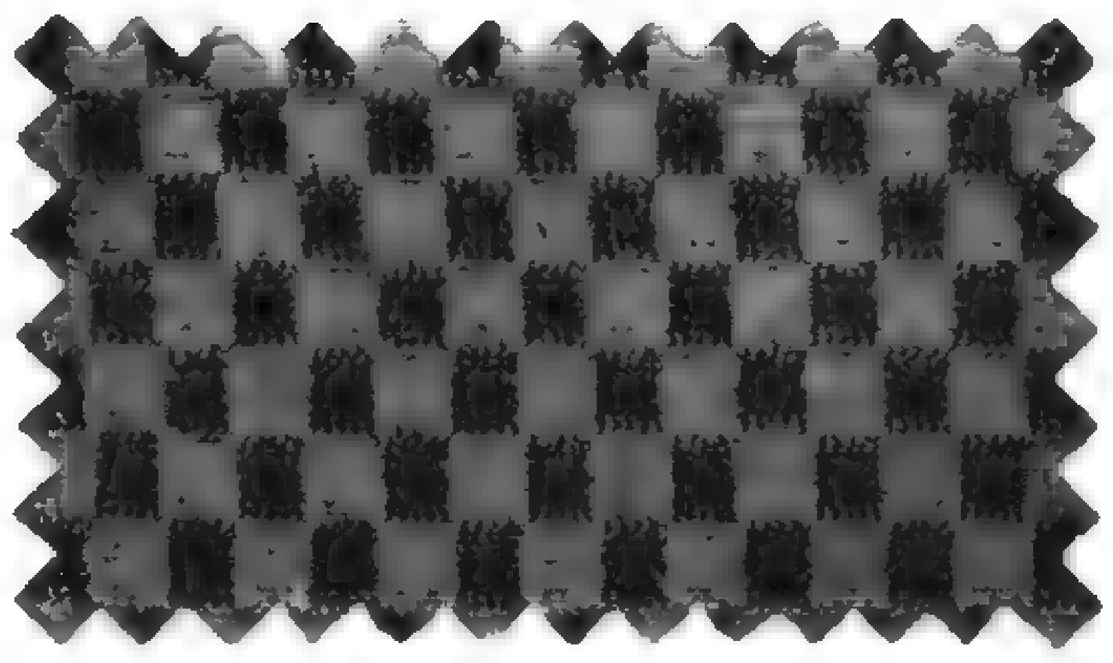
Continued on page 179

AT LAST, A COMFORTABLE VEST...... AND SMART, TOO

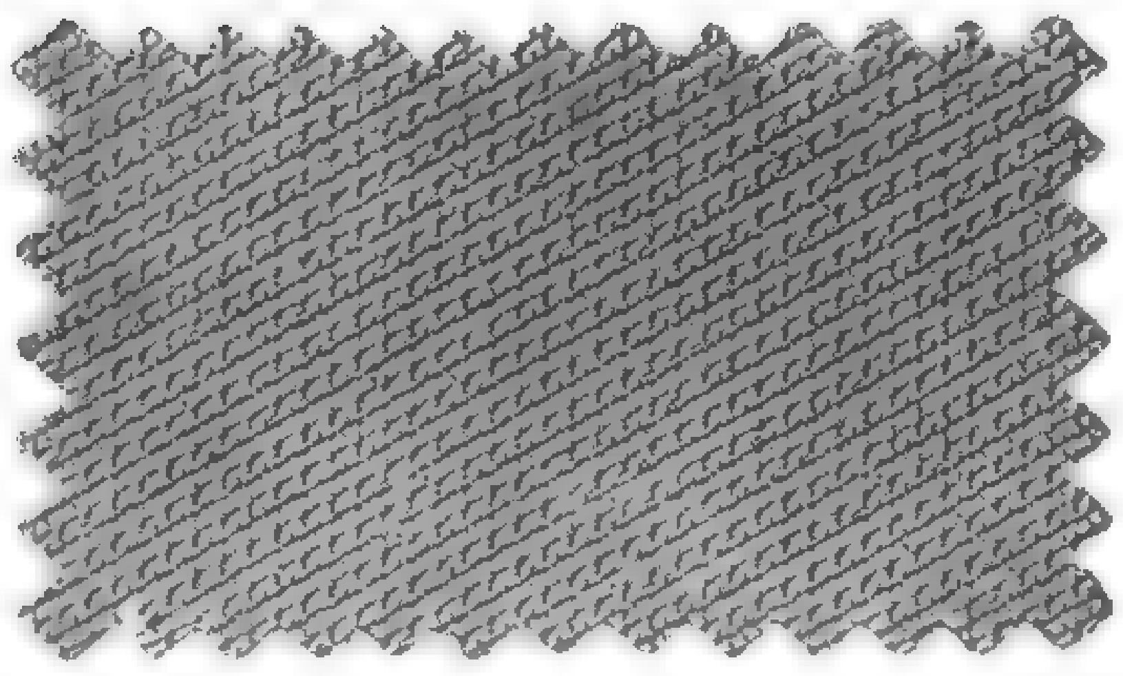


"Lastex" vest back stretches to fit smoothly all around... The buckle, strap and double wrinkle that had to be good enough for your grandfather are not nearly good enough for you. The up-to-the-minute thing is a vest moulded to your torso by the gentle stretch of the "Lastex" back. As you see, it looks just like any other vest back, except for the buckle. It comes in all the usual vest back materials and colors. Even a textile hound would have to handle it to know it was "Lastex." Only when you have worn a "Lastex" vest back can you appreciate its amazing comfort and perfect fit. Leading stores and merchant tailors will soon be offering Fall suits for business, dress and sport with this super-fit and super-comfort feature. "Lastex," 1790 Broadway, New York City.

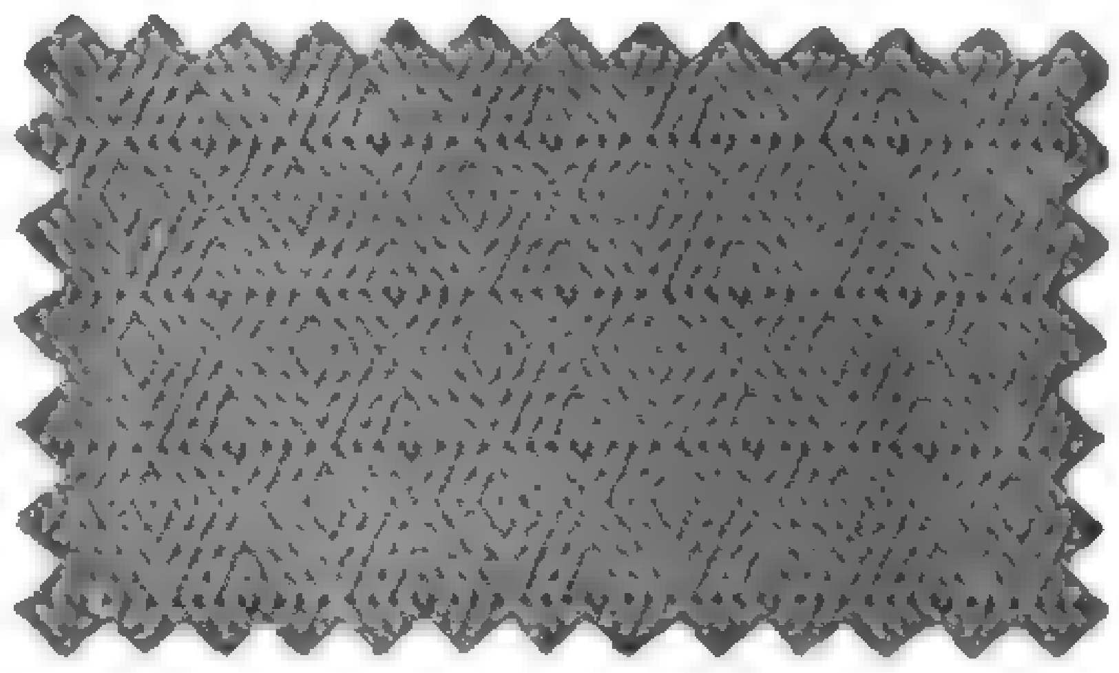
Lastex REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT



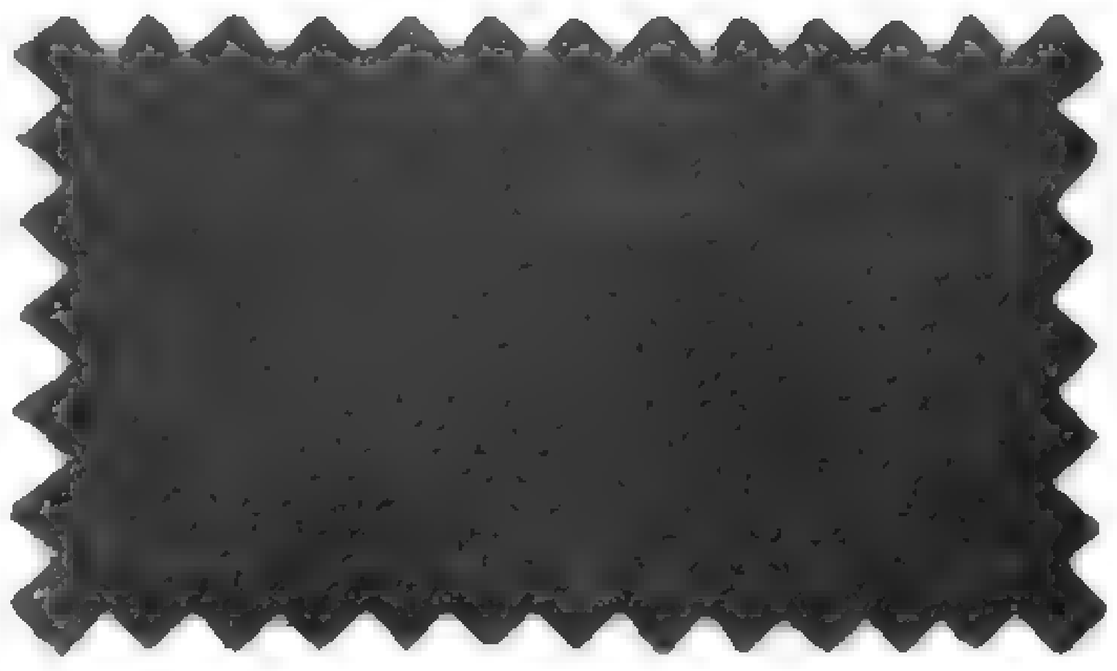
BLUE CHECK



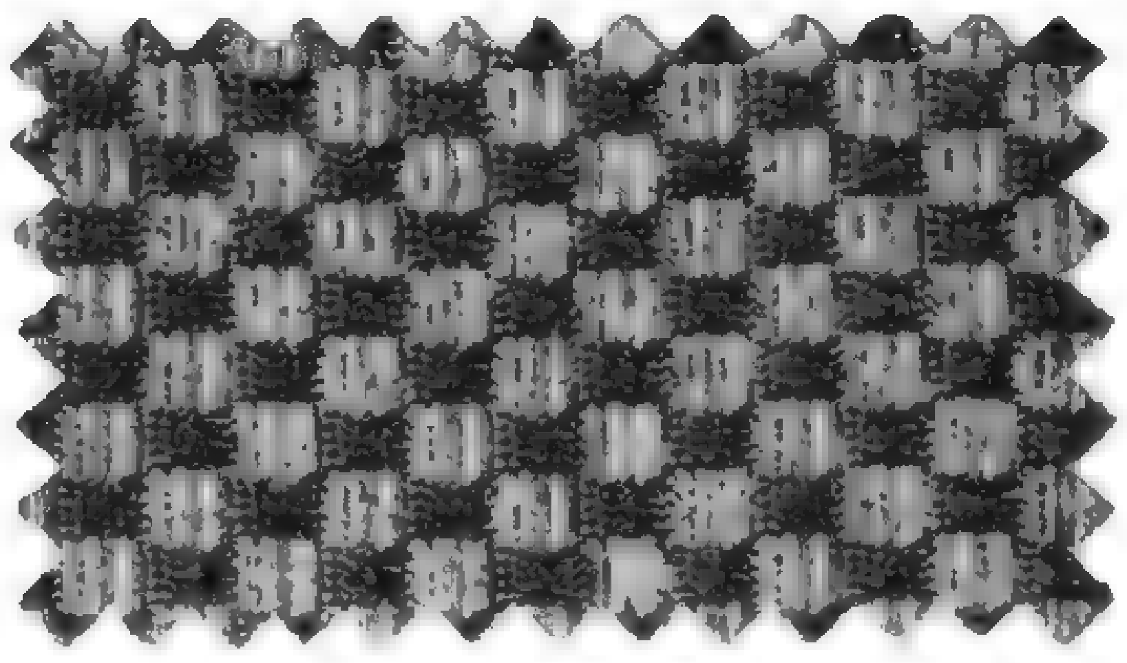
GREY TWILL



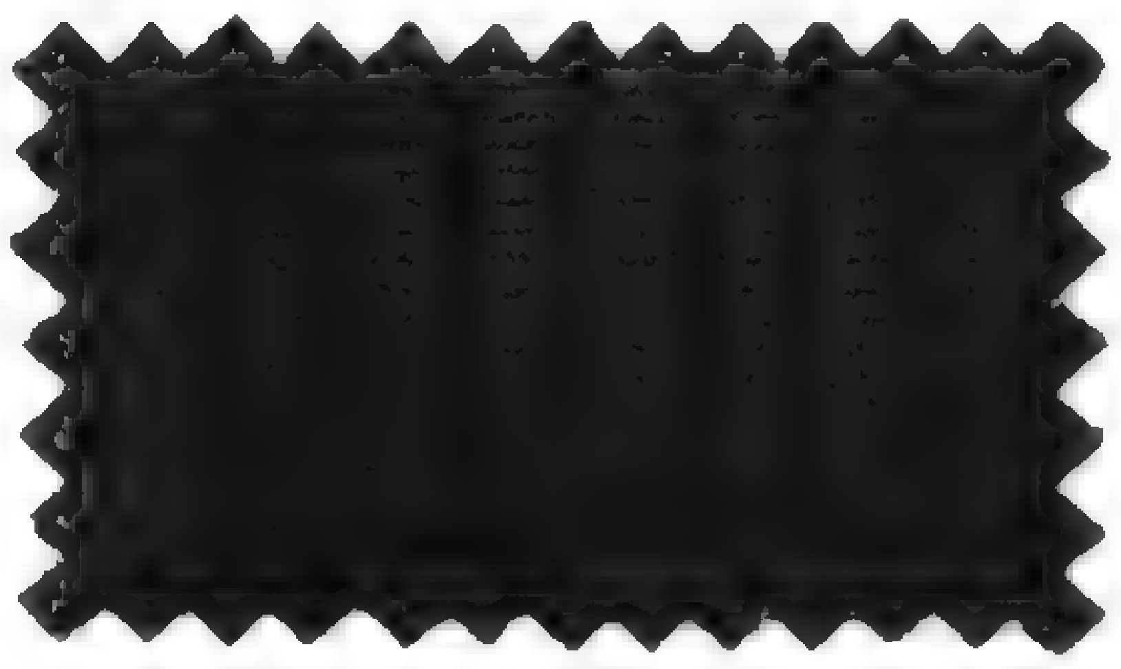
GREY DIAMOND CHECK



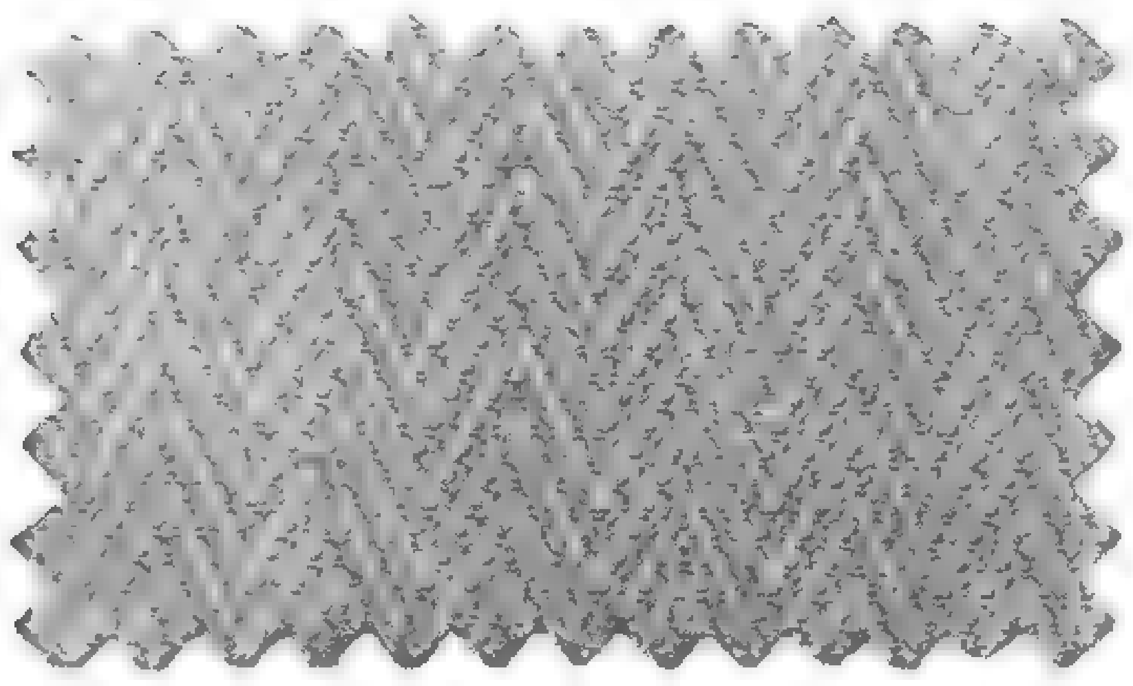
BLUE HERRINGBONE



GREY CHECK



BLACK STRIPE



GREY HERRINGBONE

Horizon for Hitler

Continued from page 31

credit that is nil. This startling and unprecedented decline, which has actually taken the form of decay, was on the other hand accompanied by an increase in profits of the twenty-five greatest German corporations during 1934, by no less than eighty per cent.

That the contradictions in the German social setup have sharpened with every day under the Hitler dictatorship, is clearly indicated by the fact that 2335 persons altogether earned no less than five billion marks during 1934—while 4961 companies earned twenty-three billion marks, while 7296 individual persons own thirty billion marks or some thirty per cent of Germany's total wealth. In short, sixty per cent of the total individual wealth of the German people is in the hands of the official oligarchy of 250,000 people that controls the fate and destiny of the German nation.

This development is the result of the systematic policies of Doctor Horace Greely Hjalmar Schacht, Reich Minister of Economics, who is the real dictator of Germany today.

The whole coercive power of the state is at the disposal of Doctor Schacht and is operated for the sake and benefit of those 250,000 individuals who constitute the industrial and official oligarchy that have monopolized two-thirds of Germany's national wealth for themselves and that hold the Third and in all probability last Reich, in grip today.

It is these conditions that are making for internal discontent and it is this discontent that Hitler seeks to divert into channels that cannot do any harm within Germany, namely an aggressive foreign policy. In other words class consciousness is short circuited into race consciousness or national consciousness. A foreign peril is suggested to the masses in order that they may forget about the intolerable conditions within Germany.

This discontent will soon become articulate. That is the moment when Hitler will have to make war. Here we have the real reason why Germany is making such fantastically gigantic efforts in the conscious preparation for a war of conquest, that have no parallel in modern history.

This is the guiding principle upon which the policy of Wilhelm Strasse is based. The methods with which this principle that demands the creation of a self-contained economic unit, the Third Reich, stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic, is applied, are manifold and devious.

The most effective method is the support with money and arms of Fascist parties outside of Germany. Thus, for example, there are today secret and open Nazi cells at Riga, Ravel, Libau, Rovno and Memel. The authorities may arrest some of the leaders and organizers, but with almost one million German speaking people in the Baltic states, Nazi propaganda assisted by powerful German radio stations, is bound to make headway. The Nazis hope, and not without reason, that this propaganda in conjunction with the ever increasing outside pressure, will eventually lead if not to an actual coördination, at least to coördination of aims.

How successful these tactics are may be seen from the example in Czecho Slovakia. Although Czecho Slovakia is by treaty an ally of France and Soviet Russia, it would today be impossible for that country to pursue an anti-German policy without provoking a Nazi Fascist revolution. These very conditions obtain in Austria.

In Hungary and Bulgaria, as well as Rumania, all the Fascist elements are being actively supported and advised by the German Minister of Propaganda. It can therefore be safely said that the German system of alliances is fast becoming a potent force and is facing the French system of alliances that will break into its component parts the very moment the Banque de France cuts down the flow of subsidies to the countries of the Little Entente, that has been incessant during the past five years.

Events are marching to their fated conclusions. When talking, in the middle of this year, to newspaper editors, politicians, publicists and statesmen (if any), in England and on the Continent, I retained one paramount impression and that is that not one of these men spoke of the necessity "to prevent war," but all of them talked of the hope "of avoiding it for a certain very limited number of years."

All of these men know that Mars rules the hour. #

The Era of Pitch and Catch

Continued from page 23

"freak" play in which the ball changed hands a couple of times and which Dana Bible's team could not seem to stop. The fact that the Aggies won by a very close score gave me little comfort. I couldn't find anyone who saw the game, and so the best I could do was try to construct the play from the newspaper account, which fortunately was quite accurate. I knew the Sewanee formations and the personnel and by tracing the ball from player to player got an idea of what took place. We had a wonderful half back, Peggy Flournoy, at Tulane that year and by putting him on the side where they ran this play, with instructions to let the forward pass receiver go and cover the back circling wide, we were able to keep from being routed as we otherwise would certainly have been. The play called for a forward pass to be made to a tall end who only advanced a step or two across the scrimmage line. As this end caught the ball he pivoted and made a basketball toss of the ball laterally to a back who had in the meantime circled out wide. If our half back had come in to tackle the end after he caught the forward pass, as he ordinarily would have done, this Sewanee back taking the lateral would have run for a touchdown every time he got the ball.

Fritz Crisler, during his regime as coach at Minnesota, made a number of spectacular touchdowns on a similar although a more subtle play. This play called for a forward pass to be made to an end, the end then making a lateral pass to a guard. Secondary defenses always naturally concentrate their attention on the ends and backs of the offensive teams and are most likely to overlook linemen and leave them uncovered entirely. This is what happened in several of Minnesota's games and Munn, a very fast running guard, scampered off with several touchdowns after having taken laterals from the forward pass receiving ends.

For colorful nomenclature Bob Zuppke, Illinois' justly famous coach, leads the procession. His last year's "Flying Trapeze" play was heard of far and near. It is doubtful if it was ever worked twice in the same way. Some coaches doubt if Mr. Zuppke was as much interested in making ground on the play as he was in diverting his opponent's attention from his more potent plays. The chances are that he will come out this year with just as intriguing a label with the same or other camouflaged purpose. The "Flying Trapeze" play called for a back to carry the ball up to a lineman who wheeled out of the line, ran back and tossed the ball to another back on one side of the field, and this back passed the ball laterally to another back on the opposite side of the field who then made a long forward pass to someone way down in the opponent's territory.

The "Million Dollar" play is the name someone has given to a lateral pass play which Bernie Bierman first used at Tulane and which was one of the chief threats of his last year's National Championship team at Minnesota. This really is not one play but a series of plays and bids fair to have as many variations as Michigan's "Old 83" before the Messrs. Bierman and Lautenschlaeger (Tulane's backfield coach) get thru with it. Last Fall, the three best full backs in the country, Kostka, Beise and Rork, took turns in starting this play for Minnesota. Nobody stopped them. Chicago knew what was coming but it didn't do them any good. One of these crashing full backs would start for the line with the ball and hand it to the quarter back who had pivoted backward. The quarter back would then toss the ball to Lund for a run around end. The next time the full back would fake handing the ball to the quarter who would continue as before but without the ball, and then the full back would crash thru the line with his head low, arms wrapped around and hiding the ball. No one could tell whether Lund had it, running around end, or whether Kostka (or whichever full back was in the game) was taking it on a plunge through the line. The result was that most of the defenses Minnesota met last fall were between the "Devil and the deep blue sea," to put it mildly.

The most famous of all lateral pass plays is of course Michigan's famous "Old 83" the brain child of the greatest of all coaches, Fielding Yost. This play, in one of its "57" varieties, has scored countless touchdowns and contributed immensely to the many football championships won by the Wolverines. Every football fan is familiar with "Old 83." It seems like the irony of fate, however, that Michigan, for years feared almost as much for her clever use of lateral passes as for her renowned kicking game (leaving out the "Prayer" aspects of her Punt, Pass and Prayer offense) should now be in the position where she will have to take some of her own medicine, perhaps too much of it. Ohio State, since the coming of Francis Schmidt, has gone in for lateral passing more than any other school in the Big Ten. Unlike most of the other coaches who have used forwards and laterals and combinations of forwards and laterals in the past, as set plays, Mr. Schmidt likes to tack laterals onto everything. Whether Ohio State is receiving punts, kickoffs, or running plays from scrimmage, the opposing teams will find a trailer, sometimes two or three of them, following along behind, in position to take a backward toss from the man with the ball. As at Colgate, where Andy Kerr is the coach, the sky is the limit as far as the use of laterals is concerned. These two coaches are leading the parade in this new pitch and catch game. The rest of us are wondering where the parade may finally end up. Last fall in the Tulane-Colgate game the ball changed hands seven or eight times on one occasion, when Colgate received a punt, before the ball was declared down. Immediately afterward the officials took time out for themselves—they had been running around in circles so much they were dizzy. The sports writers of New York went into spasms about the game and very likely this par-

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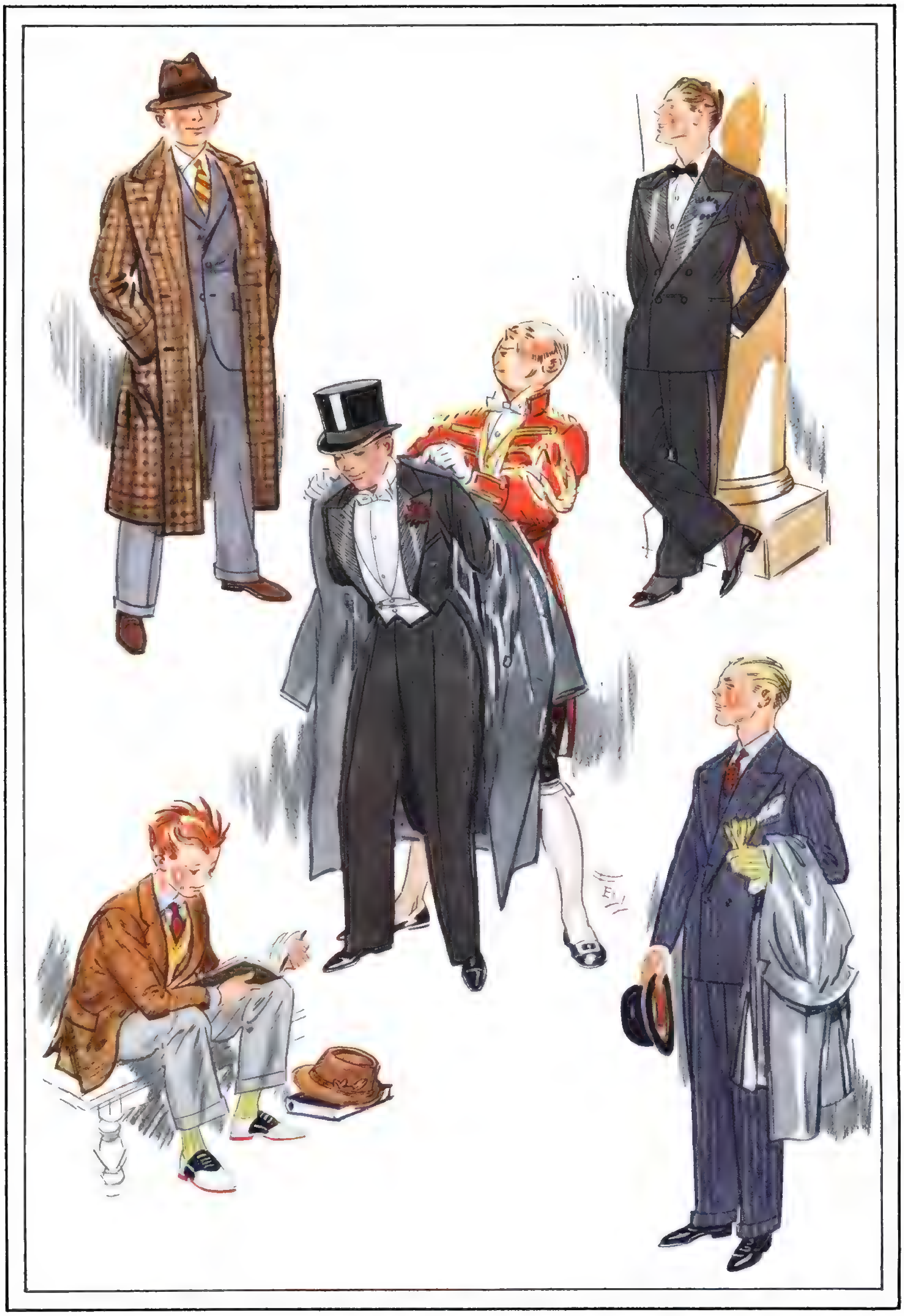

A PAGE OF FASHIONS FOR THE TEEN AGE

Shown at the upper left is an outfit consisting of a double-breasted tweed topcoat in a checked pattern, worn with a single breasted grey flannel suit, the newer type of button down collar attached shirt with the relatively wide spread collar points, striped tie, brown felt hat with black band, and brown reversed calf shoes. Upper right, a double breasted dinner jacket worn with a starched shirt, a turnover or fold starched collar, bat shaped bow tie and patent leather opera pumps. Center, the correct topcoat for preps to wear with formal clothes. Note also the details of the white single breasted backless waistcoat, the silk top hat and the patent leather dress shoes. Lower left, brown tweed jacket with side vents and small shoulder gussets, white elk shoes with black saddles, a Tyrolean hat. Lower right, the correct double breasted model worn with Wales collared shirt, chamois gloves, derby and topcoat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Era of Pitch and Catch

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ticular contest, which set a record in the use of laterals, series of them, and also set a new high in the public acclaim that followed, had a lot of influence upon the rules committee when they met this spring.

Heretofore when a ball carrier's forward progress was stopped and some tackler had his arms around him—even though he was still on his feet—the runner was down and the ball was dead and could not be passed. Last fall this situation occurred many times in actual play, but for some unknown reason the officials permitted such players to toss the ball backward, and laterally to team mates. It is admitted that it was difficult to determine just when this forward progress of a ball carrier was stopped, and thus when a lateral was thrown, whether it was thrown by a player who was down or was not down. The officials last year gave the passers the benefit of the doubt and in nearly all instances ruled that the passes were made before the ball carrier was stopped and therefore were legal. This situation caused a lot of complaint on the part of the teams against whom such passes were made. This fact, plus the clamor for a more open game and the great enthusiasm that the public showed for the teams that were using lots of lateral and backward passes, has resulted in the adoption of the following supplemental note to Rule 7, Section 7, of the Football Rules:

"A runner who is on his feet even though he be held by an opponent may run, pass, or kick until the whistle is blown."

If the officials had a hard time last fall, what they will do the coming year nobody knows—they themselves least of all. These laterals will now come any old time, in singles, pairs or quintuplets. They may start behind the line of scrimmage or far down the field after a long run or forward pass. They may be made after receiving punts, kickoffs, or even after fumbles. The field judge is supposed to look after forwards, laterals, and kicks primarily, but inasmuch as these plays will make up most of the game, the other officials will either have to help the field judge or accept a decrease in pay for having nothing to do. Perhaps the difficulty will be met by having two field judges. The unfortunate thing about an error in the field judge's province is that the penalty for a mistake is usually so severe. It doesn't make a great deal of difference, usually, whether an official calls an offside penalty, for instance, or not but if he makes an error and rules a lateral illegal far down the field, it means the ball will have to be brought all the way back to where it started from and played over after a penalty has been assessed or even worse if a lateral away down the field is illegal and the official misses it, the victimized team will be in a bad fix through no fault of its own. Getting the breaks this fall will be more important than ever. There will be many a pass this year which will look forward to one official and lateral to another, depending upon their respective angles of vision.

What would an old timer say if he saw a football player tackling around the neck? Even the grandstands would howl in derision at such a performance. But that is precisely what they will see this fall. The ball carrier is not down until he is on the ground and just as long as he is not down he has the right to toss that ball to a team mate behind him. A clever clean tackle around the legs was always a pretty thing to see but the reward for such a tackle has been taken away by this new rule. Now, most certainly, the runner, in the case of such a tackle, will raise his arms and the ball over the tackler and flip the ball to a trailer and the tackle will go for naught.

One factor the rules makers seem to have overlooked and that is the possibility, it may even be the probability, of a lot of piling on, this fall. No smart tackler is going to tackle around the legs many times and see his opponent flip the ball off to one side to another runner without realizing that he must first pin his opponent's arms to prevent him from throwing the ball. The result is obvious—high tackling. Almost any runner tackled high can keep his feet and jerk free and run or pass, so it will not be enough for one man to tackle the ball carrier high and pin his arms but another man must tackle low or pile on top and bring the runner to the ground where he will be down and the ball dead. Injuries will probably increase as a result, and in view of the fact that a couple of years ago the hue and cry was that football was too dangerous and the rules committee labored long and hard to eliminate as many as possible of the situations that had possibility of injury in them, this new provision is hard to understand. A great many officials and coaches feel that whatever was accomplished in the way of opening up the game will be more than offset by the increased possibilities of injury.

Even in blocking we are likely to see decided changes. It is quite possible, even probable, that players will be asked to block first and then to get into position to receive laterals. Forward passes can be made only once in each down and then only to backs and ends. Laterals can be made to anybody and in bunches. What a thrill a lineman, who seldom if ever gets a chance to carry the ball, will get now if he takes a lateral and runs for a touchdown! It is obvious that any blocker who leaves his feet to get his man will hardly have time to get up and get in position to take a lateral, and these blockers, especially linemen, are not going to overlook any bets to make touchdowns. It takes a lot of courage and skill to cut an opponent out of the path of a runner. It is much easier to bump him and get in position to take a lateral—at least that will be a good alibi for missed blocks this season. Blocking, this year, most likely will be more checking than blocking.

What will happen to those scintillating runs that have thrilled countless thousands in the past is now a matter of conjecture. Unless running plays are practiced diligently and the blockers preceding the runner time their efforts perfectly, and unless the runners practice their sidestepping and stiff arming just as they have in the past, this feature of the gridiron that has always been synonymous with football may even be relegated to the background. Can you imagine some big tackle or guard ever getting it out of his head, if after having had a lateral pass tossed to him because there was no one else to throw it to most likely, he ever advertently or inadvertently made a touchdown? In a way it will add a lot to the fun of these linemen to know that they too now can make touchdowns, a privilege which has always been exercised almost invariably by the overrated backs. The fact that everybody will be trying to make touchdowns might worry the coaches but this opportunity for glory is not likely to be overlooked by many dutiful linemen.

Will there be time to take on this new phase of football and to keep up the same degree of skill in the kicking game, blocking, tackling and ball carrying we have enjoyed in the past? No one will deny that the ball handling involved in lateral and forward passing must be practiced intensely in order to be effective. At most of our schools where the time for football practice is strictly limited the problem of how to budget the time to the best advantage will now be doubly difficult. The game was very complicated the way it was—too complicated for high school and college boys to master in the short time available for practice. Football, at least the collegiate game, should be played primarily for the good of the boy participating. Isn't it about time we curtail the growing tendency to forget the boy and play to the gallery?

Overruling the Sportsmen

Continued from page 46

Merion Cricket, Craig Wood's confusion about the rules put him into the spectator class. The rules tangle the experienced tournament players just as they do the dubs. Had the competent and confident Sarazen person a clearer understanding of the rule governing parallel water hazards when he played his ill-fated shot toward the eleventh green at Merion, he might have escaped the bite of the fatal seven which lost him this championship. But, although you may be inclined to condemn the players for not knowing the rules, or remembering them until too late, you must grant them pardon when you are reminded that the course for the championship at Merion did not heed the simple rule four of golf, which reads, in part: "the teeing ground shall include a rectangular space of the depth of two club lengths directly behind the line indicated by the two (tee) marks." Notwithstanding this definite specification, in lengthening the Merion course, the association placed some tee markers so far back on the tee that the "depth of two club lengths" would have moved the player back out of bounds.

Of course, in a game like golf, rules governing playing equipment are certain to be yanked out of dead print and into disturbing action so long as the American retains his inventive capacity. Several years ago the United States Golf Association became alarmed at the distance golf ball manufacturers were building into the balls, although the rank and file of golfers had not been heard to complain about any excess of distance in their shots. But rather than lie down worried to sleepless nights worrying about forcing the nation into a war for territorial expansion and more room for courses over which the distance ball could be played, the association adopted specifications for a larger and lighter ball. Outside of costing the golf ball makers around $500,000 in making obsolete their existing stocks of balls and manufacturing equipment on hand, and arousing a national chorus of "what the hells?", the altered specifications were of no definite effect on the game. After a fairly brief, unsatisfactory trial, the specifications of the ball again were changed to the present weight and diameter regulations.

In 1930 when the Emperor Jones conquered all he surveyed in the British and American open and amateur lists, one very helpful club in his quiver was that then generically known as a sand wedge. It was a heavy niblick with a concave face. Even the punks could play it with fair effectiveness in getting a ball up out of a sand trap and biting to a sudden stop on the green. Ap-

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Overruling the Sportsmen

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proximately $300,000 was spent in one season by golfers for clubs of that type but it was ruled out officially before the 1931 season began because the concave face was considered to give the player too much mechanical assistance.

After Jock Hutchison won the British Open in 1921, the Royal and Ancient ruled that the slotted irons with which Jock played amazing stop shots, were illegal. Before that, in 1904, the dour Walter J. Travis, Australian-born American, had won the British amateur championship with a center-shafted putter, which being unique and effective in Travis' hands, naturally was due to be ruled out as illegal. A putter of the same general type was the one Sarazen used in winning the 1935 Masters' tournament at Augusta. It's legal on this side and illegal abroad.

The equipment angle with the rules makers wraps other sports into some rather comical complications. Possibly the outstanding recent case is that of table-tennis which still is referred to as ping-pong by the majority of the natives, but due to legal rights of the ping-pong equipment manufacturers must be called table-tennis by the ruling body of that pastime of trying to whack a paddle at the celluloid lightning some youngster pings at you.

Even when your sporting blood is of such torpid kind that you are content to rest on your fundament and watch the participants sweat, you are made uncomfortable by the rules-makers. Nothing seems to be immune; a cockroach race to a crack in the wall and a tennis match in which the elderly king of Sweden plays, all fall beneath within the province of some ruling body. This sometimes must be embarrassing to well-bred horses innocently compelled to blush while their jockeys stand trial before turf authorities under such circumstances as those of the finish of the 1933 Kentucky Derby. Horse racing rules are heeded as closely, if not more closely, than the rules in any other sport possibly for the reason that more money is bet on the horses than any other competitive field. Unquestionably though the horse racing statutes in their extent and character are excused by the unfortunate fact that the sport of Kings has been made the sport of kinks by the galaxy of crooked talent operating behind the scenery of society queens and business barons.

Here is an ethical problem in rules for you: Should a lady be told how to act like a lady? For the very ladylike game of field hockey played by brawny young amazons in our upper circles by hitting other society school girls on the lower legs or on the favorite comic section targets, there are 21 rules. Why?

Sometimes one gets the suspicion that the reason there are so many sports rules is because nature moving in mysterious ways its wonders to perform plants inside certain skulls peculiar yens for officiating. In some instances these mildly psychopathic cases are afflicted with a god complex. Umpiring, refereeing, field judging or whatever else the duties may be, may be keeping the blue wagon from backing up from these officials and rolling them away to fenced-in places where they while away the happy hours playing they're Jesus, Napoleon, the Brain Trust or even Huey Long, if they are violent cases. Maybe the flagellation screwiness is responsible for some other cases of officials.

You will have to figure out the answer for yourself, or consult the good old family psychiatrist, but there actually is, among the treasures of Spalding's Athletic Library, No. 81R, *How to Umpire*, by Billy Evans. Professor Evans devotes space to a subject ball players have been known to consider debatable, under the chapter heading, *Umpires Are Human After All.* Perhaps they are, for Professor Evans counsels in his preface: "He (the umpire) must be boss of the game." Being boss is the game that most humans like.

In no other place in the vast Spalding's Athletic Library has your present research expert been able to find any other reference to the officials being humans. The aim of most sports rules seems to be a cold standardization of procedure to the extent that the rules books could be fed into a master control device and the game go on in better shape.

Football rules have been developing to the rule-maker's ideal. Given a few more years and the rules for this sprightly autumn sport will make the penalties as clear to the average spectator as the function of a trick gadget a lady buys for a bridge prize. During the 1934 season there were 13 major rules, with 79 sections and so many "articles," "items," "notes" and "approved rulings" there's one of these rules added starters for each seat in the Yale bowl. When, in a great burst of light, it became clear to the football rules makers that the public and press were beginning to get a bit bewildered with approximately 200 details of football rules, there was a standard code of signals compiled for the use of officials in informing the millions who are expected to amortize the cost of the stadia. There are 10 signals in this muscling manual, which may or may not give us an idea of how many rules actually are necessary. Of the ten signals in the code, the average football fan probably knows three or four more than he knows of the Ten Commandments at that, but he has the code printed in his program and can peek. Peering through the clouds at play from Seat 9,369, Row Z99ZZ, the spectator gets an idea of what the play's all about when he sees the officials semaphoring, but seldom is sure that the home team has had 10 yards stolen from them or that a robust boy scout is signalling the scout master the young woodsman has been trifling around what he thought was a muskrat with a black stripe down its back.

By itself the extent of the college football code might not do much damage but sports legislation has so spread among the collegians that even varsity wrestling has 18 rules with 94 detailed subdivisions. Section 4 of Rule V, disqualifies for communicable diseases, but no mention is made elsewhere in collegiate sport rules of penalty attached to the obviously communicable disease of rules making. Professional wrestling also has its rules in printed form but there is no use of counting them because the only one heeded is the one tacitly agreed upon by all professional contestants and their managers: "Don't let the other guy get a hold on the gate money."

In professional sport circles, the rules making formalities have gone to such an extreme that—(and you will bust out laffing when you learn it)—New York's state boxing authorities have printed rules. Of course, in this instance, the rules are make-believe and are changed quicker than you can say "Jimmy the Snitch" but having rules printed does make a body dignified, no matter what comment you may make, you old meanie, about this case.

The 36 rules of lawn tennis, together with the six "regulations for deformation tests of tennis balls" you might think would cover this field fairly well, but they probably don't for if an additional mystery comes up while you are pastiming the rule book advises: "Should any point arise on which you find it difficult to give a decision or on which you are in doubt as to the proper ruling, immediately write, giving full details, to the Tennis Umpires Association, care of the U.S.L.T.A. 120 Broadway, New York City, and full instructions and explanations will be sent to you." If you happen to be playing with or against Mr. Bill Tilden, you can get a very positive interpretation or ruling without going to the trouble of writing to New York.

Maybe the years of research which led up to this scientific document did not start at the right places, but when a mere lad your investigator got the idea that the rules of Kelly pool were contained in the heavy end of a pool cue, held by a determined gentlemen who said it was so. Imagine your investigator's amazement when he later became rule conscious and learned from a big, printed sheet that Kelly pool had 39 rules. Fortunately, perhaps, your investigator lived to learn. Only a brisk and pleasant walk of two cuspidors away from the Kelly pool field of early research was the bowling alley department. Here there was believed to be only the foul line rule and even that foul line was slid across without having one's reputation as a gentleman sportsman marked with an ugly and indelible stain. Ah, but that was living in a fool's paradise because really there are 44 "Rules and Regulations Covering the Game of American Ten Pins and Defining the Qualifications of All Bowlers, Bowling Teams, Bowling Leagues and Association Members of the Congress" which have been adopted by the American Bowling Congress.

Apparently from Bowling Rule 28, the American Bowling Congress authorities who are very democratic and friendly people, do not believe they have to answer a query "Is He Human After All?" about any of their associates as did Professor Billy Evans, baseball umpiring authority. Bowling Rule 28 reads: "A player who willfully and continuously throws his ball into the gutter because of disgust at the way his team-mates are bowling . . . shall be immediately removed from the game or series." This is one of the loveliest cases of man's rare humanity to man found among the many sports rules, because it must be clear to all that being "immediately removed from the game or series" is exactly what the hell the disgusted party of the first part yearns for most fervently.

There is a gentle effort made to remind the sportsmen that everything is just for fun, in Rule 28 of the International Amateur Boxing Federation rules covering Olympic Games boxing. This rule reads in part: "At the beginning and after a bout boxers shall shake hands in a proper manner, as a sign of a purely sporting and friendly rivalry." As a general thing, the rules of sports duck reference to friendly rivalry. This would have to come up in a sport where one of the friendly rivals may have had several of his incisors slammed down his gullet and his eyes given the appearance of a double-barreled aurora borealis, prior to the concluding formality of shaking hands "in a proper manner." The copyrighted official playing rules of the United States Volley Ball Association do away with this hand-shaking touch of lavender that's in the amateur boxing rules. There are only 15 stern rules governing this volley ball business but there are enough sections (88) to raise this formerly simple pastime of short-winded, jelly-bellied office workers into the big time class with pictures of husky, lithe teams and 96 pages of reading matter in Spalding's Athletic Library tome No. 120R.

The 15 rules and 106 sections governing basket ball and the 15 rules of collegiate ice hockey with all its sections, might be considered to be sufficient to care for matters, but in the latter case professional ice hockey has additional and different rules with the avowed intention of giving the spectators

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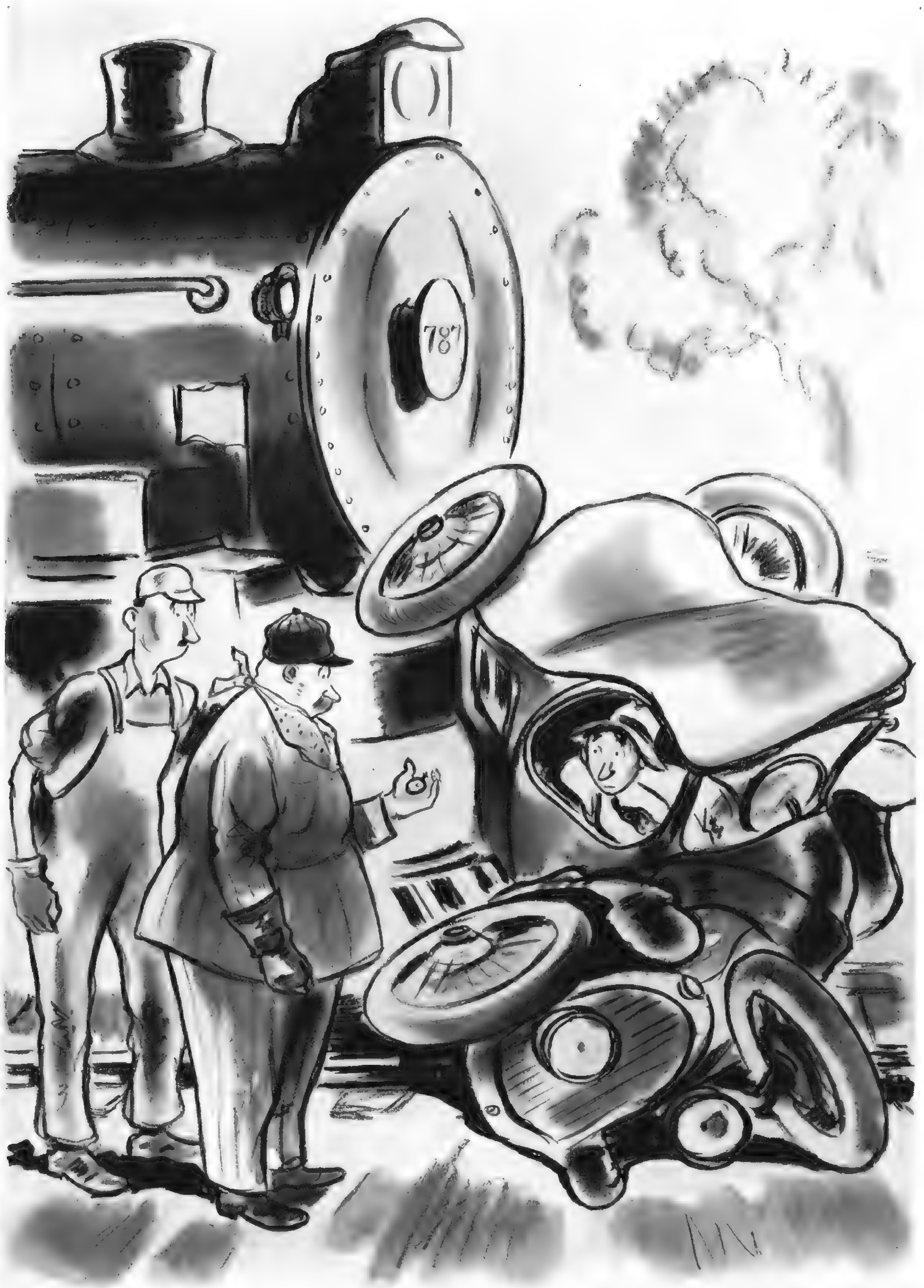

"I guess it's really our fault—we got here four minutes too soon"

Overruling the Sportsmen

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more entertainment. Where the customers really need an improvement in the basket ball and ice hockey rules is to have a musical section introduced. Whistles are blowing all the time under the present rules in these sports and if people are going to attend concerts under the mistaken impression they bought tickets for sporting events, the officials' whistle music will have to be better than it was last season. Otherwise there will be a slump at the box office. The basket ball ruling authorities recently have spent considerable time coping with the problem of the toss-up which has become acute since breeders of basket-ballers in the Hoosier hinterland, violent ward of the sport, fooled around with the pituitary glands until they produced a set of skinny, flop-lipped giant kids who could take a toss-up away from an opposing normally-built player on stilts.

No official thought has been given to the whistle recital phase of basket ball, but this matter probably will be handled for basket ball and ice hockey by a committee composed of such musical and sports experts as Messrs. Davis J. Walsh of the Drop A Dime In the Piano and Ask the Girls in the Back Room What They Will Have Music Lovers Group; Paul Gallico, soloist of the Tissue Paper and Comb Symphony; Joe Williams of the Chamber Music and Shower Bath Saengerbund and Harry Salsinger and Warren Brown, talented Bronx cheer Bassos.

This innovation of beautiful music to interpret the rules will be welcomed by the sports enthusiasts if the musical rules body doesn't go modernistic and change the key every year to keep the customers balled up, as the customers certainly would be now if they thought anything about the rules. However, the customers happily don't know enough about the extent and mystery of any sports rules to be scared away. It's just as well. If the spectators and players did learn the rules, the rules would be changed next year in accordance with the unprinted but primary rules of the governing bodies. It might then end up with the customers' spending so much time on rules study there would be no time left for playing or sitting in as spectators. #

Running the Country

Continued from page 43

stared across the room at the regulation plaster-of-Paris bust of General Washington. "Perhaps he might want to know where I stand."

Fleming's face was expressionless. "He ought to know *that* well enough!"

Cunningham pressed down the little lever of his inter-office telephone. "Lyt?" he remarked conversationally to the little wooden box. "Can you drop in here for a moment? Thanks!"

The Administrator let the lever snap back to neutral. "Lyt Long has a pretty level head on his shoulders where blue-prints aren't part of the picture and he picks up a lot of gossip around town," he said. "Let's see what he thinks of it."

* * *

DEPUTY ADMINISTRATOR

A twinkling little man, with wavy brown hair, a carefully boyish smile and plump white hands opened the door and beamed inquiringly at the Administrator and Fleming.

"Come in," Cunningham said. "We need a couple of long heads here."

Deputy Administrator E. Lyttleton Long closed the door primly behind him, lighted a cigarette and assumed the attitude of a man about to be shot against a wall. "What are you two cooking up for me now?" he asked. "If it's another speaking tour in the sticks, I won't have it."

"This is a listening tour," Fleming explained.

"Senator Ambruster's coming in to see me at eleven," said the Administrator. "Jerry here suggests that he either wants to look over our girls or his own chances for nineteen thirty-six. Boynton thinks he wants to trade his vote on the amendments for a few jobs. I think he's up to some devilment, like that last speech of his. What do *you* think he wants?"

The Deputy Administrator fairly glowed with mental concentration, approaching the problem in his usual manner, as though striving to impersonate the courtship of two fireflies. When he began to speak, his eyes stared into space and he punctuated his remarks by flicking cigarette ashes on the bilious green official carpet.

"Ambruster's turned over a new social leaf, from what I hear," he said. "Hasn't been really drunk since the session started and has been going round in public with his wife for the first time since election day. He won't crawl on the amendments and if he wants jobs he'll have some other proposition. Nineteen thirty-six is still a long ways off for a child of nature like him. My guess is that he's thinking of making up with the White House and is trying to use you."

Fleming grunted. "What's the latest from over there on Ambruster? Still nothing doing?"

The Administrator nodded. "Absolutely nothing!"

Fleming stood up and stretched himself. "Well, then," he said. "I'll give Steve a ring and tell him what's up. We don't want to get any wires crossed with the Boss."

"Don't do that!" Cunningham spoke with decision. "If he wants to kiss and be friends, I'd rather see what he has to say first. Lyt, suppose you stay after the Division Chiefs' meeting and discuss reorganization until the Senator arrives. We can keep him waiting for a couple of minutes on general principles. Jerry, you tell Lola to hustle Ambruster into your office as soon as he shows up. We don't want him talking to any of the newspaper men who might be around, if they get up that early."

Fleming smiled. "I guess Lola will be safe from his charms," he said. " 'Men seldom make passes at gals who wear glasses'. And then what?"

"Then you can tell me he's there and I'll find out what's on his mind. Now, Lyt," he continued, "while you're here I wish you'd tell me what all these God damned things mean." He hunched his shoulders once again over the crackling blue-prints.

* * *

OUTER OFFICE

The slim girl with the dark eyes and the little teeth straightened the pince-nez on her nose and looked down at the visiting card. "U. S. Senator Carl R. Ambruster," it read. The card was held by a broad red hand, with little gleaming hairs sprouting from the back of its fingers. She glanced at her wrist-watch. It was two minutes before eleven.

She raised her eyes and saw a tall, burly man smiling down at her. Despite his deep-chested air of bullish strength, he had a sort of tapering proportion, and there were no signs of flabbiness around his strong red face. He was, very obviously, a man used to getting his own way. Even his ears stuck out with an air of self-assertion.

"I'm Senator Ambruster, sister," the man's voice boomed at her. "Got 'n appointment with your boss."

Miss Cairns tilted her nose imperceptibly higher and slipped her glasses into the little metal case on her desk. She rose, with the bright smile of a government worker for a powerful politician. "Of course, Mr. Senator," she said. "The Deputy Administrator is with Mr. Cunningham at the moment but you won't have to wait long. Mr. Fleming will take care of you."

She avoided meeting Boynton's quizzical glance. The corners of the Assistant's mouth twitched and she could almost read his thoughts—"Hot damn! The old boy sure does get 'em. Wish I could make the girls shed their goggles when *I* come along"—and blushed slightly at her own apparent sensitivity to the famous Ambruster charm. She did not like to be called "Sister."

The Senator stood, easily, half-blocking the way from her desk to the inner office.

"Nice dump you got here," he barked. "So that's where the money goes."

He turned his two hundred and thirty pounds of bone and muscle and beamed at the Assistant to the Administrator.

"And who might you be, young feller?" he boomed.

"My name's Boynton. I'm Mr. Cunningham's Assistant."

"Boynton? You're the man who fixed the appointment. Le's see. Some relation to Boynton in the House, aren't you?

"He's my uncle . . . sir!" How the hell had Ambruster spotted *that* connection? Boynton's chest swelled slightly. He must be more important than he had thought, if Senator Ambruster knew who he was.

"Glad to meet you," said the Senator and shook Boynton's hand with a bone-cracking grip. "Next time you're up on the Hill, drop in and see me again."

"Yes, sir!" A gentle perspiration bedewed the Assistant's brow. He hoped that none of the messenger boys would carry tales. It didn't help in this man's administration to be too clubby with Ambruster. He'd have to ask his uncle to check for him at the White House again, on general principles.

The Senator turned back to Lola Cairns. "All ready, sister," he remarked. "Take me to your boss."

* * *

INNER OFFICE

Fleming slouched from behind his desk and seized the Senator's hand quickly before his fingers could be caught in the famous Ambruster grip.

"I'm Fleming, Senator," he said. "Special Assistant to the Administrator. Mr. Cunningham will be free in a minute. Mr. Long's with him at the moment. He's the Deputy Administrator," he explained.

Ambruster erupted a mildly Vesuvian guffaw. "What *is* this Administrator racket?" he demanded. "Assistant to the Administrator out yonder. Special Assistant to the Administrator in here. Deputy Administrator in there with the Administrator. Say! Who's Special Assistant to the Special Assistant to the Special Deputy Assistant Administrator?"

Fleming eyed the Senator warily. "Any one of your constituents you care to name can have *that* job, Senator, if that's what you're after."

Ambruster eyed the Special Assistant with equal interest. "Wrap that up and send it to the White House on Mother's Day," he suggested. "Suppose you tell your boss Senator Ambruster's *waiting*." He emphasized the last word.

Fleming did not move for a long moment. "Sure," he said at

Continued on page 155

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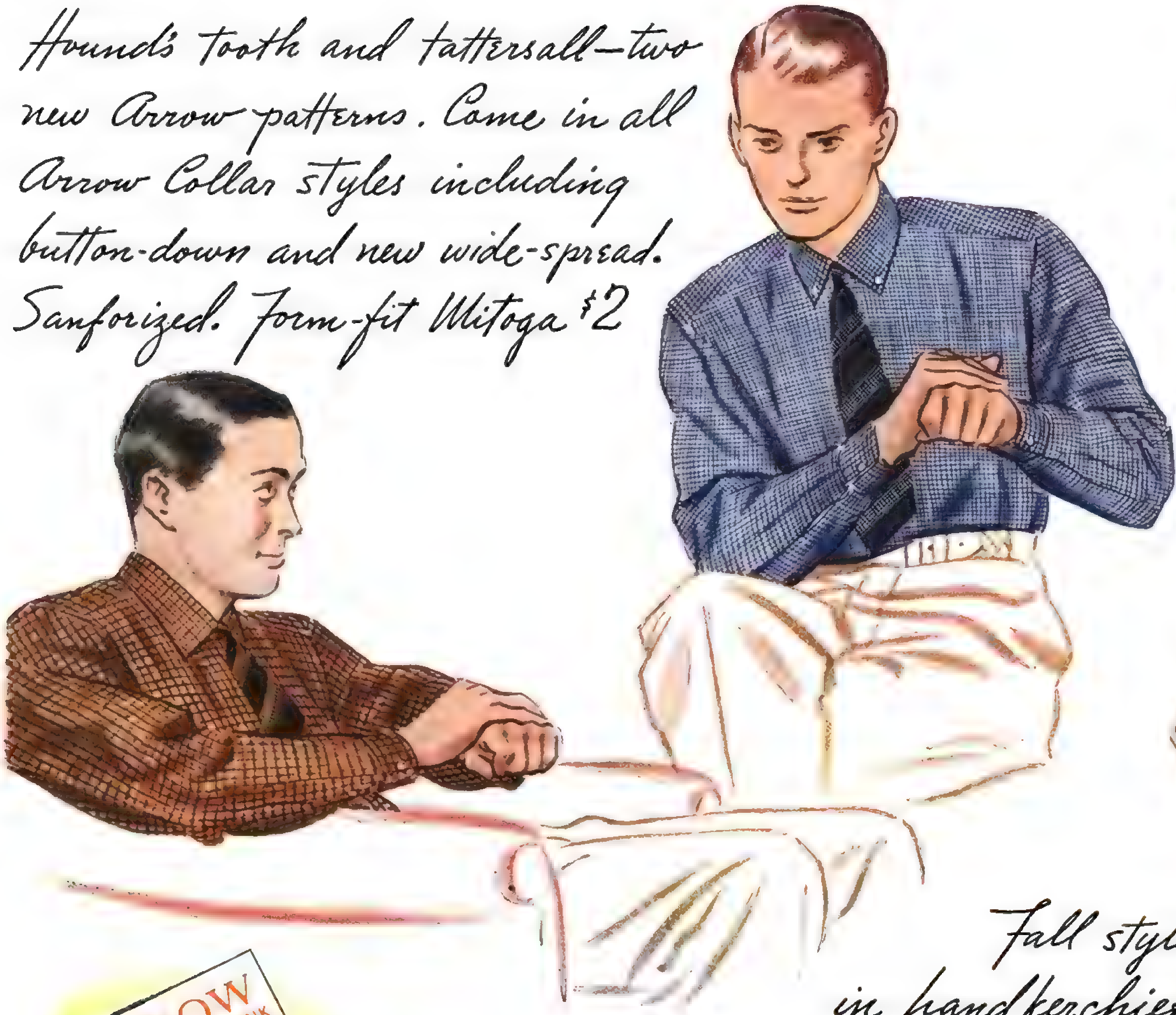

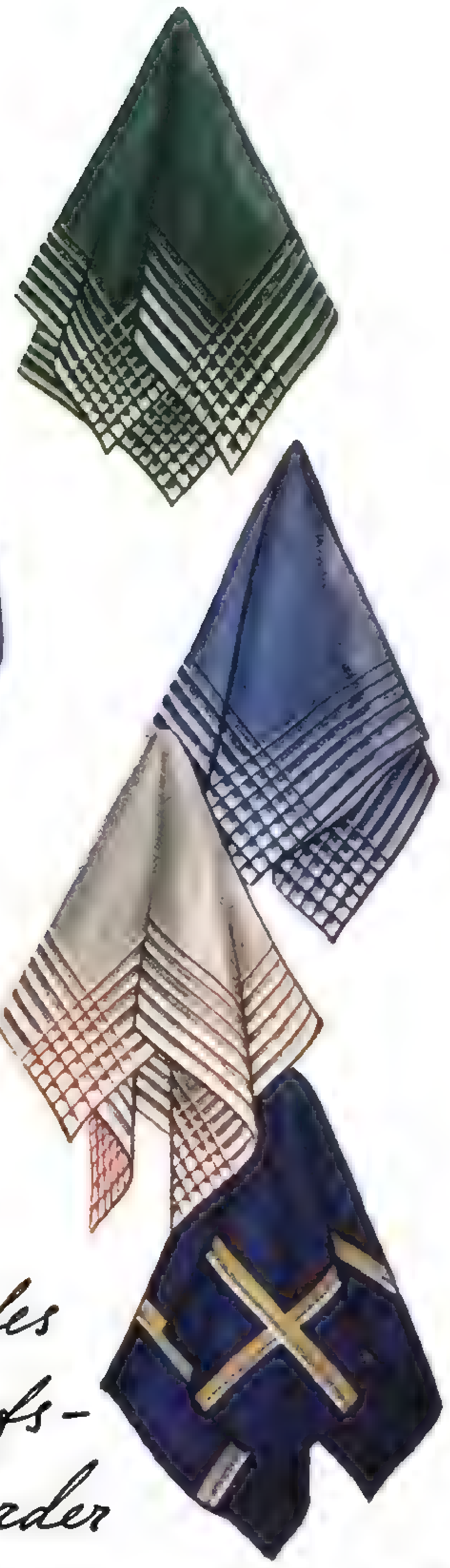

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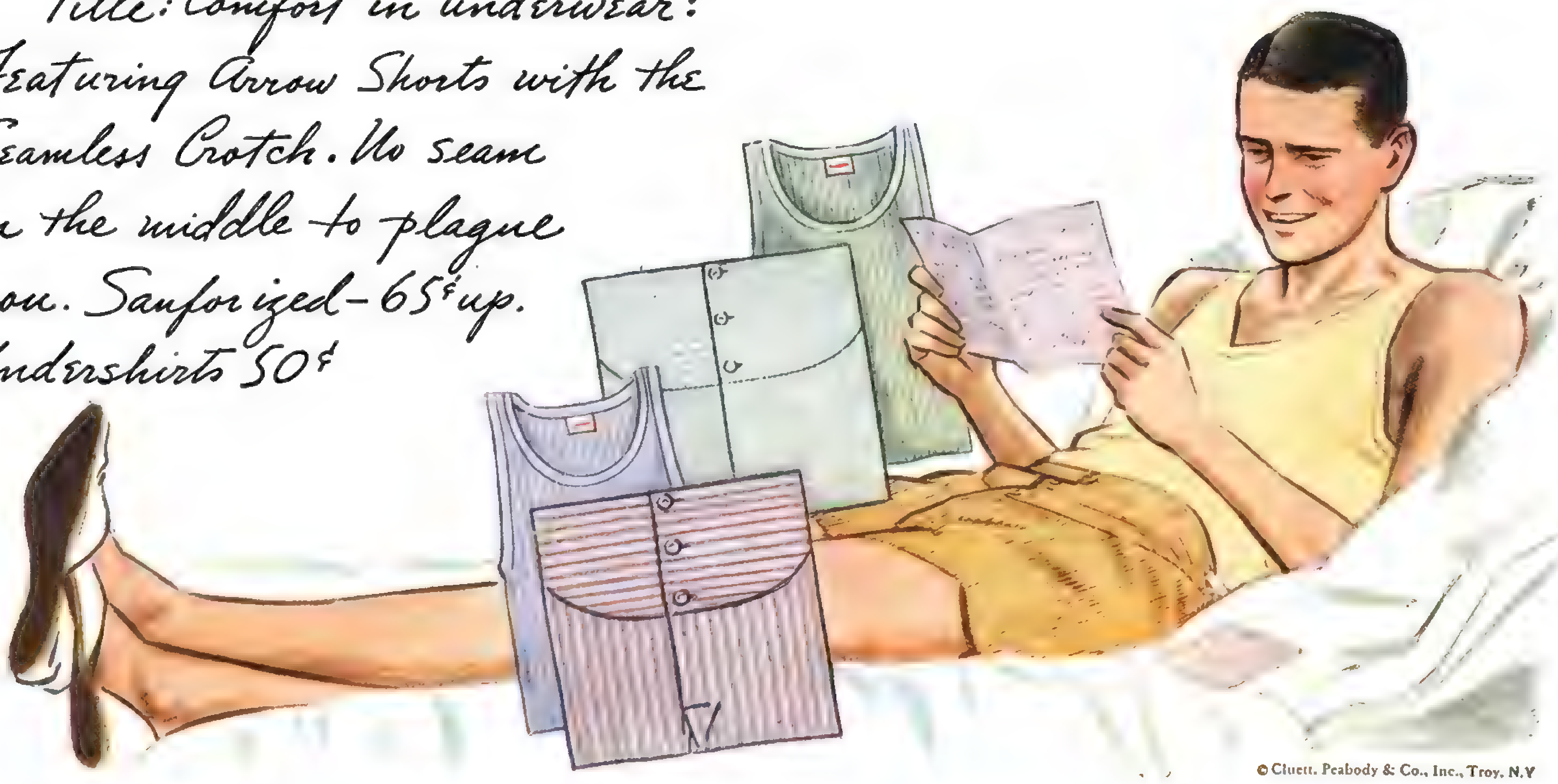

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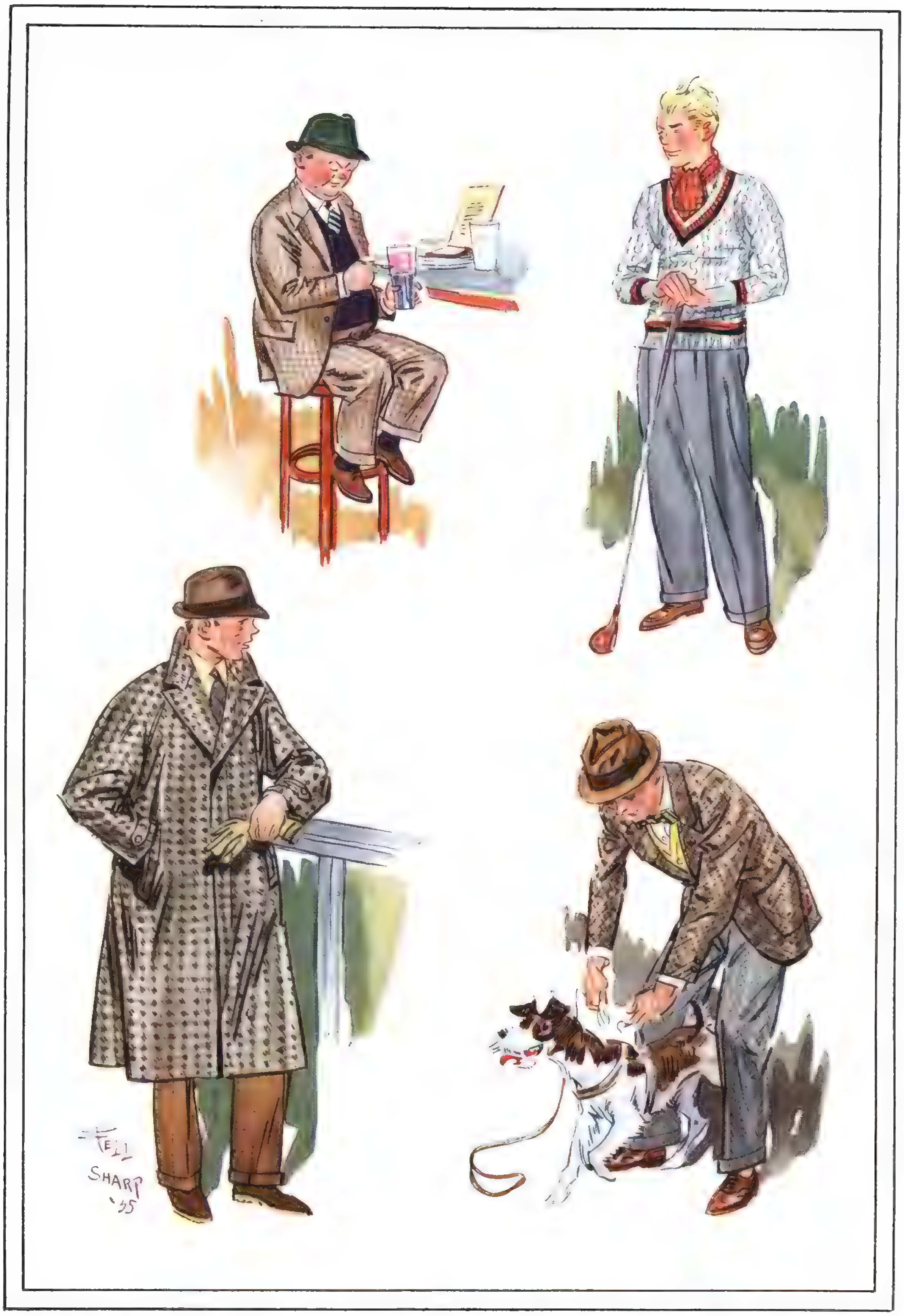

PREP FASHIONS FOR WEAR OUT OF DOORS

Tubby, at the upper left, is as ageless as a comic strip character. Mr. Sharp has been drawing him for fifteen years and has never yet caught him between meals. His suit is a checked cheviot tweed worn with a blue sweater, white button down collared shirt, striped tie and green Tyrolean hat. At upper right, for active sports wear, a heavy cable stitched sweater with colored striped border, grey flannel slacks, brown calf moccasin type golf shoes, red and white check wool muffler. Lower left, a brown and white raglan shouldered topcoat with peak lapels and fly front, a brown Glen suit, brown monk front reversed calf shoes with crepe soles and heels and a brown snap brim hat. Lower right, an outfit consisting of a Donegal tweed sport jacket, herringbone Shetland slacks, yellow knitted vest, grey shirt, Argyle plaid bow tie, brown snap brim hat and wing tipped brogues. This is high fashion.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Running the Country

Continued from pages 43-152

last. “I’ll break in on him. I know he wouldn’t like to keep you waiting.”

Lola Cairns said nothing, as Fleming slowly crossed the inner office, opened the door which led to the Administrator’s room and disappeared, closing the door behind him. The girl glanced nervously to right and left and made an instinctive movement of withdrawal, but Ambruster casually slipped between her and the door to the outer office. He bent his broad red face down close to her ear.

“Lola!” he whispered.

Her eyes dilated and she put her fingers to her mouth. Her hand shook.

“You can’t run away like this,” he whispered.

She shook her head. “No!” she said, faintly. “No, Carl!”

“Quick!” he said. “I must see you again.”

“No!” she said. “Please. . . . .”

“Same place. Usual time. I must.”

She smiled bitterly and her whisper was husky with rage. “The Continental Restaurant! Bring Mrs. Ambruster!”

“To hell with her! That’s politics!” the Senator muttered hoarsely. “Honey, I must . . . Today.”

She looked at him helplessly. “Yes,” she agreed. “I suppose. . . .”

The door of the Administrator’s office opened and Lyttleton Long twinkled out, with high pressure boyishness, followed by Jerome Fleming.

“Mr. Cunningham can see you now, Senator,” said Fleming. “Sorry we had to keep you waiting.” He gave the last word a slight emphasis.

* * *

ADMINISTRATOR’S OFFICE

Half an hour later the man with the heavy shoulders looked up at the three others. “I can’t make it out at all!” he said.

Fleming, sprawled as usual in the most comfortable chair in the room, rubbed the side of his nose with one long, bony finger. “You mean to say, E. T., that he didn’t have anything particular to say to you? Don’t hold out on us, now.”

The Administrator nodded. “Catch me getting away with anything like that here,” he said. “We just talked about the weather and things in general. He said he’d always wanted to make my acquaintance. As though he didn’t know as much about what goes on in this office as I do.”

Fleming pointed derisively at the Assistant. “That’s one on you, Buttsy. You said he was out to make a trade.”

Boynton slicked back his hair and opened his eyes very wide. “If that’s not what he wanted, hanged if I know what he *did* want. Say,” he added, “you should have seen Miss Cairns. First time I’ve seen her take off her glasses except to polish them. Wish I had that effect on women.”

The Special Assistant grinned. “Ambruster usually gets ’em to take off more than their pince-nez,” he observed.

The Administrator frowned slightly and the Deputy Administrator fluttered his hands and clucked reprovingly. “Let’s get back to the subject,” he pleaded, with his famous boyish smile. “Wise-cracking aside, *I* think Ambruster’s trying to play some game with E. T. How’d you stand half an hour of that ‘Say, brother’ line of his, E. T.? A little Mid-Western hick stuff goes a long ways with me.”

The Administrator looked surprised. “He didn’t call me ‘brother,’ ” he said.

Fleming laughed. “*That’s* something in your favor.”

Cunningham continued. “No, honestly. He talked just like anybody else. I guess that hick line of his is just a show he puts on for the voters. He didn’t use it with me.”

The Special Assistant cracked his hand on his knee. “I’ve got it,” he said. “I *said* you ought to tell the White House, E. T. Now Ambruster will spread the story that he’s had half an hour with you and all the newspaper men in town will be asking you all about it. If you tell ’em that it was only to talk about the weather and to pass the time of day, who will believe you? Bet they ask the President about it at the next press conference. You’d better get ready to do some pretty cagey weaseling or Ambruster will put us all in Dutch with the White House.”

The Honorable Edward T. Cunningham frowned. “Boynton, Lyt,” he asked. “Do you agree with Jerry that that’s why he came to see me?”

Lyttleton Long nodded. “Sounds like Ambruster,” he said.

“It looks that way,” agreed the Assistant to the Administrator. “I never heard of that S. O. B. doing anything without a damned good political reason.”

Cunningham nodded ruefully. “Guess he played us for suckers,” he said, “but I thought if I saw him I might get a hint of how stuff leaks out of this office to him. Boynton, you make another check of the messengers and stenographers. Lyt, I’ll have to take up this reorganization scheme of yours later on. Just now I’d better write a memo on this Ambruster business to take over to the White House. Jerry, will you tell Miss Cairns to come in for some quick confidential dictation?”

Boynton yawned. “You’ll have to use one of the other girls, Mr. Cunningham,” he suggested. “Miss Cairns said she wasn’t feeling well. She was white as a sheet and shaky as the devil, so she’s gone home for the day. Hope she’s not getting flu.”

“I hope not,” said the Administrator. “Who the devil could I trust to do my confidential work if she gets laid up?” #

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Notes on the Next War

Continued from page 19

England is glad to see Italy fight Ethiopia. First she may be whipped which, they figure, will teach her a lesson and lengthen the peace of Europe. Secondly if she wins that removes the annoyance of Abyssinian raids along the northern frontier province of Kenya and gives some one else the responsibility of suppressing the perennial Abyssinian slave trade across to Arabia. Next England must undoubtedly have an arrangement with the possible victor about the water power project in northeastern Ethiopia which she has long coveted for the watering of the Sudan. It is only logical that Anthony Eden should have arranged about that when he was in Rome recently. Lastly she knows that anything Italy finds and brings out of Ethiopia must come through the Suez Canal or, taking the long way around, the straits of Gibraltar, while if Japan had been permitted to penetrate into Ethiopia and thus gain a foothold in Africa what she took would go direct to Japan and in time of necessity there would be no control over it.

Germany is glad to have Mussolini try to gobble Ethiopia. Any change in the African status quo provides an opening for her soon-to-be-made demands for return of her African colonial possessions. This return, if made, will probably delay war for a long time. Germany, under Hitler, wants war, a war of revenge, wants it fervently, patriotically and almost religiously. France hopes that it will come before Germany is too strong. But the people of France do not want war.

There is the great danger and the great difference. France is a country and Great Britain is several countries but Italy is a man, Mussolini, and Germany is a man, Hitler. A man has ambitions, a man rules until he gets into economic trouble; he tries to get out of this trouble by war. A country never wants war until a man through the power of propaganda convinces it. Propaganda is stronger now than it has ever been before. Its agencies have been mechanized, multiplied and controlled until in a state ruled by any one man truth can never be presented.

War is no longer made by simply analysed economic forces if it ever was. War is made or planned now by individual men, demagogues and dictators who play on the patriotism of their people to mislead them into a belief in the great fallacy of war when all their vaunted reforms have failed to satisfy the people they misrule. And we in America should see that no man is ever given, no matter how gradually or how noble and excellent the man, the power to put this country into a war which is now being prepared and brought closer each day with all the premeditation of a long planned murder. For when you give power to an executive you do not know who will be filling that position when the time of crisis comes.

They wrote in the old days that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. But in modern war there is nothing sweet nor fitting in your dying. You will die like a dog for no good reason. Hit in the head you will die quickly and cleanly even sweetly and fittingly except for the white blinding flash that never stops, unless perhaps it is only the frontal bone or your optic nerve that is smashed, or your jaw carried away, or your nose and cheek bones gone so you can still think but you have no face to talk with. But if you are not hit in the head you will be hit in the chest, and choke in it, or in the lower belly, and feel it all slip and slide loosely as you open, to spill out when you try to get up, it's not supposed to be so painful but they always scream with it, it's the idea I suppose, or have the flash, the slamming clang of high explosive on a hard road and find your legs are gone above the knee, or maybe just below the knee, or maybe just a foot gone and watch the white bone sticking through your puttee, or watch them take a boot off with your foot a mush inside it, or feel an arm flop and learn how a bone feels grating, or you will burn, choke and vomit, or be blown to hell a dozen ways, without sweetness or fittingness; but none of this means anything. No catalogue of horrors ever kept men from war. Before the war you always think that it's not you that dies. But you will die, brother, if you go to it long enough.

The only way to combat the murder that is war is to show the dirty combinations that make it and the criminals and swine that hope for it and the idiotic way they run it when they get it so that an honest man will distrust it as he would a racket and refuse to be enslaved into it.

If war was fought by those who wanted to fight it and knew what they were doing and liked it, or even understood it, then it would be defensible. But those who want to go to the war, the élite, are killed off in the first months and the rest of the war is fought by men who are enslaved into the bearing of arms and are taught to be more afraid of sure death from their officers if they run than possible death if they stay in the line or attack. Eventually their steadily increasing terror overcomes them, given the proper amount of bombardment and a given intensity of fire, and they all run and, if they get far enough out of hand, for that army it is over. Was there any allied army which did not, sooner or later, run during the last war? There is not room here to list them.

No one wins a modern war because it is fought to such a point that everyone must lose. The troops that are fighting at the end are incapable of winning. It is only a question of which government rots the first or which side can get in a new ally with fresh troops. Sometimes the allies are useful. Sometimes they are Rumania.

In a modern war there is no Victory. The allies won the war but the regiments that marched in triumph were not the men who fought the war. The men who fought the war were dead. More than seven million of them were dead and it is the murder of over seven million more that an ex-corporal in the German army and an ex-aviator and former morphine addict drunk with personal and military ambition and fogged in a blood-stained murk of misty patriotism look forward hysterically to today. Hitler wants war in Europe as soon as he can get it. He is an ex-corporal and he will not have to fight in this one; only to make the speeches. He himself has nothing to lose by making war and everything to gain.

Mussolini is an ex-corporal, too, but he is also an ex-anarchist, a great opportunist, and a realist. He wants no war in Europe. He will bluff in Europe but he never means to fight there. He can still remember what the war was like himself and how he left it after being wounded in an accident with an Italian trench mortar and went back to newspaper work. He does not want to fight in Europe because he knows that anyone who fights may lose, unless of course one can arrange to fight Rumania, and the first dictator who provokes a war and loses it puts a stop to dictators, and their sons, for a long time.

Because the development of his regime calls for a war he chooses Africa as the place to fight and the only surviving free African state as his opponent. The Abyssinians unfortunately are Christians so it cannot be a Holy war. But while he is making Ethiopia Fit For Fiats he can, of course, suppress slavery on paper, and doubtless in the Italian War College, it looks like a foolproof, quick and ideal campaign. But it may be that a regime and a whole system of government will fall because of this foolproof war in less than three years.

A German colonel named Von Lettow-Vorbeck with an original force of 5000 troops, only two hundred and fifty of whom were whites, fought 130,000 allied troops for a period of over four years in Tanganyika and Portuguese Africa and caused the expenditure of 72,000,000 pounds sterling. At the end of the war he was still at large carrying on guerilla warfare.

If the Abyssinians choose to fight on in guerilla warfare rather than make peace Italy may find that Ethiopia will be an unhealing wound in her side that will drain away her money, her youth and her food supplies and return men broken in health and disgusted with suffering and the government that sent them to suffer with promises of glory. It is the disillusioned soldiers who overthrow a regime.

It may be that this war in Africa will prolong the temporary peace in Europe. In the meantime something may happen to Hitler. But of the hell broth that is brewing in Europe we have no need to drink. Europe has always fought, the intervals of peace are only Armistices. We were fools to be sucked in once on a European war and we should never be sucked in again. #

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 8

WASN'T MR. TANTALUS TOUGH ENOUGH FOR YOU?

Being a charter member of your mundane periodical, I feel it necessary for the first time to correct a certain Mr. Burton Rascoe concerning a statement he made in his regular bit *The Five Minute Shelf*. May I, please?

Mr Rascoe should remember that there was a Pulitzer Prize award this year for an especially meritorious bit of newspaper reporting (?) Didn't Mr. William H. Taylor of the Sports Department of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune* receive the distinction for his series of articles describing the international yacht races off Newport, R. I. last summer? He got a thousand bucks, too. Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it, the award, I mean.

Your items and other articles, ESKIE, are excellent but you would really be 100% if you added a real tough crossword puzzle for at least the summer.

Sincerely,
New York, N. Y. DR. HENRY SKLOW

ISN'T REMBRANDT A CIGAR?

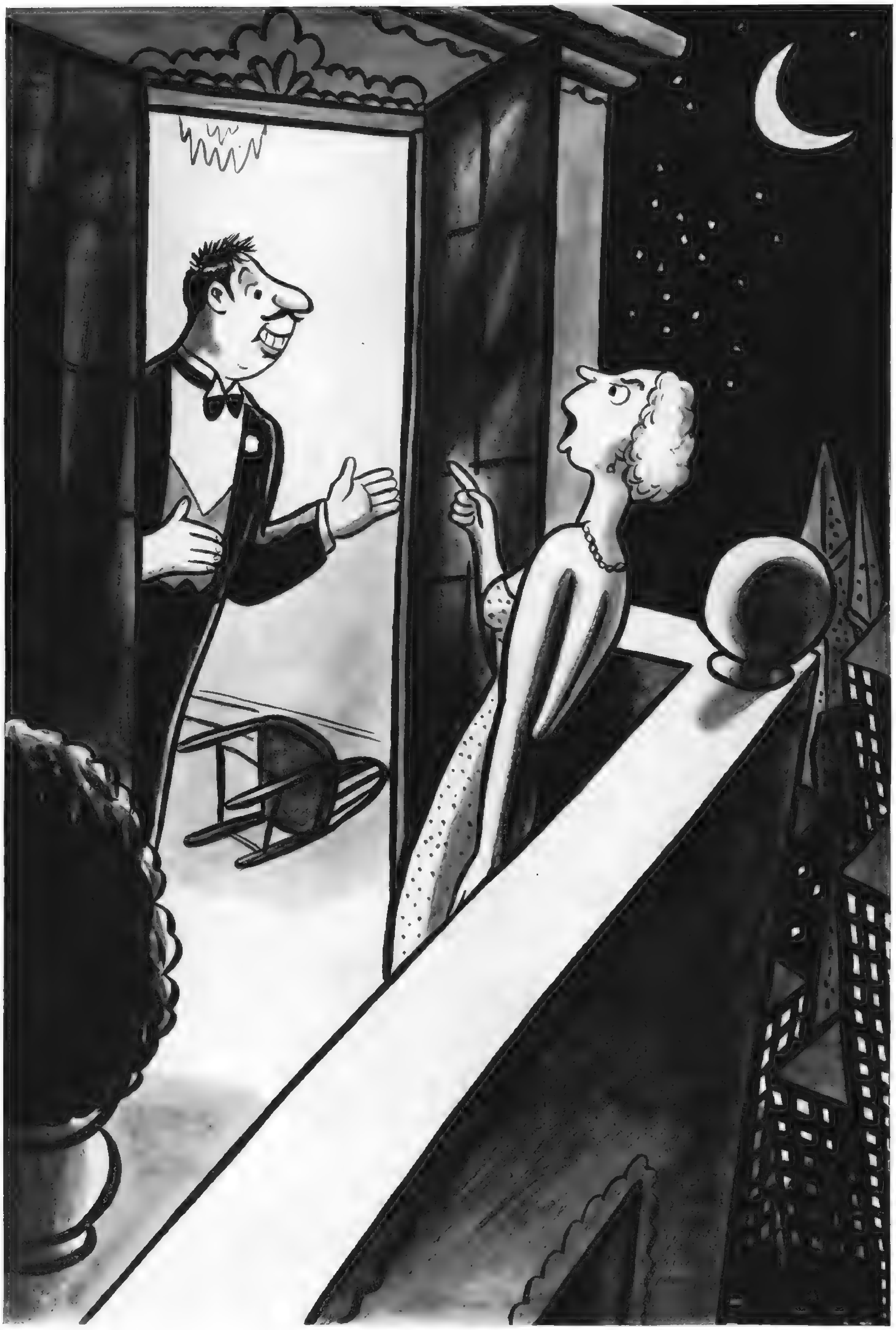
If this were to be set to music it might be titled, "Discord in Minor Detail." What I am trying to say is this, why is it that Sid Hoff has stopped signing his cartoons? Is it because he is ashamed (if so he is pardoned)? Has he slipped to that point wherein he is like the people he portrays, viz. rather imbecilic, or has he grown so conceited because his cartoons are in ESQUIRE regularly that he thinks he should be recognized as should a Rembrandt painting? If the latter, he had better resume placing his name on his drawings because I am sure that there are a lot of readers of ESQUIRE, although recognized as very intelligent, that would not know a Rembrandt from a Petty (apologies to George P., the little devil arouser).

Sincerely,
Kalamazoo, Mich. HARRY WARD

SEE PAGE 5

I am writing you on behalf of a number of sportsmen, who beg you to have your shooting articles more authenticated. If a dub like Brown has to write one, at least let an expert edit it, and correct his mistakes. His article was so erroneous and inaccurate that it brought your fine magazine a notch and a half lower in our estimation. His

Continued on page 158



"I'll scream for help!"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8 and 156

knowledge of guns is of the same sort that Grant had, and which caused him to lose more men in the battle of the "Wilderness" than Lee at any time had in his whole army.

If articles must be technical, get them from Whelen or Curtis; they are hunters as well as bar-room shots. If Brown aims a foot below a lion's head to hit it between the eyes, the War Department should court-martial him for criminal negligence.

Archibald Rutledge, Jr.
Shippensburg, Pa.

COMA, COMMA—INDUCED

To whoeverinhellhastimetoreadit:

I don't like to write bawl-out letters because I don't think anybody ever reads them, and if I don't like the way you run the *Frame for Petty's Pulsating Pictures*, I ought to quit reading it and look at the ads in *Good Housekeeping* instead; but I can't do that because my sister gave me Esquire for my birthday and my paternal great grandfather wore kilts.

Well, the thing that's got me down is the way the commas are left out of a lot of your stories. Some of the rotten punctuation may be oversight or carelessness, but there's some of it that's intentional. Just look at *Nude Interlude* for instance. It's not funny or swanky to leave all the commas out of a story like that. In the first place, it takes longer to read in that condition, and folks waste a lot of time in getting on to something really worth reading; and in the rest of the places, our written language is having a hard enough time to stay in good condition without your putting high hurdles and a few flying trapezes in its way.

While intentionally leaving out punctuation is lousy practice, careless omissions, in time, will give you an awful black eye among the better people (like myself). In many cases, I have noticed, you begin a sentence with a prepositional phrase and don't put a comma after the phrase. Now guys with enough brains to write stuff as good as most of the things you print must know where to put the commas. Make the mugs work for their livings and correctly punctuate their own things, and then when they get old enough to go to school their English teachers will all turn cartwheels (for joy, you understand).

After all, you've taken a lot of thought to make Esquire a good magazine, the dingus is evidence, and there's no use wrecking the works with poor and careless punctuation. I know you are pestered with a lot of lousy criticism like the man who screams because a liquor ad had two different kinds of *e's* in one word; the guy who wants Eskie done away with; and the fella who thinks Hemingway smells, but I hope you'll seriously consider being more careful with the commas. It'll make Esquire fit for a third reader. (They only use it in the first and second grades now because the kids don't know about commas when they first start out.) #

I remain in a coma,
Pasadena, Calif. Byrne C. Manson

TELL HIM YOURSELF, WE'RE SCARED OF HIM

This is a word of appreciation for the delight given me by your magazine with a desire for its perfection. The high standard of the excellence of the contents is only marred by the stupid dullness of your covers and the greater dullness of the cartoons by Hoff. These efforts at humor are far too weak to deserve publication in your magazine. Nine out of ten of those cartoons by Hoff are lousy whether signed by him or unsigned. They lack humor, the ticklish idea, good design and drawing. Tell him to peddle his trash somewhere else.

Cambridge, Mass. F. V. Hobart

ADD HEM SLAP-LASTS

Contemplating Heming-Fishing. A Looker-Oner Letter.

My goodness, how thankful we all were that we didn't send in that scathing epistle about Ernest's fish. He turned out to be something of a fancy scather himself, didn't he? Damn close shave, lemme tell you. Well, anyway, he'll never know now how much we dislike his fishy treatises; he showed his teeth (mind you: Teeth), and we've retreated. Gonna read *Take Nothing* again (they're small; take two). Wanna hear Alice laugh some more. She never saw a fish, anyway one that has fins and takes oxygen from H2O. Oh, fishing is alright. Casting for mountain trout is great fun. Sitting, waiting, on a cool, damp bank, dreaming, until a slow-minded catfish bobs your bobber is alright too, but not much of anything to do. But, now, what in hell do we in this vast interior know about the things Hemingstein writes of? What, for that matter, does he do to make it interesting to such as we? I could write many letters about the drilling of an oil well and the romance and adventure, excitement and drama, of a brilliant strike or a dismal dud. But where would Ernest be? He'd be F. & F. A.* and fishing, and I couldn't blame him. Given the hypothesis that all men love fishing, you, Esquire, with the aid of this brilliant writer, have concluded that all who like splashing in shallow water are breathless over a conference in Paris concerning a contemplated revision in the Bulgarian rules for Polo D'aqua. Oh well, raise ya five, Hem. Do I or don't I get my caninistic degree?

Tulsa, Oklahoma Sam Dotson

P. S. Don't advise me to read Esquire and ignore Hemingway. I haven't that much will-power, due, doubtless, to reading Hemingway.

*Usually indulged in when the Wilcox sand yields only salt water, the casing collapses, the hole bridges, the supply company takes the tools, and the derrick is pulled in.

GRIPED BY A GRIPER

One thing I abhor is a "griper." I imagine you'll get thousands of replies in answer to J. T.'s letter in the August issue and I hope mine goes to swell the Sound and Fury.

I don't mind reading in your column letters by folks having legitimate squawks or even pet peeves, but when a mugg gets so low down as to knock not only a magazine and its editor but also its readers merely because his manuscript was returned, then if ever, is the time to rise in arms.

Personally, I've probably had more manuscripts returned than J. T. ever thought of sending in. And do I kick? Hell no! Well yes, maybe a little, but I don't blame the magazine or its readers. It raised Esquire in my estimation. Since—to me—my stories are the tops, and still not good enough for you, that can only mean that Esquire is super-melingorgeous.

J. T.—I wonder if he hasn't got enough courage to sign his name and has to hide behind evasive initials? Well, anyway, J. T. made a big mistake in slamming the readers of Esquire which has some of the top-notch writers of the country in its folds and many of the outstanding personages of the country among its subscribers. Not me.

As for scratching the surface of American Journalism—just what does it mean anyhow? When a magazine starts up without ballyhoo and rapidly becomes one of the most popular in the country, despite its price, when it becomes the fastest selling arrival in the business, why worry? You'll find your answer in the business department where the ads come in unsolicited; in the mail department where the quarters roll in, and in your circulation department. Nuts!

Lorain, Ohio Burton Fowler

FAINT PRAISE DEPT.

I take this inexpensive way of thanking you for publishing Upton Sinclair's simple, straightforward article. I'm not a Californian and do not entirely admire their climate, but it evidently breeds or instigates some kinds of honest thinking—not all of the Townsend type.

Yours,
San Francisco, A Constant Reader
Cal. When I have 4 bits

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN ON THE MAKE

I can not find adequate words to express my appreciation for the fine squelch you gave the surly, would-be American journalist, on page eight of August's S. & F. Somehow, I hate fellows of his ilk. But, as Hemingway so aptly put it, "A fish is a fish."

Speaking of writing "dirty letters," why not hire Nathan to answer the more obvious strumpets who write into your magazine. Or better still, have him write an "open letter" to them telling what all men think of such a type. S. & F. is always the first thing I read in Esquire, and I dislike waiting a whole month for one only to find that some slattern wench who should be at work scrubbing toilets, has taken time off to air her brain. A woman at the proper time and in the proper place is agreeable to all, but printing their pretty thoughts in S. & F. seems almost as profane to me as using the Bible in place of a Sears and Roebuck catalog. I don't believe you will print this because, perhaps, you are catering to the female class after all and I am in the wrong pew. That's the only reason I dare to write this way, so let me know if I'm wrong.

Of more pleasant things: I like Hemingway, the editor's captions over S. & F., your cover design, and every other thing about Esquire including the cartoons and advertisements. And here's something that'll knock "Eskie's" beret for a loop: I lent a copy of Esquire to a friend of mine, who was about as tough and ill-mannered a fellow as could be found anywhere. He followed Esquire's advice on clothing as carefully as he did his tailor's, and only yesterday I had to break his Godamnose with a pick-handle. My girl friend told me that he looked so well dressed, that she thought he had inherited a fortune and so, had agreed to drop me and marry him.

Beverly Hills, Cal. Larac R. Sivad

PETTY PICTURE BOOK

Of course we read Esquire, or how else could we get this in print? We like the stories and the drawings, especially the pictures. Which gives us a nobby idea. Why not compile a group of drawings by Petty or publish a book of Petty's drawings, which is of course the same as compiling a group of Petty's drawings? What an opportunity for Esquire! Why, said edition would undoubtedly gain entrance to the Smithsonian Institute, to say nothing of the Elgin Asylum for the Insane. Even now, as we go to press, we've a special place on the bookshelf for this priceless collection.

How's about it? Hopefully,
Hinsdale, Ill. George Petty

(Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Que Eaton and Mike Cheney. It is never done knowingly.)

MAYBE PHIL BAKER . . .

I finally found out what that Talking Encyclopedia is good for! A man broke his arm and it hurt so he told me to amuse him. I quoted Prof. Clarkson and the man died of pain. He was my wife's brother, who played the accordian. Address all congratulations to

Chicago, Ill. J. Saurwein

COLUMBIA JESTER

In June, while a whole crowd of us were studying for the Bar in a stuffy little apartment near Columbia University, we found great relaxation in Dehan's article, and the resultant bull-session produced a gem about the gentleman who, upon entering a house, was asked by an exceptionally considerate hostess whether he wanted to wash his hands and answered, "No, thank you, I have just washed them on the fence outside."

Sincerely yours,
New York City A. B. Holman

WOULD WOODFORD KNOW?

Did Woodford expect his men readers to take seriously his Sunday school article on Hollywood?

He said "almost all the members of the motion picture colony are regular and enthusiastic church goers." How about a few names as illustrations?

Of what churches are the following "regular and enthusiastic church goers"?:

Mae West
Gloria Swanson
Joan Crawford
Tallulah Bankhead
Imogene Wilson
Marlene Dietrich
Ginger Rogers
William Powell
Carole Lombard
Lupe Velez
Marion Davies

Woodford's well-written article smacked more of Hollywood propaganda than of Hollywood facts.

Respectfully,
Altoona, Pa. Otto Lemmel

SOK MAKES A HIT

I have read with interest several articles and two books by George Sokolsky. Pleased to notice that his views are getting in your August number the wide circulation which your interesting periodical commands.

It occurs to me that the percentage of readers of Esquire is larger than the percentage of readers of *Atlantic Monthly* who need education on the subject discussed by Mr Sokolsky. Of course there may be economists among the readers of *Atlantic Monthly* who know a great number of things, but who possibly hold some erroneous views.

Very truly yours,
Chicago, Ill. B. F. Affleck

SOK STRIKES OUT

Mr. Tunis said that Perry defaulted in the French championships at Paris last summer. Although that is about the sum of it, Perry gave the gallery something better. He finished the match on a sprained ankle. This, however, isn't *all* of the story, for at the time of the injury de Stefini was leading Perry.

I shouldn't say Sokolsky was the only fallible capitalist, but in many ways he didn't satisfy me. Throughout the article he continually made the mistake (and I fear Upton Sinclair persisted in a like error), of assuming that any of the nice things under capitalism were there solely because of the virtues of capitalism. He was not even consistent in this mistake. He wisely condemned war and admitted it was the chief cause of our troubles; but he unwisely didn't tell us how to eradicate this root of all evil, assuming I suppose that it could be done.

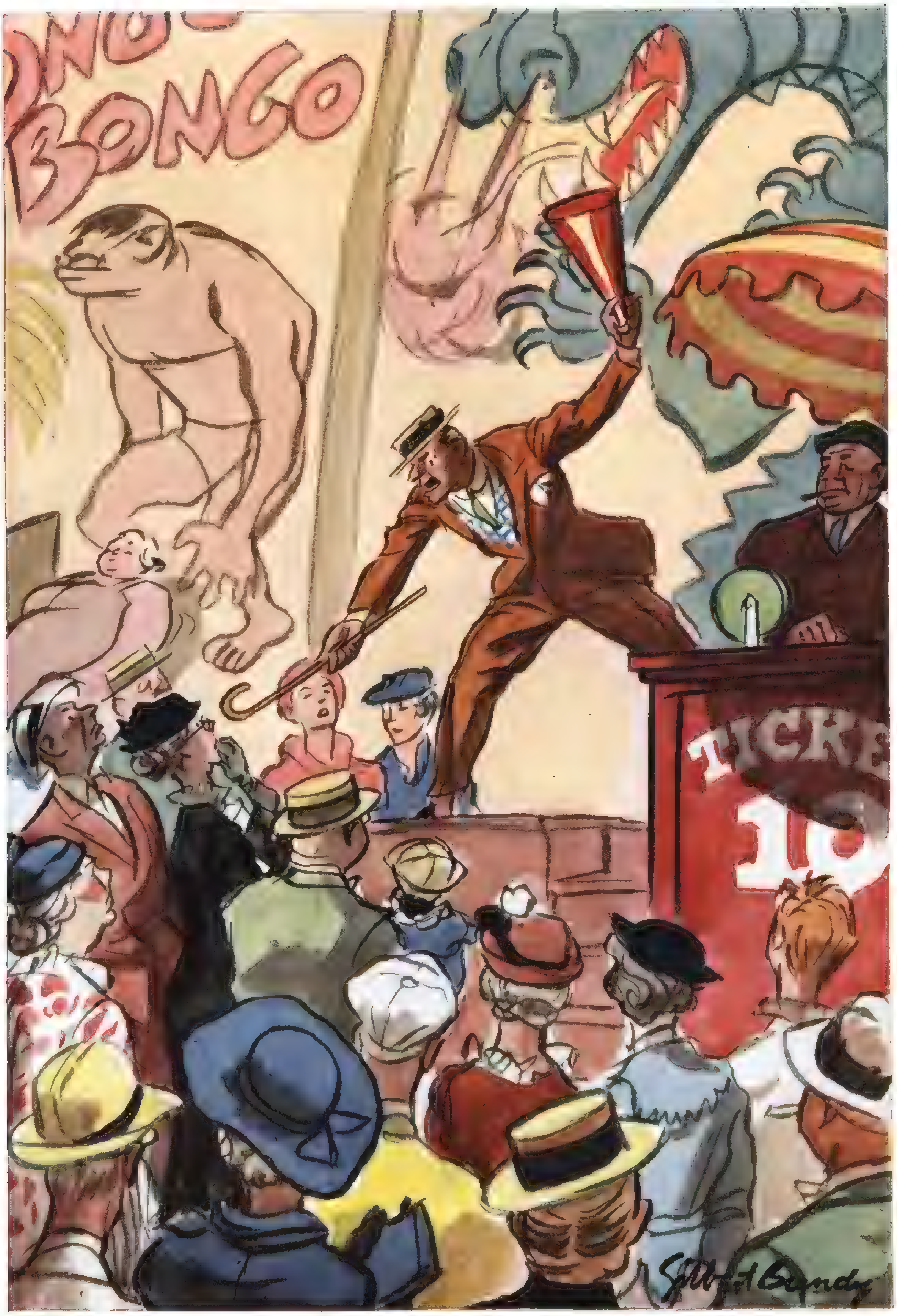
Did I expect him to divulge the chimerical secret? Not at all. However, it seems likely that war is inherent in our system, thus condemning the system. I believe this coincides (or rather, follows) an opinion expressed by H. G. Wells, the idea that capitalism (tariff walls, etc.) is mild warfare and war is a chronic form of our everyday destructive methods of capitalism.

Thomas Burke was delightful, no less.

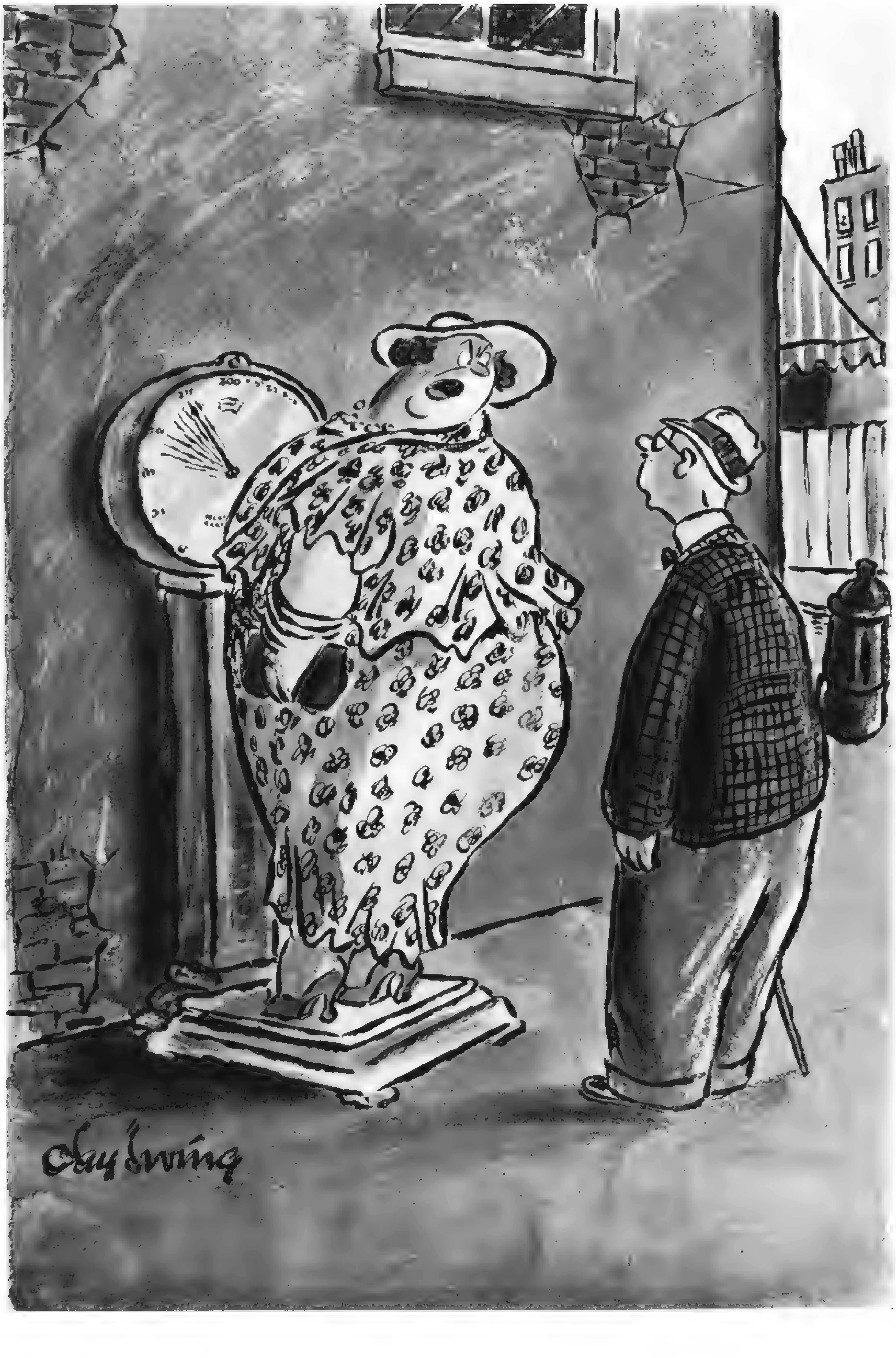
Newman Levy's *The Martyr* was odious.

Mr. Wolfe's *Manhattan Madness* was embellished. A nice thot tho.

Sincerely yours,
Wave, Kansas Ovide Webber


BONGO
TICKE
Gilbert Bundy

"You think I'm exaggerating, don't you?"


Clay Irving

"Take your foot off the scale, wise guy!"

Odd Fight Takes the Main

Continued from page 29

"Hell, if he wasn't in shape, you don't think Leigh would have brought him do you?"

It's the same at every cockfight. The gamblers want to know every detail concerning each entry's condition, breeding and past history—and the feeders tire quickly of answering questions.

The main is scheduled to start at eight P.M., and actually does get under way shortly after the late comers arrive an hour or so later. But even during this brief interlude, many of the guests become impatient. Some can not restrain the gambling urge until the birds enter the pit.

"Five hundred dollars Vanderbilt wins the main," one calls out.

"That's a bet," a Matthews and Brown supporter replies. No money changes hands. No money ever changes hands until after the issue at a cocking main.

And now Leigh Matthews enters the pit—an indication that the preliminaries have been completed. He is a medium sized man of fifty, a master of fox hounds, known far and wide as a dead game sport who would bet his life on his Whitehackles and cheerfully pay if he lost. Leigh raises his hand for silence.

"I am not much of a speech maker," he begins, and then proceeds to deliver an oration, the gist of which is to the general effect that any questions concerning the breeding, weights, etc., of any of the cocks flying the Matthews and Brown colors will be cheerfully answered.

He concludes by advising the gathering that seventeen cocks have "fallen in"—that is, seventeen pairs of fighting cocks have been matched, with the main to go to the camp that wins nine battles.

Behind Leigh, towers old Herb Fullerton, a giant of a man who still weighs well over two hundred, and who must have been a whopper in his prime. He carries tenderly one of his Jungle Shawls, its round head a heritage from a remote ancestor that fought to the death with naked heels in the jungles of India; its fiery eyes gleam with the deviltry of a Shawlneck forefather from the Emerald Isle, its hackles, sickles, wings and tail are trimmed with barber-like precision and its dubbed comb, wattles, earlobes—and bottom, are red as a strip of raw beef from the shank bone. That's where you get the phrase "in the pink"—from a game cock's back side.

And here comes "Forty" Constantine—handler for Matthews and Brown. Forty has always been called Forty, and it is mere coincidence that he has been pitting game cocks for just about that number of years. He brings into the pit a Whitehackle—one of the same type of Old English pit games that once so gladdened the eye of Washington, Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and other cock fighters of old.

This Whitehackle, the first to fight for the Maryland camp of Matthews and Brown, was born and raised near Lititz, Penna. Its father was a four times' winner and its grandfather was a four times' winner, and its far distant ancestors doubtless disported themselves at the royal cockpits in the time of King Henry, 2nd. Ah, me! Should any of us human roosters attempt to compare our family trees with the pedigrees of pure game cocks—what rank, dunghill fowl we would find ourselves to be!

Whitehackle versus Jungle Shawl! Nine against ten and take your pick. The Jungle has some of the power of its wild ancestors; the Whitehackle has the deadly accuracy of a thousand generations of duelling forefathers.

They are billed in the center of the pit to excite their fury—a futile gesture for deep game chickens need no incentive to tear each other apart; in fact, the fancier's problem is to keep them separated until ready to fight—as such fowl begin the business of murder when but a few weeks old.

They are released at the far corners of the eighteen-foot square pit and they come together in the dead center, a flurry of flying feet and feathers—a yard above the earthen floor. The Jungle is on top! He is faster! He strikes viciously at the head—but misses!

The Whitehackle spars cautiously. He seeks an opening and finds it. In a motion faster than the eye can follow, a minute fraction of a second, his head darts forward and his sharp beak seizes a billhold on the abbreviated hackles of the Jungle Shawl. He shuffles furiously and into this shuffle he throws every iota of the strength of his four pounds and nine ounces of sinew. He strikes with the dead game completeness of purpose which only game fowl, of all living creatures possess—and the needle point, inch-and-a-half steel spurs reach their mark. The Jungle Shawl is a dead cock in the pit—its proud death having been far less painful than that of the average barnyard mongrel that graces the table of such people as those who could actually eat a chicken! One for Matthews and Brown.

In the second battle, a Matthews' Whitehackle succumbs to the whirlwind assault of another Jungle Shawl—seemingly bent on revenging its brother. But then, for about two hours, it appears as if the main is going to be a walk-away for Matthews and Brown. At the opening of the seventh fight, the score stands 5 to 1—with Vanderbilt on the losing end.

And now luck changes. Vanderbilt wins two fights, loses the next and then captures three in a row. And throughout the ebb and flow of the tide, he maintains his

Continued on page 162

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Odd Fight Takes the Main

Continued from pages 29-161

choice seat at the pitside—and doesn't even get his feet wet.

The excitement has reached fever heat. Everybody is betting something. Vanderbilt makes a fifty cent wager with a stable boy.

A girl at his side bets a dollar across the pit—with a man she never saw before. Gene Burdine is laying ninety against a hundred, as many times as you like it—and take your choice.

L. B. Sheppard, whose trotters have smashed a few world's records of their own and are probably even better known in their field than Vanderbilt's running horses, is backing the Jungle Shawls. He sinks a grand in side bets before the luck changes—and then gets it all back with compound interest. The score stands eight-to-seven in Vanderbilt's favor, but many of the Matthews and Brown supporters are on the nut for plenty—as they started to double up after four Jungles lost in a row.

"Two hundred to a hundred Vanderbilt wins the main," a smart gambler calls out.

But there are no takers. There are other smart gamblers present who know the proper odds at this stage are three-to-one, for you could lay a hundred on Matthews and Brown, and if you won, let it ride on the last and deciding battle.

Vic Presson, who at one time was over four hundred in front, is now down to bedrock. He carefully counts his remaining dough twice before betting it all on the next fight.

"Watch me drive a tack," he declares.

Matthews carries out the loser of the fifteenth battle, a Whitehackle from Pine of New York State, that finally took the count after forty-one pittings. As he bathes the wounds of the disabled bird with disinfectant, he quietly remarks to a friend:

"I am going to win this main by the odd fight."

A few moments later he emerges from the cock house carrying the Matthews and Brown entry for the sixteenth battle—a pure John Stone, bred by Elmer Earhart, of York, Penna. This cock is of a strain that has been kept pure by breeding father and daughter, sister and brother, uncle and niece—for forty years.

But there is no trace of weakness resulting from this intensive in-breeding.

This is the top-weight—and a magnificent chicken rooster. Its dark plumage gleams with a lustrous sheen, resulting from months of tender care; its black eye glows with a smouldering fire, and its small dark head is large enough to entertain but one thought — fight! Opposing this feathered warrior is another Jungle Shawl—broader, heavier, stronger than any cock that has been shown—

These birds strike so hard their blows can be heard in the cock house—a hundred feet distant. They meet, high in the air and so furiously that, in the recoil, both are thrown back several feet. Again and again they come together, with neither landing a vital blow.

And now they pause momentarily, just eying each other malevolently, seeking an opening to break through the other's guard, that desperate chance to clutch with beak and strike with spur-clad feet, that briefest of instants that means death to one —life and glory to the other.

Gene Tunney, I think it was, once said that the most skillful boxer was a lout compared with a game cock, or words to that effect.

Gene Tunney should have seen this pair of feathered heavyweights as they feinted for openings, as they recoiled a fraction of an inch to avoid death-dealing steel, and as they struck faster than the human eye could follow.

For ten minutes they continue this vicious assault, with the victor still in doubt. Both are hurt, but neither is disabled. So perfect is their condition that neither has opened its mouth during this terrific expenditure of chicken energy. And then the John Stone, member of that famous family of Southern desperadoes from which all War-horses sprang, a true specimen of those dark-skinned, dark-feathered and dark-footed devils that old Stonewall Jackson favored above all chicken roosters —suddenly decides to abandon caution and stake all upon one desperate throw of the dice.

Ignoring the savage thrusts of the Jungle Shawl, he bores in. The Jungle strikes with jungle fury, but the John Stone scornfully disregards the steel that pierces flesh and bone. Breast to breast, infighting, he seeks and finds his billhold—and shuffles!

And the Jungle doesn't like it! Perhaps the shades of departed jungle ancestors that asked no quarter while fighting with the infinitely more cruel natural weapons that left their festering sores, now cry out against the cold steel. Whatever the cause, the Jungle sulks—and for the first time declines to strike back, and the John Stone, although so exhausted its blows are no longer effectual, strikes again and again at this tough, but unresisting target.

Doubtless it is this indomitable heart, this relentlessness of purpose, more than the damage now being inflicted which discourages the Jungle Shawl, which suddenly decides to call it a day—giving voice to such decision through a craven squawk.

A dunghill flies the pit!

And now, for the first time, a keen observer might detect a certain discomfiture upon the countenance of young Vanderbilt. And who could blame him? After all, this bird had been brought all the way from British Columbia —because of its family reputation of gameness, and there is nothing so distressing to a cock fighter as to have one of his birds show a cold streak. But this emotion is short lived. With a grin, he leaves the pretty girls momentarily to refresh himself at the table where black boys are serving coffee and sandwiches, any kind of sandwich except chicken.

The score now stands eight to eight and the excitement is at its peak. Others join Vanderbilt at the refreshment stand. The pit is virtually deserted while all obey the urge to relieve the tension by leaving their seats, while the cockers are trimming out and heeling the birds to fight the seventeenth and deciding fight of the main.

At this stage, Matthews and Brown have shown nine cocks bred in Maryland, five from Pennsylvania, one from Virginia and one from New York State. For the seventeenth and deciding fight they have several cocks of the required weight to choose from.

One is a whirlwind in action; another is cautious, a hard-hitting single stroke fowl; and a third is a veteran of three battles in hack fights. Which shall carry the responsibility of the main—and with it the determination of thousands of dollars? Matthews finally decides to place this responsibility upon the fierce flat head of a Knobcomb Blue from H. G. Barnhill, of North Carolina.

The guests resume their seats. The birds are pitted. And in one brief flurry—the Knobcomb Blue kills the last of the Jungle Shawls —in mid air!

The main is over—and what a main! If that famous referee of cock fights, Abraham Lincoln, could only have officiated—it would have been just about perfect. But in his place, it might be said that an uncle by marriage of Vanderbilt—assumed these duties to the satisfaction of all. ⧺

New Deal for Cyrano

Continued from page 39

possibly even morbidly so. The distorted nose becomes the center of her thinking, with the result that she watches others' noses and longs for normality, perhaps even more than for love or riches. She can not forget her repellent appearance. Society will not let her.

Thus personal relationships are thrown out of gear by self-consciousness, and self-consciousness, based on deformity, eventually causes the personality to deteriorate and brings great economic hardship.

Men, despite contrary popular belief, have no greater immunity than women against the mental influences or the economic consequences of mis-shapen features. More and more men are coming to the plastic surgeon when they realize that their noses, or other distorted features, are having a strongly adverse effect upon their personalities and careers.

A good illustration is the case of Charles Williams, an aggressive but affable and successful traveling salesman. He used an automobile in covering his New England territory, and it was a collision with another car which broke his nose. A country doctor took care of the case, but so bad was the break, that when the bandage was removed the patient's nose was found to be badly distorted. It was humped above, depressed in the middle, and twisted to one side. His whole facial expression was repellent.

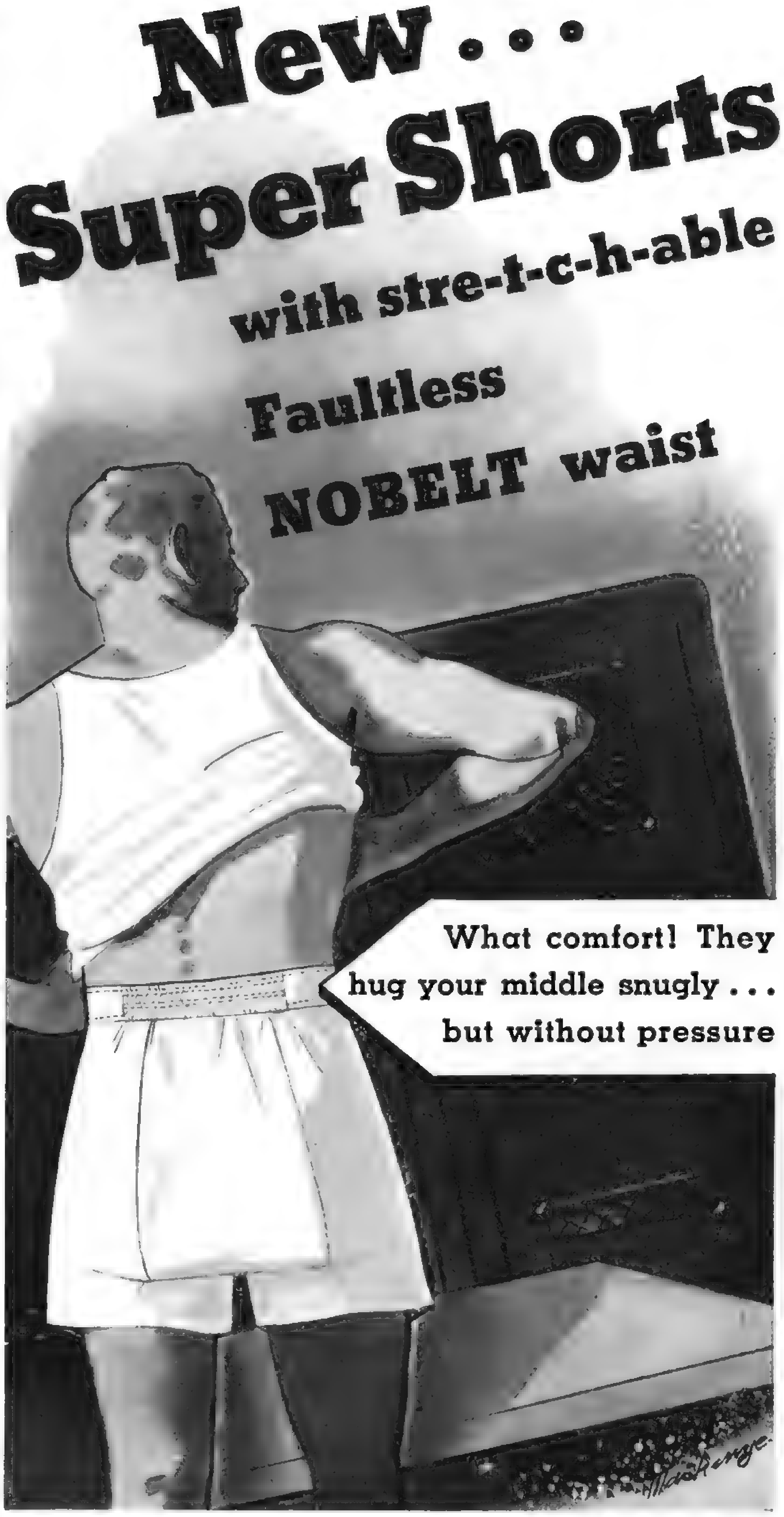
Nothing daunted, Williams resumed his trips but he soon discovered that buyers seemed to focus their gaze on his disfigurement, to his and their embarrassment; they seemed to be eager to get thru with the interview. And even worse was the fact that the whole volume of his sales began to decline sharply. After several months of strained interviews and small orders, the afflicted salesman realized that he was rapidly becoming the victim of an inferiority complex. Then it was that he resolved to correct the fundamental difficulty once and for all. By means of plastic surgery his nose was rebuilt quickly and safely. Almost immediately there was a marked upturn in his sales, and soon he was once more his former, confident self.

Other examples may be found in the realms of the stage and the screen. A well known radio singer was offered a Hollywood contract on the express condition that he would first have his nose rebuilt. He did, with the result that his income has been increased fourfold and is now greater than that of the President of the United States. A popular orchestra leader submitted to a plastic operation with an equally satisfactory, physical and financial result.

Not always, however, does the stage demand that the actors be normal in appearance. Durante's huge nose amuses, while Louis Wolheim's distorted features made him the casting director's ideal for hard-boiled parts.

Wolheim spent his earlier years as a teacher, and was by disposition as mild in manner and as reserved in action as we expect teachers to be. Once he had made his début on the stage, however, in order to make his parts conform with his features, he had to develop the personality of the hard bitten soldier, the tough gangster, or the fiendish villain, at least as long as he was in front of the footlights or the Kleigs. So effectively did he do this that only his intimates knew that at heart he was a normal, kindly man. Many who possess the Wolheim face feel at a definite disadvantage for, though they may

Continued on page 164



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Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN
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New Deal for Cyrano

Continued from pages 39-163

have fine characters, they give the impression of being the thug or racketeer of real life as Wolheim was in reel life.

From Broadway and Hollywood let us turn to the world of sport. Many a normal young man is the victim of a sporting accident. In football, baseball, hockey, boxing, wrestling, polo, or any other athletic contest which requires bodily contact, the possibility of a broken nose is always present. For a time, an athlete may consider a broken nose to be a mark of courage, a badge of honor which will see him graciously through life. Unfortunately, however, he is sure to be disappointed, for a critical society does not willingly accept an individual whose nose is unpleasantly distorted.

For some years the former football star may struggle on, unaware of his handicap, but eventually he will realize the price he is paying for a few years of athletic glory. When jobs are lost because of his abnormal appearance, and when his family begins to suffer, he comes to know the value of normality in a pitiless society. Fortunately, his is one of the types which plastic surgery can help.

Boxing fans will recall that after Jack Dempsey's nose was rebuilt the word went round among the wise ones that the Mauler would never fight again because he wouldn't risk his new nose. The fact is, however, that the new nose was no more—and no less—fragile than the original. It was remolded in the manner to be described later in these pages, and when the surgeon's work was supplemented by the natural healing of tissues in which the grafted cartilage became part of the nose, Jack could have faced an opponent with no more worry about his nose than when he first stepped into a ring.

The perfect nose is hard to find. Shakespeare, Byron, Tennyson, Rostand and many others have poked fun at the nose. Congenital deformities and those due to injuries, disease, or alcoholic excess, are all too frequent, and almost always inspire ridicule.

Certain shapes of nose have come to be considered characteristic of various nationalities. For example, English noses are supposed to be tolerably shapely, while the Greek nose is said to form a straight line at the point where it joins the forehead (it seems unlikely that many Greeks actually had "Greek" noses!)

The so-called Jewish nose is convex over the roof and has a striking downward curve. It is probable that not more than fifteen percent of all Jews now living have noses of this type. Indeed, it is safe to say that the type is almost as common among gentiles as it is among Jews. It is, too, commonly found among another Semitic group, the Armenians, and even among non-Semites it is by no means rare. It occurred among the Romans and is still common in Italy. It was also a notable characteristic of the Iroquois, the Sioux and other American Indian tribes.

There are fashions in noses. Today a straight nose, neither pug nor snub, is generally preferred, but it was not always so. The ancient Huns, during the time of Attila, were accustomed to flatten the noses of their infants with bandages in order to exaggerate a natural conformation. The Tahitans, the Malays of Sumatra, the Hottentots and certain natives of Brazil, are all insulted by the epithet "long nose." The yellow and black races, having naturally flat noses, think it fashionable to exaggerate this tendency. The Tartars of the Middle Ages prized their flat noses highly, altho Westerners thought them the last word in ugliness. Europeans who traveled thru Tartary described the inhabitants as noseless, and added that they appeared to breathe thru holes in their faces.

What are the pertinent facts for the man of today who wants a new, normal nose?

1. Correcting a deformity of the nose requires only a comparatively simple operation which involves no danger.
2. The duration of the operation is thirty to sixty minutes.
3. A local anesthetic is used; there is no pain.
4. The patient is discharged after from seven to fifteen treatments.
5. No scar is visible as all incisions are made within the nostril. Especially designed instruments are used.
6. The operation should be performed after the patient has reached the age of seventeen, at which time the nasal structures normally cease to develop.
7. After an operation has been performed upon an adult, the newly formed nose will hold its shape. It can not return to its original form; the result is permanent.
8. The operation is quite common. Many men today are having their noses rehabilitated, whereas a generation ago very few sought the service of plastic surgery.

And what actually happens?

Before the operation, a careful study is made of the patient's face in order to determine the proper shape for the remodelled nose. There is an important artistic element in nasal reconstructive surgery, for the corrected nose must conform to the rest of the features. The surgeon actually becomes a sculptor in human flesh. When as sometimes happens, an operation transforms an ugly male face into one of Barrymore attractiveness, it is due solely to the fact that all the other features of the face—eyes, mouth, cheeks, forehead and ears

—are symmetrical and handsome.

The face is photographed full view and in profile, and the two pictures are minutely examined. Then a cast is made of the face. On a second, duplicate cast, the nose is removed and the surgeon models in clay the nose which harmonizes best with the face as a whole.

The prospective patient can see what his new nose will be before the operation is performed.

In the operating room the nose and face are cleaned and disinfected with iodine and alcohol. The eyes are covered with gauze. Novocaine is injected from within the nose, preventing all pain. The surgery is performed entirely within the nostrils.

The skin over the roof of the nose is temporarily elevated from its attachment to the underlying framework. The membrane covering the hump is then partly detached. The hump itself, consisting of abnormally developed gristle and bone, is excised. Little tissue is removed. As the hump is covered with membrane and a layer of skin, it is actually smaller than it appears. The membrane is replaced and, over it, the skin of the nose.

If, instead of a hump to be removed, there is a depression to be filled, this is done with cartilage which is usually taken from behind the ear, or from the rib.

"Too glowing a report," may be the reader's thought, "there must be some pitfalls, some dangers in this, as in other types of surgery." There are failures—occasionally bad failures—but these are practically always traced to inexpert operators, and generally to beauty quacks. The eager desire for relief, of people suffering from facial disfigurement, sometimes leads them to respond to the advertisements or to the fantastic promises of the quack. When selecting a plastic surgeon, the most certain way to keep out of the hands of quacks is to seek the guidance of the family physician, the local Academy of Medicine or the American Medical Association.

Not only is the quack likely to be an unskilled operator, but he also frequently resorts to the use of paraffin in place of a real operation. Paraffin has temporary advantages; it is easy to work with and the patient is likely to be favorably impressed by the speed of the so-called operation when paraffin is used in remodeling a nose.

The patient should realize, however, that as paraffin is similar chemically to the ordinary candle, it becomes an irritating foreign body once it has been injected into the nose.

It is likely to inflame the skin under which it lies, or to gather into unsightly lumps known as paraffinoma. It may burrow thru the skin or seep into the cheeks and inflame the tissues. Sooner or later it will have to be removed.

Ethical surgeons do not use this dangerous substance. They know that the only safe and effective method of raising a "saddle nose" is to fill the depression with cartilage taken from the nose itself, from behind the ear or from the rib. A graft from the patient himself is always the best.

Human standards, like history, are not static. We are constantly developing new morals, new ideals, new theories, new material things. Clipper seaplanes to Hawaii, expressionistic art, new economic policies, and a hundred other facts and ideologies give evidence of the capacity of the human mind for change.

Unattractiveness and ugliness were at one time accepted as the will of destiny. Today hardly anyone accepts a condition in which ugliness places him apart from other human beings. One reason for this is to be found in the still prevalent tendency to judge character by facial appearance. Unsound as it is, many of us still cling to the belief that we can determine the personality of a stranger from his outward appearance and bearing. Even if we do not make this mistake, however, we all prefer to have attractive, or at least normal, looking people about us. Hence it is that the playboy from Park Avenue and the butcher boy from First Avenue find their existence threatened economically and socially if they are handicapped by a beak nose or other abnormal feature.

True, there are a few extremely aggressive men who have achieved success in spite of the handicap of distorted or grotesque features. Even in a society which is becoming constantly more and more critical of departure from the physically normal, these men have taken the jibes with a smile, and perhaps have come to believe, like Napoleon, that if a job is to be done capably and intelligently, it should be given to a man with a huge nose.

Such aggressiveness—and such success—are not, unfortunately, the lot of thousands of men who have mighty Roman beaks or curved profiles. On the contrary, these men are consciously, or subconsciously, suffering from a feeling of inferiority which makes them think that no amount of training and experience, no charms of personality and no power of intellect can make up for this physical handicap. Their craving for the possession of normal features becomes almost an obsession.

They are the legion of the con-

Continued at top of page 166

"Gee, you got a good raincoat too, mister"

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New Deal for Cyrano

Continued from pages 39-163-165

demned—condemned, that is, to a second rate position in society. That such mighty geniuses as Caesar, Homer, Herodotus, Epicurus, Euripides, Anthony, Lorenzo the Magnificent and Goethe possessed overgrown, hooked or depressed noses, is no consolation or inspiration to them. They know only that the present temper of the American public is to laugh uproariously when they get a glimpse of Durante's famed beak, and they suspect that their fellow citizens look upon them with the same derision.

This fear of their fellows' derision deadens the personality of the sufferers. They become morbid, depressed and incapable of taking their rightful place in society. They understand Schopenhauer when he claims that "the fate of innumerable human beings has been decided by the slight upward or downward curvature of the nose." They know what is meant when historians state that if Cleopatra's nose had been a bit longer, the whole political geography of our planet might have been different.

Plastic surgeons are not miracle men; they can not remake society. But they can definitely rehabilitate and restore to a more useful and happy life in today's society, the thousands of non-aggressive men whose personalities have been warped by their malformed or injured noses. In short, there is now A New Deal For Cyrano! ⧺

A Suit of Clothes

Continued from page 40

they had there he didn't see what chance he'd have, yet a while, and so he thought he'd sort of concentrate on the *Record* until he'd learned how to write a little better than he could now. Not that he wouldn't aim for the *Lit* in the end, though, he'd been going to say. So in a way he supposed he was really going out for both, only one before the other.

That was what he'd been going to say, but when he started explaining all this, he saw that it was too late. It was as if all interest in him had been abruptly turned off. Morrison sauntered on with his easy athlete's stride, glancing here and there across the street, while Furness, his gaze bent down toward the sidewalk and a dark flush on his cheeks, slouched heavily along, obviously not listening. Even Furness gave him no response and Ernie, after his first few words, let his voice tail off and tagged along between them. He wondered how Morrison had gotten the nickname of "Shep."

Soon after, again, he felt Morrison's eyes upon him. "I've been wondering," Morrison said, and then paused as if he knew he was touching on an extremely delicate matter. "Perhaps I shouldn't ask," he went on. But I've been wondering if you'd mind telling me who is your tailor?"

Ernie was so surprised that he almost stopped dead in his tracks. "My tailor?" was all he could answer.

Morrison's eyes still held their bland interrogation. "Yes," he said. "I've been admiring that suit of yours ever since we started out. I was wondering where I could get one like it."

Ernie still stared. He had only been able to afford one suit, new, when he left for college, and he had bought that at home, in Baker's Falls. He had never ceased to regret it. Back there, everyone had told him that what you wanted for college wear was something rough and sporty looking, and so he had bought a suit of a heavy brown hairy cloth, sort of like tweed, with a belted jacket and brown leather buttons on the pockets. And then when he got to New Haven, he found that everyone else in the class—everyone that counted, anyway—wore clothes made of dark smooth cloth, with the jackets unlined and unpadded, so that they hung from the shoulders as lightly, as elegantly, as if they had been made of silk. Morrison had such a suit on now, and Ernie looked first at it and then down at the mustard-colored outfit he had come to detest, and his astonishment could not be contained.

"This suit?" he repeated. "Do you really like it?"

But before Morrison could answer, Furness gave a sort of quick lurch forward, bringing him a step ahead of them both and facing sidewise, toward Morrison. "Listen, Shep," he said. "Don't be a damned fool all your life."

The suddenness of it brought Ernie up sharp, but Morrison never batted an eye. It was wonderful to see the well-bred way he took it. He only raised his eyebrows slightly, but you could see his gaze get clear and cold. "I was merely asking a question," he said. "I suppose it seems stupid to you. I don't have all your varied interests," he said.

Furness still walked sidewise, glaring past Ernie at his roommate. For the first time, Ernie noticed that Furness was pretty husky, too. "Football or not," he said. "I can put it over you any time you want to try."

"You can?" said Morrison sharply and took a step forward too; for a moment, Ernie felt caught between them. Then Morrison relaxed. You could see his whole body relaxing, under his clothes. "Take you up on that some time," he said, smiling pleasantly.

Furness didn't smile. "Why don't you go home," he said evenly, unrelentingly, "and do some of your dumb-bell exercises?"

Morrison's grin became wider.

"I get plenty of that right here," he said. But a few paces on he halted. "I think I shall go home, however," he stated stiffly. Furness said nothing. "I can see that you and your new-found friend have things to discuss that don't concern me," said Morrison, speaking faster. He paused. "You've made that perfectly clear!" he said at last, so rapidly that the whole sentence seemed like one word. Then, his neck very stiff and his face quite white, he turned away. But before he could go, Furness reached past Ernie and grabbed his arm. "Aw, nuts, Shep," he protested easily. "Don't be such a sap."

"A sap!" cried Morrison, his voice almost cracking, and then suddenly Ernie found himself talking too. "No, don't go," he was saying. For a moment Morrison's eyes blazed at him. "Jesus!" he said, then glanced at Furness and then at Ernie, and then past him to Furness again, and this time Ernie felt that Furness had met that glance and that there had been some sort of interchange between the two roommates about him. Maybe he'd been putting in his oar again where it wasn't wanted; maybe he shouldn't have said anything. "Well, your friend says—," Morrison began, and then stopped.

"Aw, lay off!" growled Furness, but no longer angrily, and then Morrison looked up at the sky and all around him, smiling widely, and suddenly Ernie felt that for the first time that day everything was easy and natural between the two. He felt elated himself, in consequence, merely at being with two such splendid fellows. "Well, what shall we do now?" Morrison was asking. They had wandered into East Rock Park, and were standing now near the foot of the cliff-like little eminence, some two hundred feet in height, for which the park is named. Before anyone else could say anything, Morrison himself continued. "Let's climb yon Rock. Right up the face of it!" he proclaimed and, suddenly boyish, waved an arm like a general. "On, men!" he cried, and dashed straight at the cliff. Furness, chuckling to himself, raced after him. Ernie followed.

There was a huge pile of talus, half stone, half earth, at the base of the Rock, and they went scrambling over this, with Morrison still in the lead. When he reached the cliff, however, Ernie stopped uncertainly. "Hey, wait!" he called. "I don't know whether I ought to do it."

Furness, who was nearest, heard him and glanced back. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "Afraid you can't make it?"

Ernie looked up at the face of rock before him. It was steep, all right, but not too steep, and its abruptness was broken by a series of step-like ledges, while the soft red sandstone was split and fissured in hundreds of places that would provide convenient handholds on the way up. He had climbed plenty of harder places than that in the mountains back home. "No," he said. "I can climb it all right. Only I'm afraid for my clothes." He didn't quite want to say that it was his one best suit.

Meantime, Morrison hadn't waited. He had already worked his way up to the first ledge of rock and was peering down at them. "On, men!" he called. "Will ye fail me now?"

Furness glanced up at him, grinning, then back at Ernie. "Aw, come on!" he urged perfunctorily. "If that's all that's worrying you. I've got clothes on too. Come on." He grabbed for a handhold, swung, and then hauled himself up to the next. Ernie realized that they wouldn't wait for him; his clothes were his own problem; if he didn't decide quickly he'd be left behind. And, anyway, he could be careful. He started up the cliff.

It turned out to be harder going than he had anticipated—not much, enough to be troublesome. The rock-climbing, as he had expected, was fairly easy, and though at times he felt the shoulder seams of his coat start ominously as he stretched from one handhold to another, nothing happened there. The ledges were the worst part, for they were thickly overgrown with brush and briar, and the thorny branches clawed viciously at the fuzzy fabric of his trousers. But with Morrison still in the lead and Furness racing after him, all he could do was to plow through and trust to luck. It wasn't till he had nearly reached the top that disaster overtook him.

He had followed one ledge till it narrowed away to nothing. Above was the blank face of rock, and below, a sheer drop of fifty feet or more; but beyond was a slight projection and beyond that a vertical fold, plentifully fissured, that slanted up to another ledge by which he could reach the summit. He clamped his left hand around the projecting rock, fixed his gaze on a handhold beyond, and swung out.

He caught the hold that he'd wanted with his right hand, and worked his right foot into a crevice. Then, as he shifted grips and started to hoist himself higher, he felt a tug at the left side of his jacket and heard the beginning of a tear. At first, all he could think of was the drop beneath him, then he cramped his left knee against the rock, let go with his left hand, and felt down along his side. It was a long thorny branch of some sort that had snagged him; thrusting out from a cranny in the rock, it had caught in his pocket flap and then twisted tighter as he shifted his body over, until now its thorns were skewered fast in the fabric and the branch itself was drawn taut as wire. He fumbled blindly at it for a few seconds, stabbing his fingers on thorns wherever he touched, but there seemed no hope of losing it now,

Continued on page 168

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For country and campus
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A Suit of Clothes

Continued from pages 40-167

at least without endless labor.

While he worked, he heard a whoop from above and then another, and knew that both the others had reached the top. And here *he* was, still fussing around like a baby down here. He felt a sudden fury—so fierce that it almost brought tears to his eyes—at himself and at his predicament, at the branch that had snared him but most of all at the ratty old mustardy suit that seemed now to be the cause of it all; and without thinking further he fixed his feet and hands firmly in place and, vengefully, gave a strong upward heave. There was a long sickening tearing sound and a powerful drag at his left shoulder; then the drag and the tearing stopped; he made the rest of the way to the summit easily.

When he crawled out on the level grass there, he found Furness and Morrison cavorting about and cuffing each other with friendly blows. Neither one paid any attention to him, and he took a moment to inspect his damage. It was considerable. The seam at the pocket-flap had given away first, apparently, but the tearing had not stopped there; where the sewing ended there was a place where the fabric had been pulled thread from thread, almost as if it had been shredded, and from there a long tear, five or six inches at least, extended down the front of the coat, so that a whole section around the left pocket lay open, and you could see a piece of coarse cloth-like canvas, probably something to do with the shaping of the coat, underneath.

It was a mean one, all right, Ernie thought; probably cost five or six dollars at least to get it mended, the way they charged around here. The place at the corner of the flap was the worst part, though. He didn't know what they could do about that. Looking at it, Ernie felt a sudden sinking inside him that seemed to leave his head floating, dizzy and empty, above his body. Then he looked up and saw that, at least, the others had come off no better than he. Furness had a long jagged rent in the right knee of his trousers, and a seam at one side of his shoulder, in back, had opened slightly. And Morrison must have caught a coat button somewhere and tried to jerk it loose, for he had a three-cornered tear somewhat like Ernie's, only higher up, in the front of his coat. But where his coat lay open you didn't see any ugly piece of canvas—only the smooth bright satin of the skeleton lining underneath.

The two were still circling about each other warily, then they clinched and Ernie saw what they were up to. He saw Furness' hand sneak in under Morrison's guard and seize that dangling button, and—while he watched in something like horror—saw Furness yank and heard Morrison yell, and saw the tear widen until half the front of Morrison's jacket hung open. But Morrison, instead of getting mad about it, only gave a kind of crazy laugh and collared the other.

"You will, will you?" he cried, and while Furness choked and giggled, he worked his arm around the other's back and seized that seam where it had started open. "Hey, Shep!" Furness gurgled. "That's one of Alderman's best. Be careful." Ernie felt his excitement mounting, but Morrison didn't say a word. He just yanked and—zippy!—Furness' coat ripped open halfway down the back. But then Furness wrenched free, drew back, drove forward, and before you knew it Morrison's legs were out from under him and he was down on the grass with Furness on top of him. Then they fell apart and just lay there, looking at each other and laughing. "Gee, Shep!" Furness said. "If the Chapel Street chippies could only see you now."

"You're no Beau Brummel yourself," retorted Morrison. "But boy, you can still tackle." Ernie could no longer contain himself. "Hey, fellows!" he cried. "Look at me, will you? Hey, Shep! Look at me." And he whirled about before them, holding his torn coat out like a sail. He wanted to have someone grab him and wrestle with him; he wanted to tear things too, but they only stared up at him, and for a moment he had the feeling that, until he had spoken, they had completely forgotten him. "Hey, Shep! Look at me."

Morrison gave him a long slow glance that traveled from his head right down to his feet, and as it moved it seemed to chill each inch of Ernie's body that it touched. Then he looked over toward Furness. "Oh, my God!" he said in a low voice. "That lovely suit. And I never did get the name of his tailor, did I?" Then he pulled himself to his feet and, ignoring Ernie completely, started walking slowly away. "Coming, Johnnie?" he called back over his shoulder.

Furness got up too, and took a few steps after Morrison, then stopped uncertainly. "Gee, that's tough, Haye," he said. "Is it your best suit?"

And suddenly Ernie felt cheated. He had run the same risks as they, and suffered the same wounds, and now even Furness was denying him his glory in them. He felt as if he'd like to cry, but instead he succeeded in laughing. "Ah, no!" he cried boastfully. "I got plenty more. And anyway," he said, and gave a quick jerk that carried the rip right down to the edge of his jacket. "What's a suit of clothes?" Then—he knew he was acting like a kid and probably they'd never speak to him again, but he couldn't help it—he turned and began walking blindly away in the other direction. ꟸ

J. de Zayas

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ABI-49

Three Times Seven

Continued from page 33

a lot of trouble. I'll be needing a good man like that when the plowing starts, anyway. And it beats making a crop. I'll give you a good living out of it as long as you like."

Ant'ny weighed the offer for a minute.

"Don't try to make up your mind all at once," put in Mister Will. "Try it out a few weeks, and see if you don't like it better than cropping. If you don't, I'll give you a mule and a cut of land when the time comes."

Work in the store was easy, and it was interesting. People came and talked out their troubles and their triumphs. Occasionally, somebody bought something—a pair of shoes or a suit of overalls, or calico for a dress.

As Spring approached people came more and more to get supplies. Not only the families on Brownlee's, but people living in the vicinity came and arranged for credit for the crop year. Ant'ny was kept busy most of the time. The routine was simple. The prospective purchaser went into the office and "talked", while Mister Will wrote down on a slip of paper the list of things to be sold. This piece of paper would be given to Ant'ny, who would fill the order from the store's stock. Then the paper would be returned to Mister Will, who would write it all down in the big grey backed book.

There were many changes in domestic life, too, as work started. Men changed their women and women changed their men. A man and woman might live together all winter in idleness, and enjoy themselves. But it takes the right kind of woman and the right kind of man to make a crop together. There was little formality in the system of the bottom lands plantations but the system suited the people concerned, and nobody else objected.

Floyd waited until the last of the month of February to "go get" his girl, from Duke's Bend, and with much swagger and pride, he escorted her to the store. A man usually took his woman to the store, one time, to arrange for credit, and to establish the fact that the woman had a right to purchase supplies on the man's account. But everybody knew Floyd wanted to parade his pretty brown-skin woman before the gaping field hands.

"Hy-dy, all," Floyd greeted. "I want y'all to meet up wid Lounetty. I and her got married up. She my wife now. So I thought I'd drap by and git my credick all straight for de year."

"Struttin' yo' frail, hunh?" Yancey laughed. "Well, Lounetty, efn you gits tired er Floyd, come on down to my house and pitch yo' shoes under my bed."

Lounetty laughed. "I might do jest like dat," she promised. "On'y I likes my mens big and dark, like Brother."

"Go 'head, gal," Brother sputtered. "Yo' face don't suit me. I wouldn't pull sheets wid no woman wid thin lips like you got."

Rube came up and began to retell the big joke that Sugar had made on Mister Junior, and the little group broke up. Floyd and Lounetty went into the store and arranged credit with Mister Will, made a few purchases and went their way.

The night before Ant'ny's birthday it rained, and the morning was overhung with leaden mist. The air was hot and murky. But Ant'ny did not notice the change in weather. It was his twenty-first birthday and he was filled with a strange emotion. "I'm three times seven, and a man all over," he repeated to himself, over and over. He had planned a long time on that day, and now that day was here, he felt excited and apprehensive.

He hurried to the store, unlocked the door, and began to clean up. He worked industriously for half an hour before the house boy brought Mister Will's breakfast tray from the big house. Presently he heard signs of life in the apartment overhead, and he knew that Mister Will was up.

"I better make my tawk-tawk quick as he come down," Ant'ny decided. But before Mister Will appeared, Docas came into the store to discuss the day's work.

"He ain't down yit," Ant'ny told Docas. "On account er de rain, I reckon."

Docas laughed knowingly. "Hit ain't de rain keepin' my boss up stairs," he announced. "Listen."

The tap-tap of footsteps coming down the outside stairs resounded hollowly through the store. "Nothin' but a pair er high-heel shoes kin sound like dat," Docas stated proudly. "I wonder who hit is, dis time?"

They waited until the person reached the bottom and negotiated the gravel walk at the side of the building. Then they looked out the front door in time to see Lounetty walking brazenly down the road. Lounetty was holding her head high, and swinging one arm in exaggerated arcs as she walked.

Docas laughed again. "My boss," he declared, "is a natchal case. Soon as dat gal hit dis place she spend de night upstairs. Mist' Will always was a fool about de brown-skins."

"What Floyd gonter say?" Ant'ny wondered aloud.

"What *kin* he say?" Docas countered. "Floyd jest live hyar, like de rest of us."

"She his woman, ain't she?"

"Womens," Docas stated flatly, "b'longs to de man which kin git 'em."

Mister Will came down presently and went to work in the enclosure. Ant'ny was glad Docas

Continued on page 170

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Three Times Seven

Continued from pages 33-169

was in the store, although he did not like him. For years Ant'ny had planned just what he would do the day he became a man, and now that the time had come to carry out that plan, he dreaded it. As long as anybody was in the store, he would have to postpone action.

Docas discussed the work with Mister Will and before Docas left, other people came into the store. Ant'ny dropped into silence and occasionally looked toward Mister Will.

Floyd walked in casually and said, "Good mornin', all." At once everybody stopped talking, and the feeling grew tense. Not a word was said, but everybody knew that Floyd's woman had spent the night with Mister Will, and from Floyd's studied casualness, everyone knew that Floyd knew about it.

As far as they were concerned, it was Floyd's business. If he wanted to pretend to believe that Lounetty had been with her parents on Duke's Bend, it was his business, too.

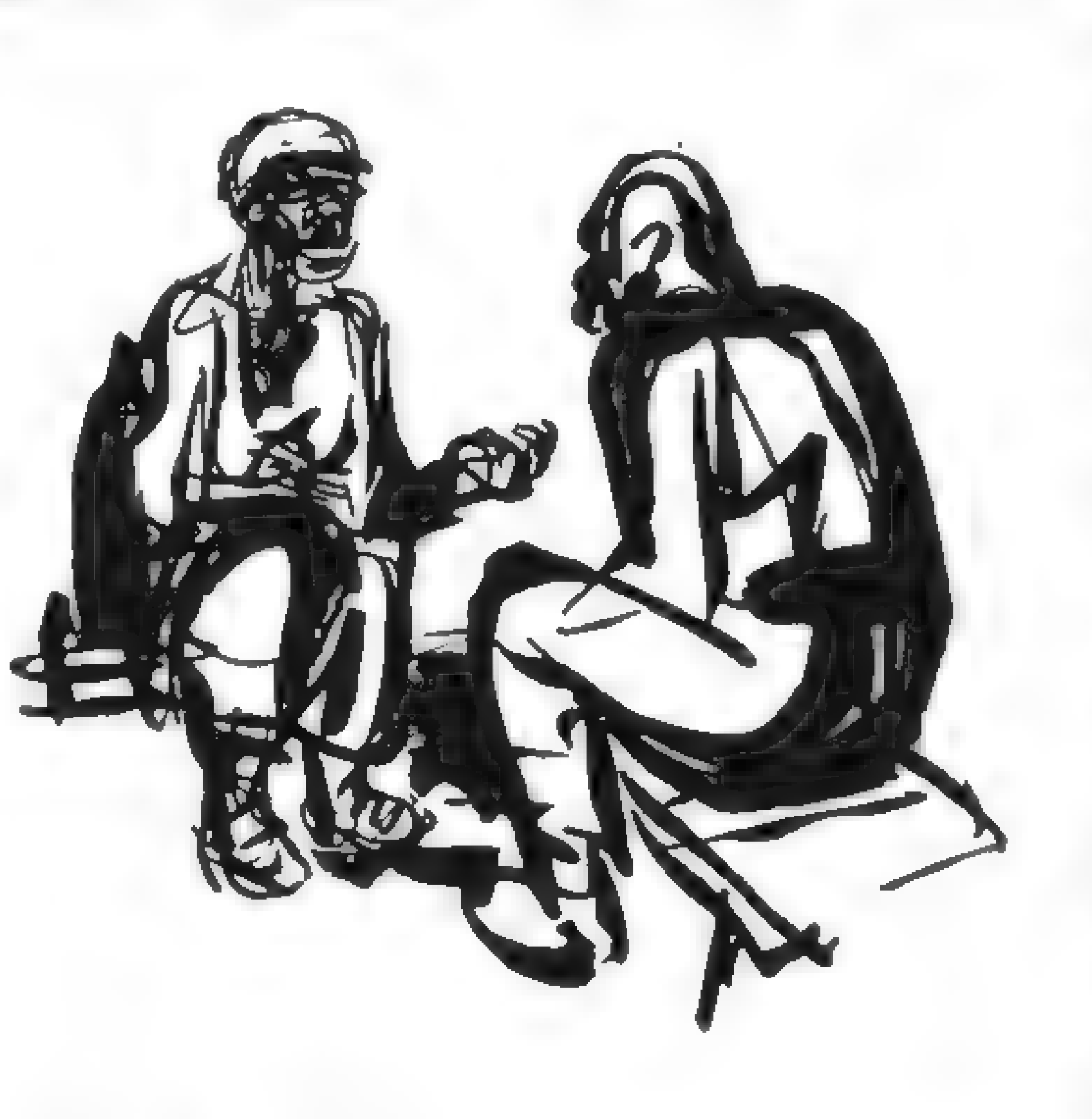
Only Ant'ny was concerned further than that. He watched Floyd begin an apparently aimless series of movements about the store. Ant'ny could see that Floyd was getting closer and closer to Mister Will's office. Ant'ny noticed, too, that Mister Will opened the big iron safe, and left it open. Mister Will kept his pistol in that safe.

Ant'ny watched Floyd wander around the store pretending to examine articles on the counters. And once, when Floyd bent over to look more closely at something, Ant'ny saw the outline of a long butcher knife which Floyd had stuck through the lining of his hip pocket so that the pocket would hold the handle and the blade would be concealed under the garment.

Ant'ny did not hesitate. He walked over and grabbed Floyd and pinioned his arms. Floyd was a powerful man, and he struggled desperately for a minute. But Ant'ny held on.

"Don't be foolish," Ant'ny counseled. "You jest git yo'se'f kilt about a lowdown white man and a no-'count woman."

Floyd stopped struggling, but said nothing. Ant'ny took the knife from Floyd's pocket. Then he released Floyd.



Everybody in the store saw what had happened, but no one said a word. Floyd wandered around a few minutes, and then left the store. Soon the loafers found they had other things to do and a moment after Floyd had gone, Ant'ny and Mister Will were alone.

"Hit's now or never," Ant'ny told himself. He took a pocket comb from the bib of his overalls and carefully parted his hair. "I might be doin' foolish, too," he thought, "but I'm bound to do it." He clenched his jaw and walked straight back to the office. The gate was closed and he did not go in.

"Well?" said Mister Will.

"Mister Will," Ant'ny began. He felt himself trembling inside, but his voice was firm. He knew that he was not frightened. Since early childhood, he had planned this very moment, and he had even considered the possibility of getting killed. Death did not frighten him.

"What is it, Ant'ny?" Mister Will's voice was distant and cool.

"I'm Bathey Moore's son," Ant'ny said.

"I figgered you was," said Mister Will. He looked squarely at Ant'ny. His jaw was firmly set, and his eyes were cold and hard.

Ant'ny spoke again. "And dey tell me you was my daddy."

"It's possible," Mister Will admitted without batting an eye.

"Is you or ain't you?" Ant'ny did not waver.

"I am," said Mister Will. "And . . ." he reached into the safe where the gun lay. Ant'ny watched the hand touch the pistol and his own fastened itself around the handle of Floyd's knife. But Mister Will pushed aside the gun and picked up the cash box.—"I reckon you want a little money," he said to Ant'ny.

Ant'ny breathed deeply. "Naw suh," he said. His voice was cold and unyielding. "Naw suh, I don't need no money. I jest wants my name."

Mister Will withdrew his hand from the safe and looked straight at Ant'ny. "All right," he said, "from now on your name is Antony Brownlee. That suit you?"

Ant'ny relaxed. "Yassuh," he said. "I'm a man today. Three times seven. And I wanted my name."

"You got it," said Mister Will.

"So," went on Ant'ny. "I b'lieve I'll be gittin' on back to Texas. I'm fixin' to make a crop on a piece er land."

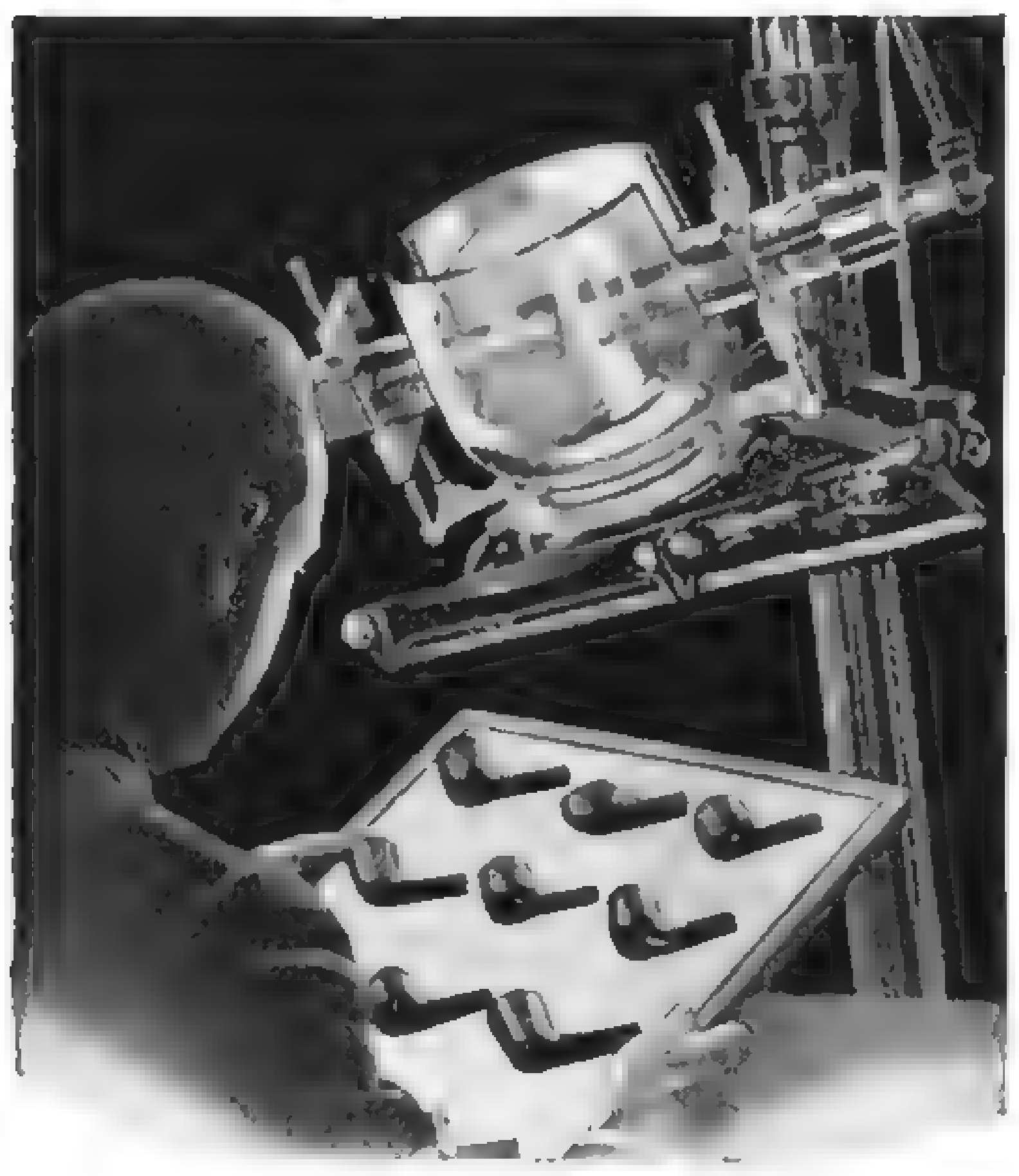
"Better take a little money along," Mister Will urged.

"Naw, suh," said Ant'ny positively. "I jest wanted my name." He backed away and got his hat. He stopped at the front door and turned. "So long, Mister Will," he said.

"So long, Ant'ny," Mister Will answered. ⌗

X-RAY

LOOKS RIGHT THROUGH



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ONLY 4 OUT OF 100 BOWLS MEET THE KAYWOODIE STANDARD

A Little Pup from Alaska

Continued from page 37

the Angora cat. And Mrs. McCall screamed also, and the chauffeur ran back into the room, and she cried, "Hurry, they're under the couch!"

But when the sofa was removed, it was all too late. It was all a terrible mess. Fluffy, the pretty Angora cat, was dead.

And the chauffeur said with little consolation, "I guess he's not yet housebroken, Madam."

"No," Mrs. McCall admitted, "You'd better take him out to the garage and put him on a leash. I'll speak to Mr. McCall on the phone. And when he comes home, he can decide what to do."

The little pup from Alaska did not seem to mind being put into the garage, nor did he seem to mind being chained to the work bench. He licked his chops and allowed the chauffeur to pet him. And as he did so the chauffeur spoke; "Now, you see what you've done? You're a naughty dog. Now, that cat didn't harm you at all. Poor little pussy. You had no right to do such a thing. You're a bad little puppy. You wait till the boss comes home—he'll fix you all right. And that's why you got to be chained up out here. Serves you right. If you only behaved yourself, the Missus would have given you a nice bath and dried you down in a warm Turkish towel, and you would have had liver and bacon for supper. Serves you right. You'll learn in time to behave yourself if you know what's good for you. And if you want to live in Mt. Oak you will have to behave."

Well, he was a cute little pup, and in spite of all it was hard for the chauffeur to resist patting him on the side and scratching him under the chin.

McCall was good and angry when he arrived from his office for the gray Angora had never harmed a thing. Fluffy had such beautiful soft green eyes. And now all that remained of her was an affectionate memory and an ugly stain on the rug.

"Well, let's see this murderer," he said as he went out to the garage. The dog looked up at Mr. McCall and wagged his tail. "So you're the beast. Well, you know what your former master told me. The way to cool you off would be to hang you up on a nail for a couple of hours and see how you'd like that. But you know we have a society in this country that might object to that kind of treatment. And I don't believe that cruelty ever accomplished anything."

"Besides," added the chauffeur, "that's the surest way to break the spirit of an animal. And an animal without spirit is a coward, and he's no good around the house as a watchdog."

McCall was firm. "He stays right here in the garage until he's housebroken. You might get some boards down from the attic and build him a kennel. Make it large enough because he's sure to grow. He's not half his size yet. I guess he must be about three months old now. You can see how big his paws are. He'll be a nice husky, and we'll be able to place him in the Show next winter. I don't remember seeing another one in the whole of Mt. Oak." The little pup from Alaska looked at McCall as he spoke and wagged his tail. "So you want me to take you out, do you? Well, you've been a very naughty dog and made a bad start. And you've got to be trained, and I'm going to be firm with you."

Somehow or other all the blue-blooded pedigreed hounds of Mt. Oak were aware of the presence of this canine visitor from a far distant land. They whined as they passed in their limousines before the McCall home, and a few who were foot-loose had even collected around the hedges and barked loud.

There were those dogs in Mt. Oak who were free to wander where they chose and there were those carefully protected from other dogs and only allowed out on the lawns bright and early in the morning. And large or small, blue-blood or mongrel, every dog needed his little walk the first thing in the morning. The Airedale and the Chow who had fought so ferociously at the station, now seemed the best of friends. They had caught a sniff of a little pup from Alaska, and they too barked from a safe distance behind the garage.

Twice that evening the chauffeur had to chase some of the dogs away.

There was more than a usual amount of dog-barking that night, for dogs even a mile away seemed aware of the presence of this stranger. They broke out of their fenced-in lawns. But there was also a feeling of uneasiness. There was a nervous twitching and something in the air that made for very high tension. The dogs felt it.

Very early in the morning there was a sudden crash of glass behind the McCall house. And just at dawn there was more barking and snarling and sudden yelps and growling encounters. At six o'clock in the morning two motorcycle policemen were tearing up and down the avenues of Mt. Oak. They had their revolvers ready, and as they raced up and down they saw the murderous evidence at almost every street.

Prize bull terriers, fighting Airedales, wire terriers, who had never surrendered in battle before, fierce Chows, plucky Scotties, and breeds less ferocious like spaniels, and to this list you may add one spunky little Pekingese—all, all lay dead in the road!

Their throats were slit as though cut by a knife, and all seemed to have been killed in the same manner by a sharp ripping tooth of a

Continued at top of page 172

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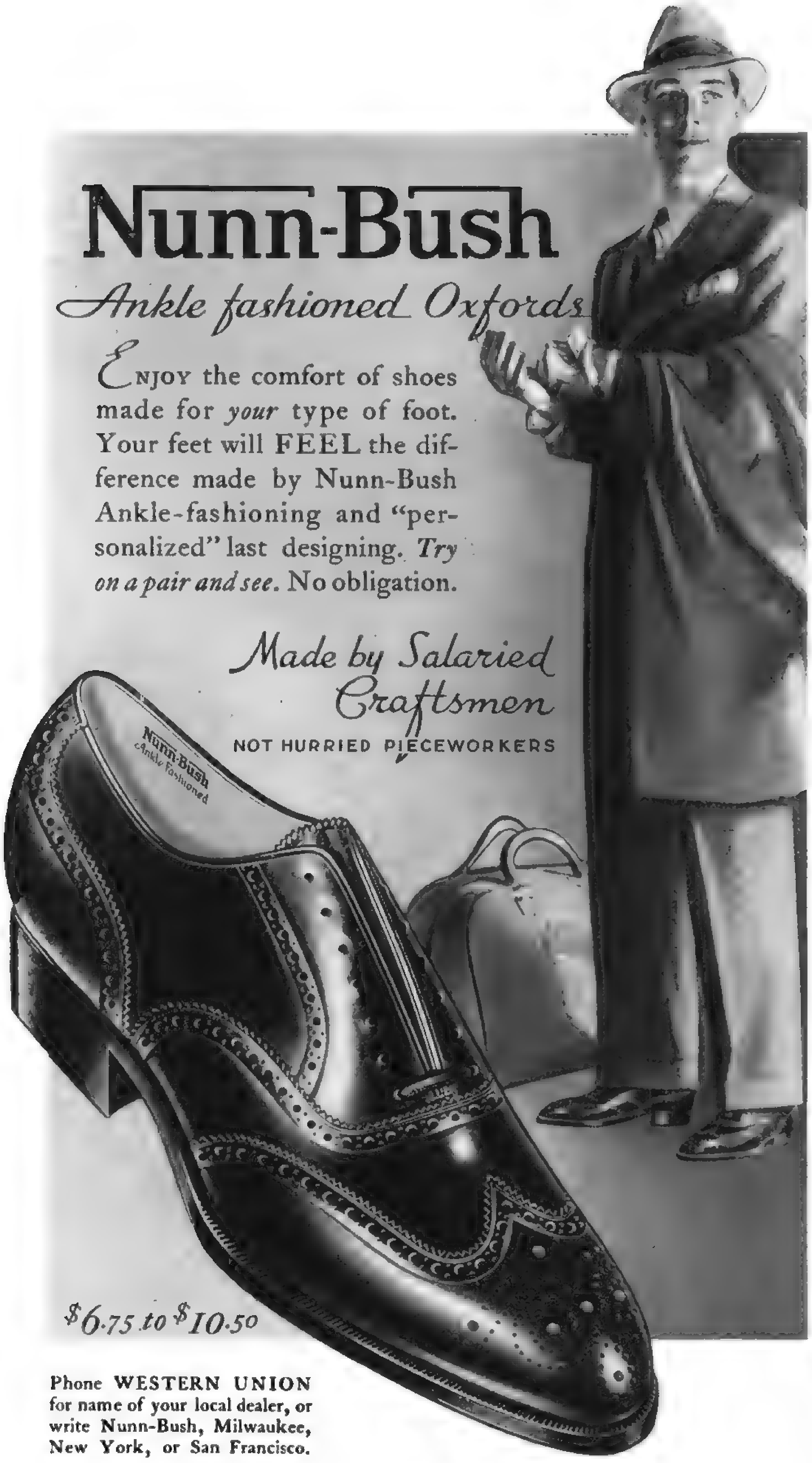

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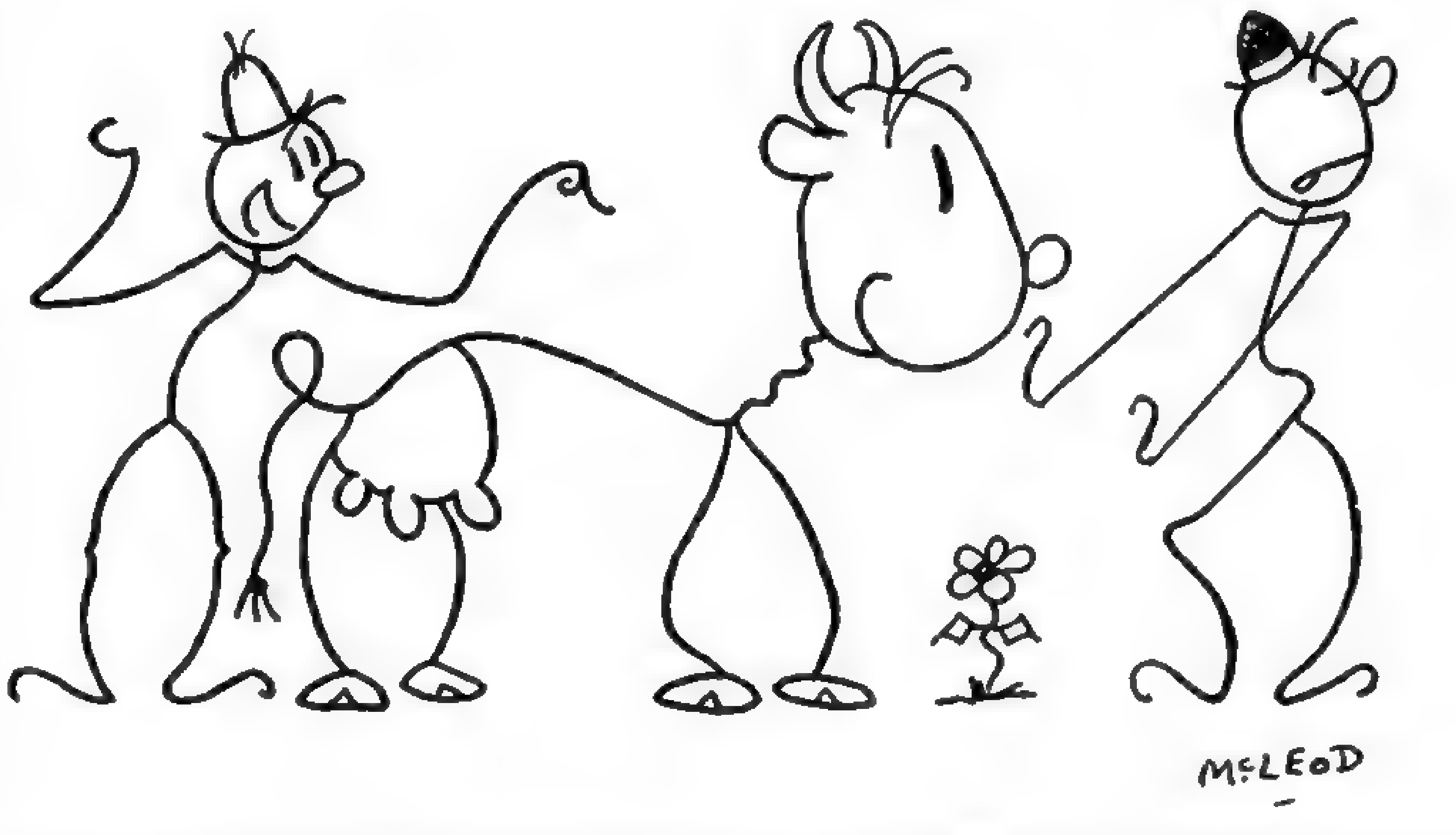


A Little Pup from Alaska

Continued from pages 37-171

little fuzzy-wuzzy pup from Alaska.

At night he had broken the chain, leapt through the glass window and come out to meet those Mt. Oak warriors whose bark had excited him.

Every officer of the law was out in the streets looking for the murderer, and the two motorcycle policemen chased up and down until finally a telephone call located the pup in a back lot. They were certain that he was the murderer, for a bit of the chain was attached to his collar, and he seemed of a breed that was not quite in the old Mt. Oak tradition.

When the pup was cornered, he seemed perfectly friendly, and even wagged his tail. He looked just as cute and fluffy as the afternoon before when he arrived in a crate and Mrs. McCall spoke to him, "Come out, you little darling. Let me see, is his nose cold? Yes, healthy little puppy. Are you going to like it here in Mt. Oak?"

One of the officers drew his gun and said to the other, "Well, animal society or no society, I got to do my duty."

And the other said, "He's a cute little rascal, but I guess he's not housebroke."

"Housebroke?" said the first, pulling back the trigger. "He's not even yard- or street- or anything-broke."

And with that he let fire. And this ended the long journey of the little fuzzy pup.

And the aristocratic canine society of Mt. Oak also suffered, and its ranks were badly depleted. So strong had the note of terror been sounded by a little pup from Alaska—was it a social revolution that struck the dog world?—that to this very day the dogs of Mt. Oak seem to think twice before they bark. #

Smoke Gets in Your Nose

Continued from page 89

when Bobbie Burns was an exciseman looking them over in his line of duty. Skill has become more scientific, that's all.

According to the regular procedure, the barley when received is given a good screening which rids it of any puny or broken kernels, leaving only the coarse hales and hearties. The latter, after being steeped in water till they swell, are spread on malting floors and fussed with for a period of three weeks during which they get the idea that Spring—beautiful, sprouty Spring—is Here. Instead, it's peat-smoke, administered in a kiln, whence they emerge redolent and are then ground up.

Thus malted, the barley could easily take on five times its weight in corn or rye and lick same into shape for American whisky. (Except that we'd spell the word with an *e*.) With only itself to think about, the job is a snap—just shadow boxing in the mash tun, ending as maltose thirsty for the yeast which in twenty-four hours changes it over into assorted acids suitable for a vaporous journey up through the kettle spout in the form of "low wines." These, put through a second kettle, worm their way out into sherry casks which donate color as the years go by and brawness gets better and better. Just possibly, though, a bit of caramel may score a harmless assist.

Decidedly vaunted is the influence exerted by the admirableness of Scottish waters—those crystalline affairs which, pure as Annie Laurie, come rilling down the mountains through thyme and heather, bringing the breath of flowers right to the distillery. The brook at Glenlivet, for instance: surely its 1,200 feet of sparkling babble must inspire the product it feeds (and what a whisky is there, my friends!). Unfortunately, anyone so brutal as to strain away the poesy and hooeysy and get down to facts, will find that chemically speaking the charmèd waters of Caledonia are just good, clean H^2O. So maybe it's Scotland's *air* that works the miracle. Or maybe—

But rather than overtax myself worrying as to *why* Scotland is a country so lucky as to have been able to produce *uis gebeatha*, meaning in Gaelic "water of life," I'll be content with the fact that Scotland *does* produce it and lets us have some. Indeed, as long as I'm adequately supplied I'll envy no man, except possibly the members of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh who, as a body, were given in 1505 the monopoly of the making and dispensing of whisky within the city limits—an arrangement whereby every doctor could see to it that his own best patient was well heeled. Furthermore, even were I forced to pick out some living soul as a person whom I was to try to dislike, I'd be at a loss to know whom to choose, unless just at that moment I happened to remember that, here and there all over Scotland, there are lairds and such, possessing each of them in his at least one barrelful. The bitter part is that the barrels are of hundred-gallon capacity, and (worse!), having been started by distant ancestors of present owners, are kept perennially replenished. When you notice that the tide in the affairs of men isn't as high as it used to be last week, you simply say, "Well, well"—and toss in another five or ten gallons to the memory of dear old Great-Grandfather. And so on through the ages. It's a system which I, as a Scot somehow robbed of his barrel, can but resent.

One of these insufferably privileged people, asked by a guest, "What's the name of this whisky, if you don't mind telling me?" replied casually that he didn't know; had never troubled to inquire of the distiller-and-blender who supplied him.

Do you wonder I boil?

Happily the cellar-satisfied attitude isn't characteristic of all the inhabitants of that country, or Scotland wouldn't be where it is today. Nor would Scotch whisky. And right now the latter is not only on the map but pretty well all over it.

The fact is, something has been occurring in Caledonia these last few generations. It began with vatting. Distillers, hitherto resigned to seasonal variations in their product (a mid-winter mash, for example, rarely turns out quite the same as an autumn one), found that uniformity could be attained, simply enough, by scrambling the batches in a stirring tank and then letting the result rest on its laurels. This made possible the now routine game of "following your brand"—duplicating it consistently so that the consumer would know what he was buying before he actually tasted it.

Obvious, you might say in our modern era of best-selling cigarettes and twenty-million-can coffees. But not then.

The next step was taken virtually under compulsion on the part of the consumer; he was going after certain favorite brands faster than they could be supplied to him. Individual distilleries found themselves swamped, commandeered their less lucky neighbors, and vatting became regional. For it was discovered that the consumer wasn't buying Jock Doe's set of stills, nor any part of them; he was buying a type of whisky he had fallen for.

Then came blending.

It was an old story in Cognac, Jerez de la Frontera, and Madeira, but in Scotland of the 1860's it was revolutionary: a case of putting the consumer before the distiller. Because now and henceforth the game was not to market the old, old malts but to use them in the creation of new and ingenious bouquets such as might snare the palates of people who weren't already Scotch-drinkers.

We were aimed at, cannily. Likewise the Canadians, the Australians, and possessors of throats everywhere.

Well, the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh of the year 1505 certainly wouldn't recognize their *aqua vitae*. It's so subtle, so complex, so uniform. A label you meet in Boston, Calcutta, and Hongkong may be backed up by a twenty per cent of Speyside, ten of Pomona in the Orkney Isles (right next to where Shetland ponies come from), percentages of this and that Lowlands, a slight stretch of patent-still (keeps things from getting too heavy), a dash of Islay, and a sniff of Campbeltown—faint yet sufficient to announce that the Campbells are coming, in full tra-la. And if such be the prescription, a million bottles of it won't vary one from another: the blending is that exact.

It's done nowadays in large vats equipped with rotating paddles, or else in still larger ones where the agitation is effected by means of many small holes in the bottom through which compressed air is forced up in a whalish or thar-she-blows manner. Whatever the container, the principle is the same, namely, to achieve a combination which leaves nothing "sticking out" or "hanging lobsided." And that means can't shoot uncontrolled Islay into something weak-kneed and call it a day. Hardly. The pungents need Highland marshalled about them, and delicacy needs tactful reassurance. For this is marriage, not mayhem, and the more husbands, wives, light o' loves, and passing fancies that are involved in it, the greater the diplomacy needed to avoid a row. As a general axiom it may be stated that the more bizarre, plate-throwing effects bottle badly.

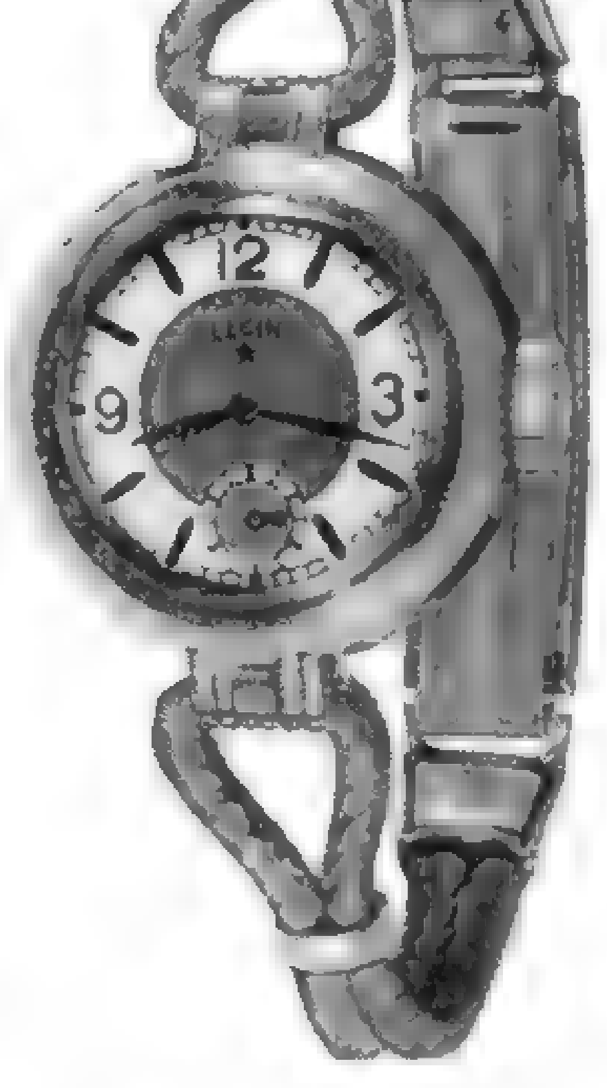
A safety factor, mentioned on every label, is the alcohol percentage: 86 proof, usually, as compared with the 90's and 100's of our American whiskies. But there's a catch in that. Scotch, for a light-bodied spirit, is surprisingly rich in the flavor-and-perfume agents known as esters, and esters are tricksters, especially when the liquor has aged enough to taste disarmingly smooth.

I bring up this point because of the fact that the much-cut "Scotch" in circulation during Prohibition was the other way 'round as regards head-hazards. The crude alcohol was obvious and the sly Scottish skelp-elements were under-developed and hooch-hampered. Now, with Scotch once more in possession of its rightful bouquet and its normal age of (on the average) eight to twelve years, the esters that give you that luxury feeling, which at first seems to have no intentions at all, are up to their tricks again.

Even so, I know of no pleasanter, more beguiling playmates, whether encountered in the cool frivol of fizz or met neat, the way a lairdly Scotch deserves to be given lip to.

For my part, Scotch can name its own weapons. I'll stand up against it, or for it, in the form of a Mamie Taylor (with half a lime in Collins glass of ginger ale), an Express Cocktail (one-half Italian Vermouth, dash of Orange Bitters, stir), an Athole Brose (with honey, stirred to a froth), or even an Auld Man's Milk (punch bowl drink: half-pint whisky, quart cream, 6 eggs beaten separately, sugar, nutmeg). I'll even—

For the love of peat, let's quit discussing and start drinking! ⧺



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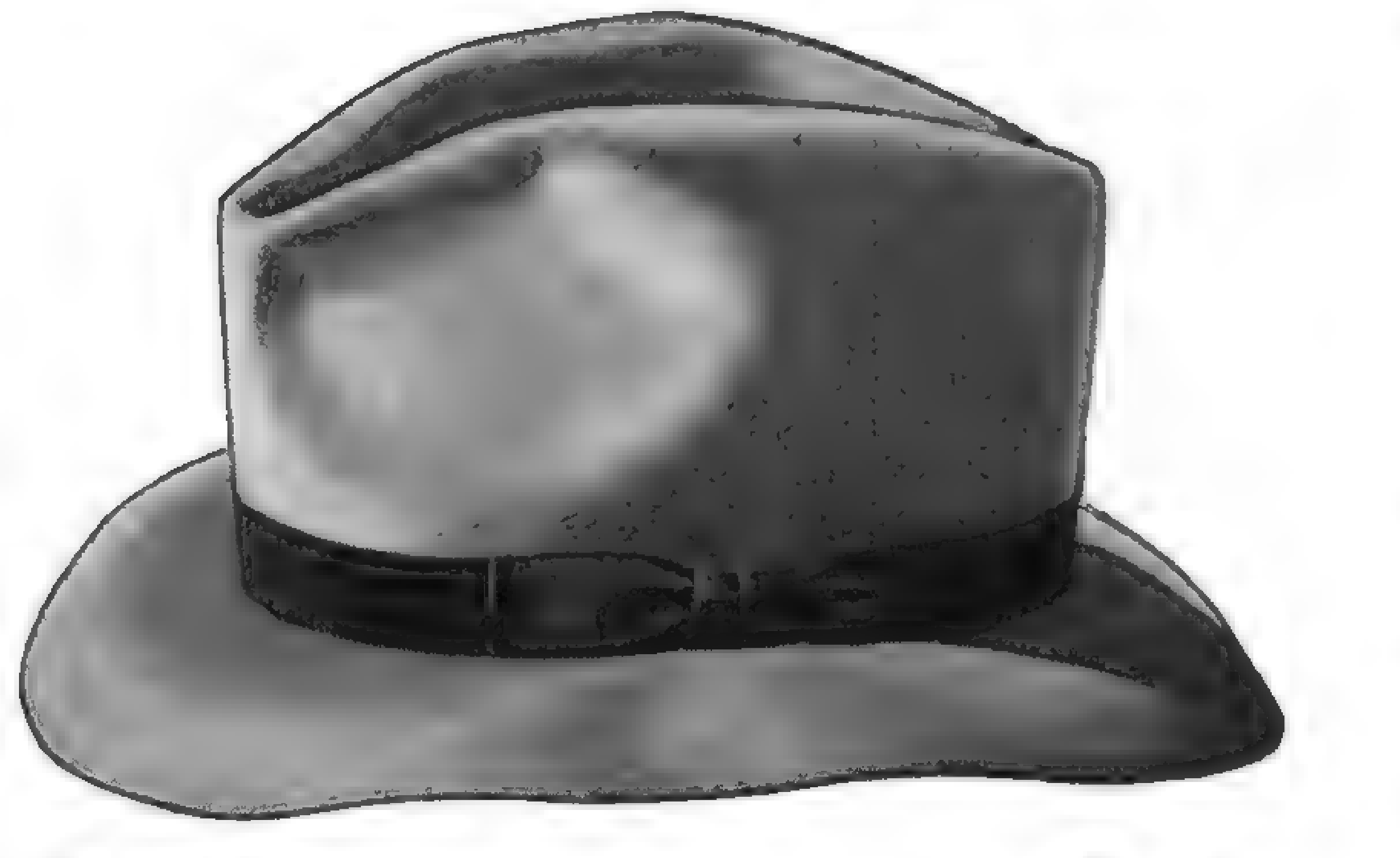

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★ Gangway FOR THE NORMANDIE

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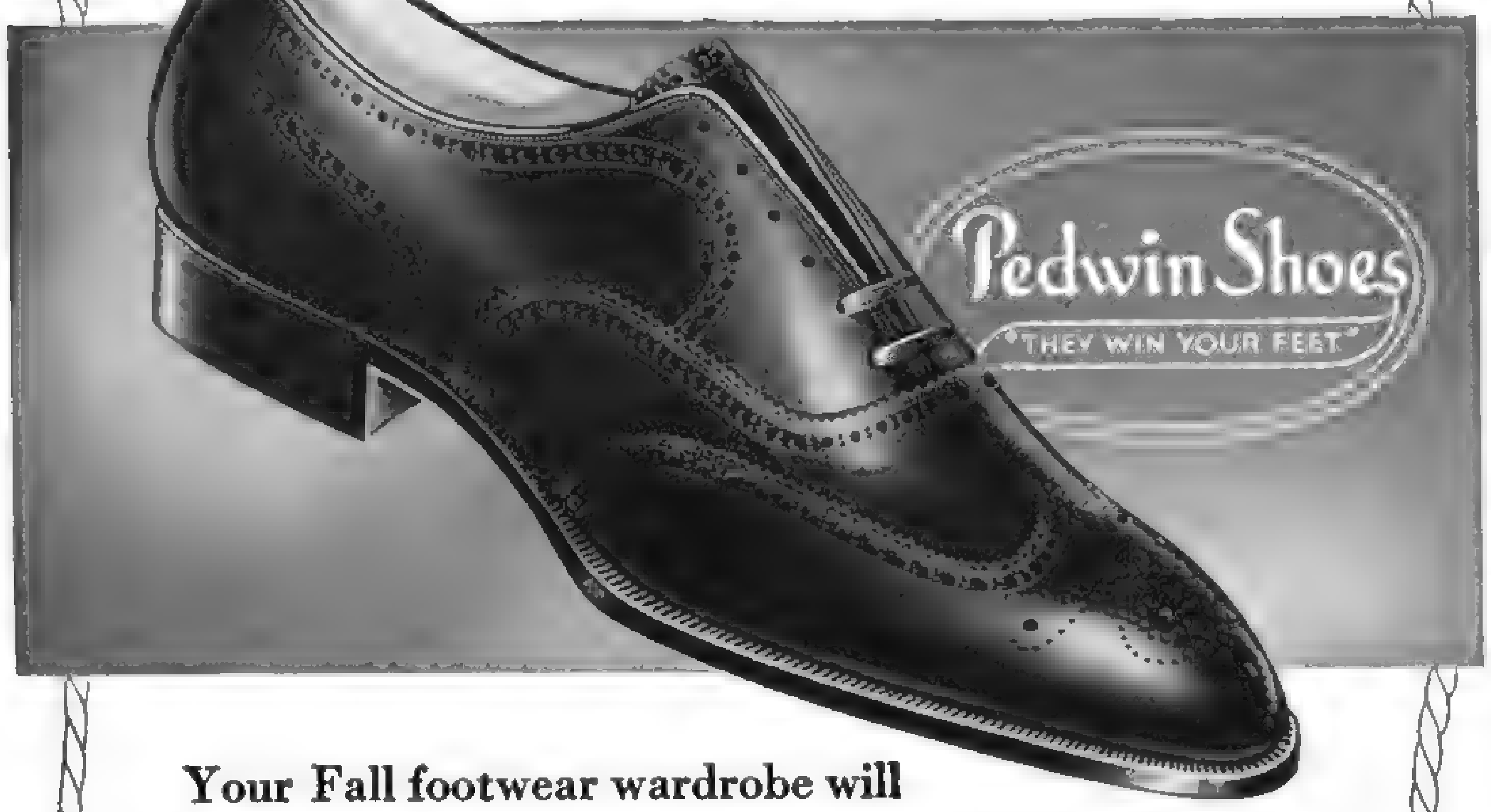

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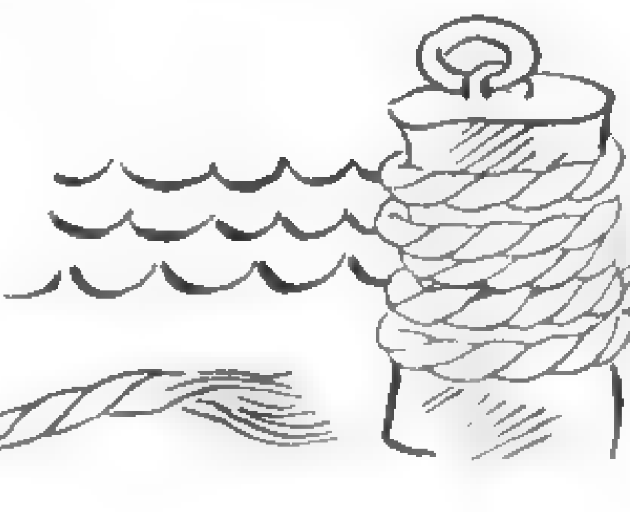


UNITED SHOE MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Bitter Drink

Continued from page 21

money profits

pointed out the alternatives: a warlike society strangled by the bureaucracies of the monopolies forced by the law of diminishing returns to grind down more and more the common man for profits

or a new matteroffact commonsense society dominated by the needs of the men and women who did the work and the incredibly vast possibilities for peace and plenty offered by the progress of technology.

These were the years of Debs' popularity, of the growth of laborunions, of the I.W.W. and the hope for industrial democracy: these years Veblen still had the hope that the working class would wake up in time to take over the machine of production before the need for profits through monopoly and scarcity had pushed the western nations down into the dark again.

War cut across all that; under the cover of the bunting of Woodrow Wilson's phrases the monopolies cracked down. American democracy was crushed.

The war at least offered Veblen an opportunity to break out of the airless greenhouse of academic life. He was offered a job with the Food Administration, he sent the Navy Department a device for catching submarines by trailing lengths of stout binding wire. Meanwhile the government found his books somewhat confusing. The postoffice was forbidding the mails to *Imperial Germany and the Industrial System* while propaganda agencies were sending it out to make people hate the Huns. Educators were denouncing *The Nature of Peace* while Washington experts were clipping phrases out of it to add to the Wilsonian smokescreen.

For the Food Administration Thorstein Veblen wrote two reports: in one he advocated granting the demands of the I.W.W. as a wartime measure and conciliating the working class instead of beating up and jailing all the honest leaders; in the other he pointed out that the Food Administration was a businessman's racket and was not aiming for the most efficient organization of the country as a producing machine. He suggested that, in the interests of the efficient prosecution of the war, the government step into the place of the middleman and furnish necessities to the farmers direct in return for raw materials;

but cutting out business was not at all the Administration's idea of making the world safe for democracy,

so Veblen had to resign from the Food Administration.

He signed the protests against the trial of the hundred and one wobblies in Chicago.

After the armistice he went to New York. In spite of all the oppression of the war years, the air was freshening. In Russia the great storm of revolt had broken, seemed to be sweeping west, in the strong gusts from the new world in the east the warsodden multitudes began to see again. At Versailles friends and foes, magnates, generals, flunkey politicians were slamming the shutters against the storm, against new, against hope. It was suddenly clear for a second in the thundering glare what war was about, what peace was about.

In America, in Europe, the old men won. The bankers in their offices took a deep breath, the bediamonded old ladies of the leisure class went back to clipping their coupons in the refined quiet of their safedeposit vaults,

the last puffs of the ozone of revolt went stale

in the whisper of speakeasy arguments.

Veblen wrote for *The Dial*,

Lectured at the New School of Social Research.

He still had a hope that the engineers, the technicians, the nonprofiteers whose hands were on the switchboards might take up the fight where the workingclass had failed. He helped form the Technical Alliance. His last hope was the British General Strike.

Was there no group of men bold enough to take charge of the great magnificent machine before the pigeyed speculators and the yesmen at office desks irrevocably ruined it

and with it the hopes of four hundred years?

No one went to Veblen's lectures at the New School. With every article he wrote in *The Dial* the circulation dropped.

Harding's normalcy, the new era was beginning;

even Veblen made a small killing on the stockmarket.

He was an old man and lonely.

His second wife had gone to a sanitarium suffering from delusions of persecution.

There seemed no place for a masterless man.

Veblen went back out to Palo Alto

to live in his shack in the tawny hills and observe from outside the last grabbing urges of the profit system taking on, as he put it, the systematized delusions of dementia praecox.

There he finished his translation of the Laxdaeler Saga.

He was an old man. He was much alone. He let the woodrats take what they wanted from his larder. A skunk that hung round the shack was so tame he'd rub up against Veblen's leg like a cat.

He told a friend he'd sometimes hear in the stillness the voices of his boyhood talking Norwegian about him as clear as on the farm in Minnesota where he was raised. His friend found him harder than ever to talk to, harder than ever to interest in anything. He was running down. The last sips of the bitter drink.

He died on August 3rd, 1929. Among his papers a pencilled note was found:

It is also my wish, in case of death, to be cremated if it can conveniently be done, as expeditiously and inexpensively as may be, without ritual or ceremony of any kind; that my ashes be thrown loose into the sea or into some sizeable stream running into the sea; that no tombstone, slab, epitaph, effigy, tablet, inscription or monument of any name or nature, be set up to my memory or name in any place or any time; that no obituary, memorial, portrait or biography of me, nor any letters written to or by me be printed or published, or in any way reproduced, copied or circulated.

but his memorial remains
rivetted into the language:
the sharp clear prism of his mind. #

Pyrrhic Victory

Continued from page 26

yourself to do until you absolutely had to; and Mary was so deeply serious and faithful in her religion, had taken such genuine pleasure in teaching Earnest, that, as much as he had wished to do the right thing, it had been impossible to tell her. Even now he could not hope to prophesy her reaction; for he suspected that her feeling for Catholicism had roots at an unknown depth, that it went farther with her than any corresponding idea or emotion of his own, except perhaps his love for Earnest.

Harry could hear Mary's footsteps pattering across the hall upstairs—bath to bedroom, bedroom to bath, sounding eager and excited—on this Sunday of Earnest's first communion. Suddenly he heard her voice from the upstairs window, calling Earnest to come in, and looking out he saw the white suit and blond head starting for the house. Evidently Mary wanted him to clean up again after being out in the yard skipping around.

Earnest came in through the kitchen, dining room, passed his father's big easy chair, and started upstairs. Harry, with a quick motion, put his paper aside, and said, "Earnest."

The boy paused, one foot touching the lowest step.

Harry intended to tell him to go back outdoors, then call Mary down and have the thing over. —But looking at Earnest, his diminutive blond cleanness, standing still, questioning yet so confident, Harry felt the words wither on his tongue; and he said, "Oh-h, nothing, Earnest, never mind. Go upstairs to Mother," and turned to the paper once more, thinking, well, as soon as they come down—just a few minutes now—

He could tell, shortly, from the final sounds of preparation above, that they would soon descend. And he found himself crackling the paper nervously in his hands, and almost desperately massing all his preconceived little speeches to be ready—

"Hell!" he thought, suddenly disgusted; "this is silly! All I'm doing is asserting my rights! Asserting my rights according to my conscience! The Catholics themselves agree anything your conscience dictates is all right. Mary will understand—damn it, I'll make her understand!" He got out of his chair, and as if in practice, assumed a calmly judicial stance in the middle of the room, and his lips moved tentatively, "Now, Mary—"

They had paused at the head of the stairs, their voices coming down—Mary's surprisingly low feminine voice, Earnest's matter-of-fact childish tone. She was straightening his necktie, or something—

"Stand *still*, dear!"

Why didn't they come down! Queerly hypnotized, Harry stood watching as they finally did come down, his wife and son—stared first at their feet, then their legs, Earnest's bare smooth knees above his blue-ringed half hose, the pleated folds of Mary's white dress. Then they were completely in sight, and in a sudden movement Harry bent down, and began awkwardly scooping the strewn papers into a pile. There was something about them—the boy's face shining, and Mary's with something transfigured about it. He had a sickening sense of his unkindness in not announcing his decision earlier. He was being cruel, he was being— but he couldn't allow Earnest to get that far away from him, he couldn't do it—he loved the boy too much.

"We'll have to rush or we'll be late," said Mary hurriedly, passing him with a glance. She went quickly into the hall closet for her hat and gloves. Earnest stood at the foot of the stairs, then came a little distance into the room. Harry looked out the window, and his stiff silence when ordinarily he would have talked amiably put a constraint upon Earnest.

From the sudden sharp closing thud of the hall closet door, Harry knew his wife had re-entered the room—had taken Earnest's hand—

"Mary," he said, twisting abruptly around (his voice, in spite of himself, sounding as metallically strained as a plucked wire), "send Earnest out a while. There's something I want to tell you." He felt his jawbones constrict rigidly on the last word. Surprised and impatient, Mary glanced at him.

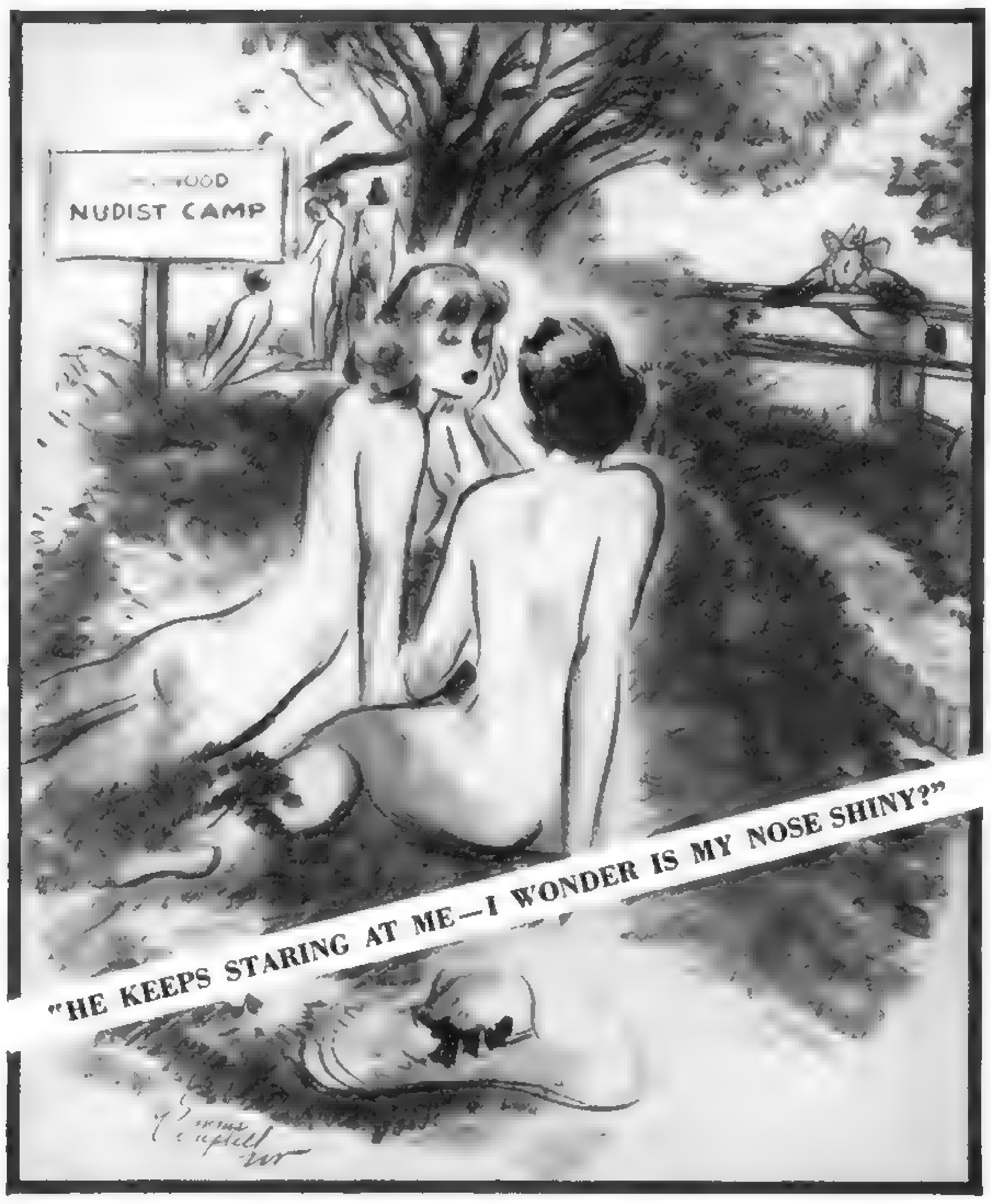
"Oh, Harry!" she said, "I only have twenty minutes to get to town!"

Harry took a jerky step forward and spoke to Earnest roughly, "Go outside, Earnest. Go out to the play-yard." Startled, the boy looked at him, turned quickly, and went hurriedly through the hall, a little frightened at the strange

Continued on page 176

The world takes you at your face value

IF YOU LOOK OLD, NOBODY STOPS TO ASK YOUR AGE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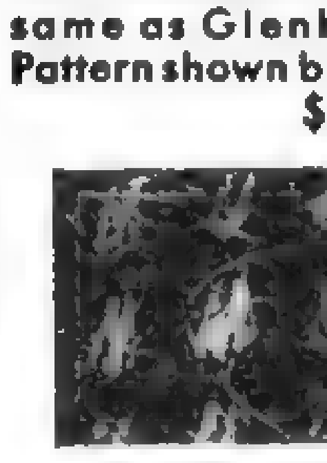

Actual photo of ultra-smart new Hound's Tooth pattern.

GANTNER "Clipper"
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Pyrrhic Victory

Continued from pages 26-175

hardness of his father's tone.

Then Harry faced the boy's mother, his determination to have Earnest safe for himself soaring, with this brief action, above his repulsion for his next words. "It's simply this, Mary," he said rapidly (she was pulling on her long white gloves, her face exasperated at the delay; she was pretty, Harry thought, with her smooth cheeks a bit flushed from hurrying, and little resilient tawny curls showing beneath her white hat), "I can't let Earnest be a Catholic."

Watching her face slowly transform—from flushed to white, from exasperation to intense seriousness—he knew that he had made his declaration effectively, that she fully understood he meant quite what he said. But she was a little astonished.

"You won't let—" she began, then stopped dazedly.

"No," said Harry quickly, "I can't. I meant to tell you this before, but I couldn't seem to. I'm sorry, Mary. I know what it means to you, but it means just as much to me. I can't have Earnest separated from me in that way. I've decided that," he finished emphatically.

Mary was looking at him oddly now, as if she were seeing him for the first time. There was a moment of strange quiet.

"That's silly," she said coldly. "He won't be separated from you any more than I am."

"He certainly will. You and I are adults and can rise above that difference, but he's only a child. Being a Catholic will be a continuous experience alien to any corresponding experience of mine. Naturally it will separate us." Harry leaned his elbow upon the mantel and looked at her. Though there was no change of expression in her white face, he knew that she had felt the impact of his carefully considered words. And in the tense, silent moment, he could feel her thinking intently.

"Well," she said at last, slowly ironic, "you knew all that before we were married. Why did you sign the paper, promising to let—"

"I didn't know how I might feel toward my son, ten years later," he interrupted swiftly.

"Still, it was a promise."

"Yes, it *was* a promise. But I can't think of it now as binding. I couldn't know then what it meant."

"You might have imagined!"

For a moment he thought her chin trembled, and he felt a quick uprush of relief that she was going to cry (it would be easy then, if this unfamiliar cold reserve broke down and his treatment of her could fall into an accustomed groove; he had never known her like this before, it was as though an icy river were flowing between them). But she did not cry. She still looked at him with that direct cold stare. Her rock-like immobility made him involuntarily uneasy, and he sauntered away from the fireplace a few steps, mechanically withdrawing a cigarette case from his vest pocket, lighting a cigarette, inhaling, as unconscious of these actions as an automaton.

He exhaled smoke, tilting his head back a little. "Of course there are no end of arguments on each side, Mary," he said, making his voice tolerant but firm; "but I've made up my mind about this—and please don't think I haven't thought about it a great deal—and even though I appreciate how you feel—still, I've decided, and that's that!" He hadn't quite intended the last phrase, but he felt a nervously irritable desire to have it over and done with, and know Earnest was safe.

"I hope you didn't forget, in all your thinking," said Mary, her voice charged with waves of bitterness, "that I bore the child and that gives me something to say about him I should think! Or doesn't that bind you any more than your promise?"

"He's my son, Mary!" he burst out; then, with an effort, made his voice calm. "It would spoil my whole relation with him if he—if he—to tell the truth, it makes me sick to think of it. I can't stand the idea of his being a Catholic."

"I can't stand the idea of his being anything else."

"Well, I suppose you can't. But it's different for a father and son, and there's something between us it would kill me to spoil. I'm not going to have it." He shoved both hands in his pockets and stood with his feet firmly planted. She was still pulling at her gloves, and the sight of her nervous hands relieved him, and yet he suddenly wanted to comfort her. She had enjoyed teaching Earnest so much—and now it didn't matter. Watching her, so strangely impervious in spite of her nervousness, he thought uneasily, she'll get over it; she feels badly now, but she'll get over it like anything else. But even with this reassurance of himself, there arose a distant disquieting idea that she might not get over it—so easily.

Suddenly Mary dropped her hands and looked out through the dining room windows at the playyard. Her profile turned to her husband, she said, "You don't really mean it do you, Harry?" Her voice was wistfully softer, yet her attitude remained inflexible and she seemed as far away as before.

He made an impatient gesture. "Yes, of course I do," he said.

"You are being selfish. You're not thinking of Earnest. He was baptized in the Catholic Church, and you promised he should be brought up in the Catholic faith. You're not thinking of his spiritual welfare, but simply of his relation to you."

For an instant her sureness, the measured passion of her voice, chilled him into uncertainty. He had a wavering, momentary thought, "I suppose I *am* wrong—

and selfish. But I'm not!—he'll be better off with me, and just as good a boy."

And aloud he said, "That's easy enough to say if you think he is to be a Catholic. In that case his spiritual welfare is tied pretty closely to his relation with you, isn't it?" Wearily he felt that he couldn't help being sarcastic, his nerves were taut—had been for weeks he realized now—he was fed up.

"No," she said steadily, "it isn't. I'm not thinking at all of him and me, but of how happy he will be in his religion. You don't seem to realize what first communion means. I—I'll never forget my first communion."

Harry paced abruptly to the fireplace and back, and waved one hand out of his pocket. "I understand that," he said, and faced her. "But I believe he will be just as spiritually contented with me, and I'm not going to change my mind. It's settled!" He knew he was being dictatorial, but God! what other way could he be when he was so tired of the whole thing, and his nerves were strung out like—

"And it isn't only first communion," said Mary, talking almost serenely now, as if she had not heard him at all, "but all his communions through life, giving him peace and strength when everything else may fail. He'll be happy in his religion. He has learned his catechism and the prayers and about confession, and he loves it all. Father Gilliard expects him to receive, and—I'm taking him to Church." She turned and strode briskly through the dining room, before Harry, bounding past her, blocked her passage into the kitchen, his hands tightly grasping her arms.

"Let go," she said quietly. "You can't stop me." Despite her tone, she was tense again with a queer frozen calm.

"Now Mary," he soothed, "you're taking it too hard, and you're making it hard for me." She moved coldly, but his grip tightened. "And you're not," he added grimly, "going to take him—now or ever."

"You're killing a soul," she said rigidly, "your own son's."

Suddenly the blank mask of her face contorted, and a queer sound broke from her lips, more painful than he had ever heard. "And my son," she said unevenly; and then her head bent, her features seemed to iron out into expressionless marble, and without struggling or attempting to move past him, she loosed herself from his grasp, turned, walked slowly through the rooms and up the stairs.

Distressed, shaken, yet inwardly exulting in intense relief like a small boy, "It's all over! He'll never be a Catholic!" Harry followed her into the living room, and slumped into a chair. Lifting his eyes slowly, he saw Earnest sitting in his swing in the back yard, very still, looking a little frightened. He had, Harry supposed, spoken too harshly in ordering the boy outside. He would make amends for that, and now that Earnest was never to be a Catholic, they would go together to a Protestant church every Sunday, and be real friends in religion the same as in everything else. Even with Mary's cry ringing in his ears, he felt a warm glow, thinking of walking to church every Sunday with Earnest and sitting in a pew in a good Protestant congregation the year around.

Mary was coming downstairs, and he was tense again, thinking irritably; if she'd only cry and have it over! If she'd only get angry! Oh, Mary, I do love you, and I'm sorry, but, dearest, this can never be any different.

For a moment she paused at the foot of the stairs (he had thought of going to her, as always, putting his arms around her, kissing her gently, or trying to—but he was startled by the constricted desolation of her face) and looking at him, she said levelly, "You'll regret this." Her voice held such an undercurrent of bitter detestation that he sprang to his feet, a sudden tight, frightened feeling grappling in his chest, and cried, "Mary!" He took a step forward—and stopped; even ten feet away he could feel her utter loathing, and he recoiled, started to speak, thought: Oh, God, Mary. Mary. I—I didn't realize—Earnest. Oh, what's the use—and sank into his chair.

Mary walked quietly into the hall, and, not pausing at the mirror, opened the screen door, closed it softly, and Harry could hear her heels on the flagstone walk.

For a second he sat quite still, staring at the rug, then he got up, went to a small table on which stood a cigar humidor, selected a cigar, and fumbled with his penknife with trembling fingers. Lighting the cigar, he drew in the rich smooth smoke gratefully, filled his lungs, slowly expelled it. For a moment he forgot Mary's voice, and although he didn't want to especially, he felt an exciting tingle of victory. Earnest. My own boy, he thought fiercely. It's all over now, all settled.

Puffing his cigar in relief, he strode over to the hall window and peered out. Mary was still in sight, two houses down, walking beneath the young leafy willows bordering the Ordway lawn. Harry bent forward, straining a little, to see her. She walked very slowly. Her shoulders drooped. There was something in the wistful sadness of the willow limbs above her which blended with her drooping shoulders, with the defeated limpness of her body; and for a moment Harry stood strangely transfixed.

Then, shaking himself, he turned from the window and inhaled a long breath of cigar smoke; and he tried again to experience that pleasant tingle, tried once more to think that it was all over at last, what he had dreaded for months, that Earnest was his, that it was his victory. But somehow he couldn't. ⧺

BY, OF, AND FOR THE CAMPUS

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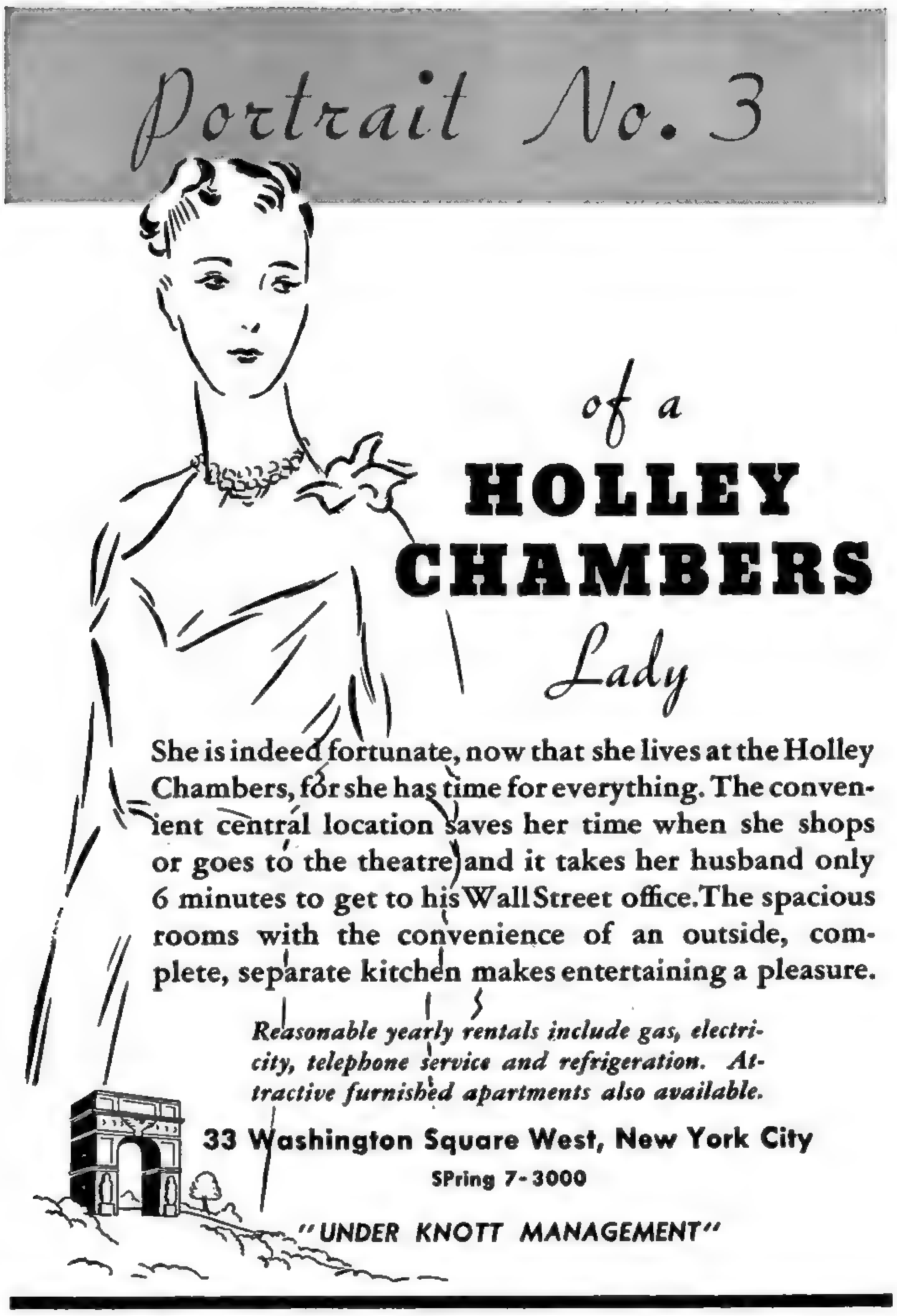

She is indeed fortunate, now that she lives at the Holley Chambers, for she has time for everything. The convenient central location saves her time when she shops or goes to the theatre and it takes her husband only 6 minutes to get to his Wall Street office. The spacious rooms with the convenience of an outside, complete, separate kitchen makes entertaining a pleasure.

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Caterpillar Cavalry

Continued from page 34

a 45 degree bank. One more excellence of the tank—and a most important one, too. Tanks can now take to the water.

During the World War, they had this defect—they could not, like horse cavalry, ford streams. Advancing or retreating they had to wait for the engineers to build a bridge. Now, thanks to the inventive genius of Colonel Liddell Hart, this problem has been solved.

The Hart Amphibious tank is indeed a versatile affair. On land, like the old Christie, it can make forty miles per hour on roads, twenty with its caterpillars on rough surface. In water, it is naturally much slower, but its propeller and tiller enable it to traverse any reasonably smooth body of water. Partially submerged with only its turret and part of the bridge visible, it bears a striking likeness to the submarine.

If the Australians had possessed this tank at Gallipoli, their tragic saga might have been much different. Instead of their infantry wading ashore through barbed wire and a rain of machine-gun bullets, these armored reptiles, "belched from the stomach of a naval whale," could have overcome Turkish resistance. On the Western front they would have been very useful, in another way. Covering the retreat of troops across the bridge, the tanks could have waited, secure in their ability to ford the stream, until the troops had reached the other side and the bridge had been dynamited.

It is important to remember that tank-time is much faster than horse-time. When General Phil Sheridan made his famous ride, celebrated in one of the worst poems in American literature, he was virtually pedestrian compared with the tanks. As a matter of statistical fact, "Winchester twenty miles away" was an exaggeration. Sheridan really rode but 11 miles and history has clocked his time at about 5 miles per hour—far less than the slowest performance of the tanks today. A tank recently traveled from Rock Island Arsenal to Washington at an average speed of 30 miles per hour.

The cavalry has certainly improved since that historic campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. When Sheridan did arrive at Winchester, he shouted, "Face around, boys, we're going back!" The retreating Union soldiers wheeled about to attack Early's troops. Today, a tank commander would simply dispatch a radio message and, if the tanks should be like the new Skoda tanks, they would not have to wheel. These new Skodas can run just as fast in reverse as forward and are so easily maneuverable that they virtually defy the most accurate gun fire.

All this sounds as though the heroic days of real cavalry fighting, of long hard rides and fierce combats in the saddle are ended by two inches of armor plate. On the contrary, life is far from soft for the motorized cavalryman. He performs extremely exhausting duties, takes great risks and faces the possibility of a horrible death.

During the war, the inside of a tank was considered a veritable inferno. The heat, developed from the motor, was almost intolerable. The constant spray of bullets, directed on such a prominent target, threatened the eyes of the lookouts.

The continuous bumping of the tanks through ditches and trenches was so severe that tools, ammunition, guns and men were frequently thrown about the cabs in great confusion. Add to these troubles the fumes of the exhaust, the ever-present danger of fire from the gasoline tank and the deafening noise of the motor—and the picture of the tank as a traveling Hades is complete.

It was no wonder that many of the members of the crews were driven insane. Memoirs of tank veterans in the World War abound in descriptions of scenes like that of the dugout in *What Price Glory*. When a soldier went berserk in a tank, he had to be dumped out into No Man's Land before his comrades could proceed with their duties. That much the same conditions prevail today seems apparent from the fact that in the Chaco War tanks had to be abandoned because of the tropical heat and difficulty of jungle terrain.

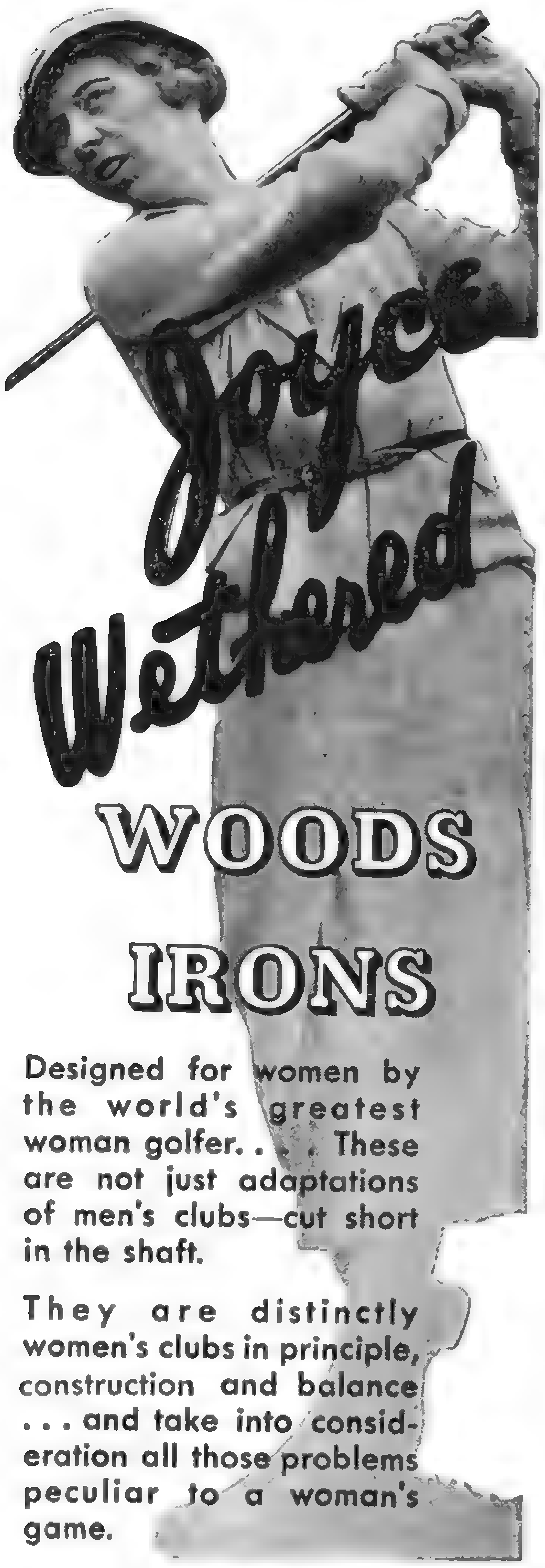
But in temperate Europe the military staffs are all for it. Britain, France and Italy have large and progressive tank corps. What the Russians think of it was very evident the other day in Red Square, Moscow. There, where under the Czar Cossack horsemen used to parade, a thousand tanks rolled along in perfect formation. Experts estimate the Soviet tank strength at 5000.

It is noteworthy that the Reich forces include mechanized cavalry.

Before Hitler started to arm openly, auto sport clubs executed armored car drills and other autos with tank bodies superimposed served in maneuvers of the Reichswehr. Today several factories are turning out fully equipped tanks. The Germans are taking no chances. They realize that the tank is an indispensable part of modern warfare.

There is an old wise-crack among military critics, "The war the generals fight is always the last war." Nothing seems more untrue today, with widespread experimentation in aeroplanes and mechanized ground forces. In the next war, generals may die in bed, but a good many of their colonels will ride to glory on caterpillars. ⧺

"THE CLUBS OF A CHAMPION"



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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 144

She's the most celebrated masher-masher in the U. S. A. She can take care of herself, all right all right.

Comes a Kissing Terror. This Mysterious Kisser leaps out from behind bushes or alleyways, seizes gals, and imprints a kiss of passion. That's all. Before they know it, he's gone. At first his raids are looked upon as a joke, but when he begins holding up couples at the point of a gun, and kissing the gals, the Department gets mad. Next, he starts raiding a coed campus, and also some society lawn parties.

Mae goes out to get her man.

But here, the story takes a dramatic twist. The Kisser is reported to be "attacking" girls as well as kissing 'em. Sometimes he lures them into his car, sometimes he "attacks" them on their own premises. The reports of these "attacks" are kept secret, but the rumor gets around, and the city is in an uproar.

Then, the Kisser Kills! A girl is found attacked, beaten, and left dead.

Just about at the same time, Mae has got a line on the Kisser.

She has a hunch he is going to be at a certain charity bazaar and masquerade. Mae attends, in the guise of a Belle of the Nineties. She has a booth where she sells kisses for charity. There is a certain millionaire's boy who takes her fancy, but the lad refuses to pay for a kiss. Sezze, why should men pay for doing what they like, while women always get paid for doing what they like? Himself, he gets his kisses free. Etc.

Finally Mae gives him a sample. Just then, a fire, earthquake, or jealous woman separates them. Later in the fiesta, Mae plants herself in a dark lane, and is assaulted by the Mysterious Kisser. She recognizes the brand. It is none other.

The Kisser, captured, claims he was merely going around in search of the perfect woman. And now, in Mae, he has found her. He swears he never attacked nobody. The Attacker must be someone else, a fiend who happens to have the same general appearance as the Kisser.

Mae's duty would be to turn in the Kisser, but alas, she has fallen for him. She decides to keep him in her apartment while she hunts for the Attacker. The same night, the Attacker makes another Attack, proving the Kisser, in her custody, is really innocent.

So Mae and the Kisser track down the fiend, and capture him.

And the Kisser decides that he don't have to look any further, so he and Mae settle down to a lifetime of osculation.

3. Another star who is having difficulty getting stories is Ann Harding, and as soon as the above ideas have been paid for, I'll fix up an original plot for Ann Harding.

WHAT, NO MEN?

The dearth of young male stars has become acute. Except for the blonde Gene Raymond whose personal appearance tour brought out all the insane girls who stand in the waiting lines in front of picture theatres on Trouser Days, there has been no male sex appeal sensation since the emergence of George Raft.

What is wanted by the pictures is a guy who draws men as well as women. Cagney has something of that appeal, and Cagney is an actor, too. Charles Boyer was the nearest thing to a sensation in this year's crop, but Boyer is a bit too heavy in character for the young romantic roles. (By the way, I hope he gets the lead in *Forty Days of Musa Dagh.* It's a part for him.)

On looking over the field, one is amazed to find that there are almost no glamour boys in Hollywood, there is no great lover whose name alone will draw the girls to the theatre for a thrill, and the boys for instruction.

Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and Cary Grant represent the handsome, independent lug, but the best of them, Clark Gable, has been around so long that the girls are tiring of him because they know they aren't going to get boys like him, and the boys are tired of him because they know they aren't going to get to be like him. Another type of male, passing from popularity (I hope) is the eyebrow mustache guy with the long pseudo-sophisticated face and the elegant cocktail-shaking manner. William Powell, Warren William, and Warner Baxter go in this class. The mush boys like Dick Powell don't rate at all, John Boles hasn't established himself as a personality, while stars like Paul Muni, Ed Robinson, and Claude Rains are watched more for their ability as actors than for their heart appeal.

My guess is that the next thrill-man to emerge on the screen will be more of the sensitive-masculine type than were the last batch of stars, who had toughness appeal. Gene Raymond and Charles Boyer, the two who flashed this year, both had something of that sensitivity. Nothing feminine; but a suggestion that they had reflective and delicate responses as well as punch.

It would be possible to make out a theoretical case for the emergence of such a star. The depression has made people a bit more reflective, has given them sympathy for character values other than that of ruthlessness. The next big lover of the screen will be no Latin Valentino, no mooney Charley Ray, no graceful Gilbert, no socko Cagney. I would even risk a prediction that it will be a young man with a strong forehead. Look for a male Hepburn. ⌗

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Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 143

tional music! . . . The result, to my way of thinking, reflected a confusion in O'Casey's mind and I must conclude that if he is to continue writing significant plays, then he must fix on a firm solid story and treat that story becomingly.

What he gave us is neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring! (Weaver's note:—that is the writer's "!," and he says he did *not* mean "mackerel").

"There has been considerable smug cynicism concerning the awarding of the Pulitzer Prize to another rank outsider, this time *The Old Maid.* I remember distinctly the cool reception the play had after its opening. Nowhere, however, did I observe anyone note the fact that the whole play is founded on a house of cards. After a wandering first act, against two of Sheldon Cheney's rich settings which established mood but I think contribute very little to the direction of the production, Miss Menken announces to a mystified audience that she is the mother of an illegitimate child. Out of this trumped up situation, coming in the second act, the play proceeds to a lugubrious struggle between two women for the affections of the little bastard. But, if the play was to be based, as it is, on this situation and conflict, then, it seems to me, the first act should reveal the character of the future spinster fully and intimately and pave the way for a startling second act revelation. Without such a first act, the whole play becomes cheese whereas it might be fairly interesting and stimulating.

"As for *The Petrified Forest,* I am somewhat at a loss to understand what it is about this casual melodrama that has caused any critic to mark it a significant play and a commentary on contemporary American ideas. To me the play was painfully sloppy in thought, puerile in its symbols and superficial in its comment. The fifth-rate creative artist who realizes his insufficiency is not tragic to me but a deadly bore. And when this same fifth-rater hails the Killer and then offers up his own life so that Youth and Beauty can prosper on his insurance, I am inclined to hoot in derision and say that this is Tripe! Where in contemporary life does this noble failure exist and what significance has he in our modern milieu? What is Robert Sherwood immortalizing in this ideology? Test this play pragmatically, and it adds up to what? A species of romantic buncombe that simply doesn't hold water under close scrutiny! Here again, I think, the playwright has failed to make a distinction. Either he was writing an exciting melodrama or a true play of ideas. The symbol of *The Petrified Forest* I feel is the keynote to the deficiency of the play. It indicates a basic sentimentality of idea and expression that merits Mr. Sherwood nothing more than a sound verbal spanking, since he is a thinking man and has something more profound to offer us than mediocrity.

"In the same breath let us consider *Rain From Heaven,* which I think was not only literate, thoughtful and beautiful, but a darned good play as well. . . . The symbols were represented by real people and their expression of thought was always pungent and engrossing.

"The various ideas of the play piled up, in shrewd dramatic structure, until they acquired a cumulative force and conviction that to me was stirring. I must confess that I think Behrman is still straddling the fence, but always logically, since he is a tolerant man. I should probably have been more satisfied if his titled Englishwoman had gone off with her German exile and helped him find his way to courage and deed.

"But it was Behrman's marked point that, out of purpose and conviction, she couldn't, no matter how rich the quality of her love. I think the problem will solve itself in Behrman's mind and will cause a remarkable third act curtain to appear in one of his future plays.

"As for the widely heralded *Children's Hour,* I must admit the play has power and holds an audience, but I think it might have been wrought a little more subtly in its production. There were several moments when I began to feel it was done with a sledge hammer. The best way I can clarify this is by suggesting that one compare its treatment with that of *The Green Bay Tree.* I think the distinction will become apparent.

"I can refer to *The Sailors of Cattaro* which I had the good fortune to read in its literal translation. Here to me an instance where the Theater Union smeared a play that was intrinsically exciting and which derived its momentum out of impersonal observation. The Theater Union twisted it to suit a black-and-white ideology. The keynote I thought was the aborting of what was originally a magnificent second act curtain into a flag-waving scene.

"Anything I might have to say about Clifford Odets would be gratuitous since he has received vast and considerable attention on all sides.

"There are a host of other plays and productions I would like to examine, but with considerable reluctance I shall have to conclude here, thanking you for this opportunity which comes so rarely to producers.

Sincerely yours,
SHEPARD TRAUBE."

I have no comment to make on this piece of constructive crit-

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icism, beyond suggesting a title, "Dog-Days Bite Manager—That's News!"

Another argument I had recently concerns itself with the arts, particularly the theatre, under any possible Communistic American régime. The statement was made by a big hammer-and-sickle man from West Broadway that when the Revolution arrives, the Arts will leap into their own.

I can only refer him, as I then did, to the old tale which ends, "Comes a raavolushun, you'll kiss Mae Wast and like it!"

I'm sure, however, that the regimented glories of such an hypothetical Utopia need hold no terrors for me; I wouldn't be there to have them thrust upon me. Long before the smoke would clear, my salmon-pink, Liberal body would flap in the breeze upon the barbed-wire I so long have straddled, gleefully punctured by both sides to the controversy. Although I can wax indignant over social injustices, I can also look out for the buttering of my bread, and pop-eyed Cause-lovers bore me, whether they're Reds or Whites.

But I can speculate with sour amusement over Art in U. S. S. A., and I call your attention to what you survivors would get, judging from the standards at present prevalent among the native sons and daughters of Toil.

In music, those reactionary Bachs, Beethovens, Mozarts, etc., would all be banished in favor of *Overture, Poet and Peasant, My Little Grey Home in the West,* and *Trees.* In painting, Whistler's *Mother* and Maxfield Parrish's castor-oiled lollipops. For literature, you'd be crammed full of tabloids, Westerns and True Confessions. Poet Laureate Eddie Guest would surely carol, "It takes a heap o' herrin'," while the raddio would bring you Comrades Burnstein and Allenova, Amosovitch and Andrei, and Bing Crotsky.

As for the theatre—no, don't try to outguess me. The theatre would go along very well. The Max Gordons, Shuberts and Gilbert Millers would get the bayonet, and The Group would move right into production.

Which, judging from their cagey staging of *Awake and Sing* and *Waiting for Lefty* would be far from a tragedy. If only they could get another playwright like the superlative Odets, they could keep the pot a-boiling and not bore the be-jeremiah out of the eager Tovarischi. Why, even I would rather like to see a theatre run by those smart Komissars.

But I wouldn't enough like to see it. While the strains of Alma Mamushka ushered in the Brave New World, I'd be going along to the firing squad. For a pink is a pink, no matter how thin you cut him. And I want my theatre somewhat the way it is now—only better, of course—and I hold out for the compromise recipe: mostly bourbon, with a generous dash of grenadine, giving a slight flavor of raspberry. ⧻

The Music-Box Review

Continued from page 100

whole record—when the public grows to like polytonality it's time for the one-man bands to start studying Strawinsky. The clarinet passages are marvelous, and who do you think plays them? None other than Benny Goodman!

You know, Foresythe does not use brass in his orchestra, but besides saxophones, uses two clarinets and a bassoon. Listen to the finish of the record where the bassoon really gives a final touch of melancholia to that clown.

On the other side is a pastorale in rhythm, *The Greener the Grass,* and it's really a pastorale. It has a very insidious, slow rhythm, and gives you the feeling that the title isn't just something that was thought about afterwards. This is a great record.

P.S.—This is a great record.

COLUMBIA—3060-D.

* * *

Did you ever hear of the *St. Louis Blues*? Well, if you haven't you're the only one! The Boswell Sisters with the accompaniment of a swell orchestra say the final word on this famous old blues number in this recording. In a few spots Connie goes to town in a big way, but the most interesting parts of the whole arrangement are the spots in which the voices blend into some of the instruments so that you don't know where one stops and the other begins. This is a thing which only the Boswells do well, and I know how difficult it is.

Underneath is *Trav'lin' All Alone.* Here is a poignant theme played in a very melancholy tempo. The Boswells have gotten that low down spirit, and sing in exactly the right mood and color. Speaking of color, this is blues, and it is so deep that it is almost black. When the number is three-quarters over you're convinced the sun is never going to shine again, and that the Pollyanna spirit has been crushed forever. Nevertheless, I like to listen to something melancholy once in a while, and if you want to feel sorry about something just listen to the Boswells being sad in the grand manner.

BRUNSWICK—7467

* * *

Here's Cleo and her piano again! (Remember, Cleo Brown?) The titles aren't very high sounding, as a matter of fact, both are rather low down—*Pelican Stomp* and *Boogie Woogie.*

The first has no vocal material in it at all, but who would want to hear a vocalist when you can listen to such a remarkable left hand as Cleo possesses? I know many of our well touted and highly perfumed virtuosi who couldn't

Continued at top of page 182

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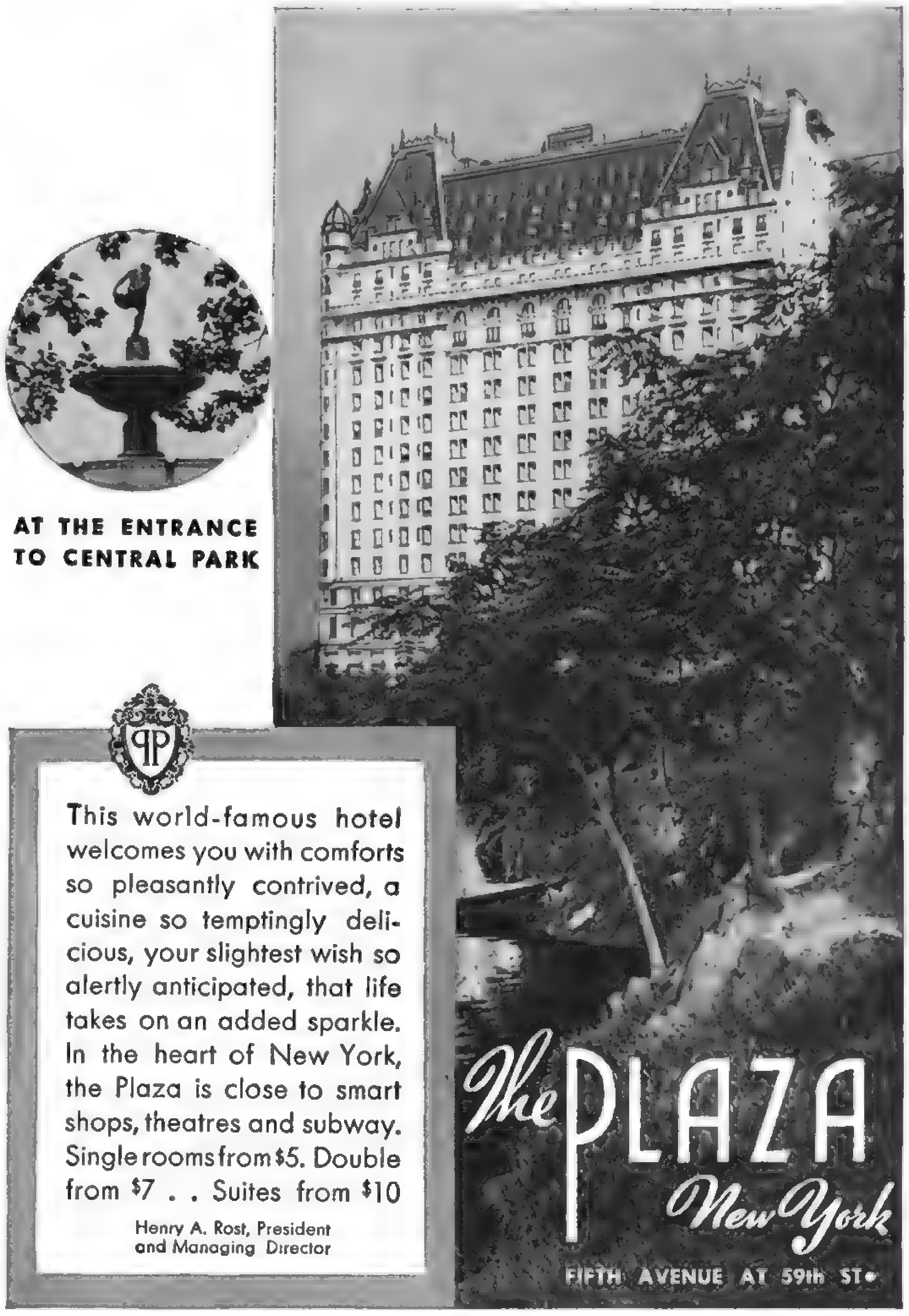

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The Music-Box Review

Continued from pages 100-181

do what Cleo does with her left hand, and, as a matter of fact, would sneer at it because they couldn't. In *Boogie Woogie* she plays a monotonously fascinating rhythm, also with that grand left hand, and then sings some rather naughty lyrics, or perhaps I'm rather old fashioned in this. Some day I might become sufficiently sophisticated to "see the light" and sort of take these things in my stride. The whole thing is rather fascinating from a musical viewpoint of rhythm and grand hot piano playing.
Decca—477

* * *

Star Gazing may be more popular than *Every Single Little Tingle of My Heart*, but the latter is a better dance tune. I like Madriguera's modulations before the vocal choruses of both numbers, and the vocalists do their bit well. In *Every Single Little Tingle of My Heart*, which, by the way, is played better than the other side, there is a very attractive chorus with woodwinds playing triplets, and it comes right after the vocal chorus. As long as I gave the vocal choruses a good blowup I'd better tell you that Tony Sacco does *Star Gazing* and Helen Dell does *Every Single Little Tingle of My Heart*.
Victor—25064

* * *

I like the way Ozzie Nelson plays a dance tune. Very attractive is *And Then Some*. M. Nelson sings the vocal chorus in this alone, and his diction is very good. The coda is a grand top-off to the number. The band plays the slow, rhythmic style as well, or better, than any.

Turn the pie plate over and you'll find staring at you *Is It Just a Summer Romance?* Need I say more?
Brunswick—7464

* * *

Here I go again! Two Duke Ellington creations, both of which he wrote and his orchestra plays. *In A Sentimental Mood* is a very, very slow fox trot, and most ingratiating in its rhythm. It really needs no vocal material—the instruments speak for themselves. What a solo trumpet! What a solo trombone! My hat's off to both the men.

Hurry up and git on board! Ellington's *Show Boat Shuffle!* Again the trumpet—again the trombone—blares from the brass section—get-up-and-go-along rhythms! This is really a very exciting tune and a very exciting playing of it. It has more move to it than anything I've heard in a long while, and the finish just dies away; but, between you and me, this is a mechanical fadeout and is not done by the orchestra itself. Stepping up to the microphone so I can be a little bit loud about it I want to give three cheers and a tiger rag for the Duke and this record of his'n.
Brunswick—7461 ⧻

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 98

For Authors Only (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Kenneth Roberts. And if I have room to mention them, some more later.

Miss Cather has returned to the scene and time (and to a large extent even the theme) of her earlier and best novels and short stories in *Lucy Gayheart* and for this I am glad, because in this novel she is at her best again. Her imagination is limited and does not fit conveniently into the straightjacket of historical research. She is not good when working with second-hand material.

This is the story of an ambitious, pretty, high-spirited, somewhat talented girl who grew up in a poor family in a small Kansas town. Her imagination was romantic; her sense of values, especially aesthetic values, was precocious. The whole town had a feeling that she was somehow strange, not of them, destined for higher things than a humdrum domestic life in a dull town. She felt the same way about it and was critical not only of the life in which she found herself but even of the boy she most admired. She went to Chicago to study music. She attended a concert given by a baritone and fell deeply in love, if not with him at least with something he represented to her—art, achievement, suffering, the full experiencing of emotion.

Through her teacher she not only meets the singer but becomes, for a brief time, the singer's accompanist because of an operation his regular accompanist has had to undergo. The singer is "oval" in shape, middle-aged, old enough, indeed, to be her father. He is not a man of gallantry or of "affairs" but a serious, perturbed, sad great artist, courteous but reserved, even paternal toward her. I do not recall in all literature passages more beautifully, more convincingly, more movingly describing a young girl's emotions upon falling in love with a middle-aged man than the superb passages in this novel.

Miss Cather conveys warmth, feeling, emotion, sentiment, indeed, better than any one now writing. Her gift is rare now—the gift of making sentiment and romance real and effective. Even in her compeer, Ellen Glasgow, there is a tendency to deal with a young girl's emotions in a slyly cynical fashion. But in page after page, Miss Cather makes the sentimental attachment of a young and, in herself, not very interesting girl for a middle-aged married man seem a poignant, beautiful and ennobling experience giving vivid life and meaning to a rou-

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tine of music lessons, walks along Michigan avenue, tours of the art galleries, evenings at the opera and loneliness in drab lodgings.

When you have read this novel you will treasure, I think, the experience. You will savor it, reflect upon it. It will be an emotion you will remember in tranquillity.... And (unless I am mistaken) it will annoy you somehow. About halfway through the book I yelled out from my study, spontaneously, hoping to catch the ear of somebody, "God-damn it, she's bitched this beautiful book all up!" My wife came running down the stairs, thinking, as she later explained, relieved, that the cleaning woman had damaged the $20,000 copy of the limited edition of T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* which the publisher had loaned me.

What I meant was that Miss Cather had killed off the singer just when a difficult complication had started to develop—drowned him in Lake Como of all things. Worse still, further on, she kills off the girl, after bringing her back to her home town, just when the situation gets tense and calls for a show-down. Lastly she poses a moral problem and answers it herself in a way so contradictory and illogical that it makes no sense to me.

Here's the situation. The rich home-town boy finally makes up his mind that Lucy and not the rich, socially important but plain girl from St. Joseph is the girl he wants to marry. After an ardent courtship and proposal—during which time Miss Cather tells you and shows you that he is calculating, niggardly, bumptious, insensitive and obtuse (although handsome, lively, dashing, well-coördinated and tractable), Lucy tells him she is in love with another man, her singing teacher. He tells her that every girl gets infatuated with her singing teacher and asks, "How far has this nonsense gone?" She says, "All the way," meaning that she is as much in love as love can be, not that she has slept with the singer. He thinks she means the latter, naturally enough, and leaves her flat, there in the restaurant, returns to his home town and not long after that marries the other girl. The death of the singer is also the death of Lucy's ambitions (for he had arranged for her to follow him to Europe, after summer was over, to become his regular accompanist). She returns to the home town, broken spirited; tries in every way to reawaken the boy's love for her—the boy she had disdained as a lunkhead. When he refuses to be more than formal with her she goes skating on the ice alone at night, falls through thin ice and drowns. In the remaining pages Miss Cather broods over the tragedy in a philosophical manner, arriving at the conclusion that the boy's life was ruined (he married a girl he did not really love) and hers too because he did not wait for her to return and marry her.

But how could the lad, especially the obtuse lad he is described as being, know that Miss Cather was going to kill the singer? And how were things going to be bettered any more by his marrying a girl who did not love him than by his marrying a girl he did not love?

Well, at any rate, Miss Cather has given us something to talk about besides Communism, Fascism, weather and the administration. And in doing so she has committed some magnificent writing to paper.

Clarence Day is one of my favorite essayists. *This Simian World* is one of my favorite books, like *The Margin of Hesitation* by Mr. Day's old friend, the late Frank Moore Colby. There is a sly, amused grace in his vocabulary and sentence structure. Civilized tolerance for the foibles of human nature is his stock in trade. But in *Life and My Father* he carries tolerance too far for me. He seems to like the selfish, tyrannical old curmudgeon he calls his father in this book. If my father had been like that I should have hated him. I shouldn't have thought him funny or amusing in any way. But it is a complete, unvarnished picture of a cruel and stupid man—the sort of man of two or three generations ago who, because of his position of head of the household, identified himself with the God of the Old Testament. These men were rugged individualists.

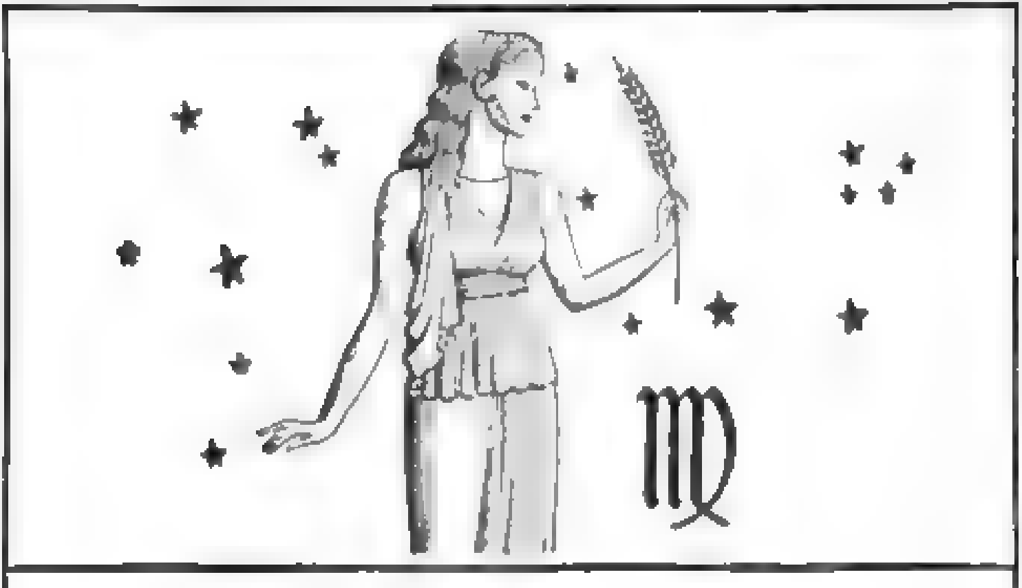
In *Asylum* Willie Seabrook has written a much better book about his being a drunkard and trying to get cured than he has ever written about Haitian cannibals or African medicine men. And in writing it he may well be on the way to effect a complete cure of his dipsomania; for his self-analysis is that the cause of his drinking to excess is fear—fear that he will never be a good writer, never be more than a "mere journalist."

Any of Willie's more astute friends could have told him a long time ago that the real trouble with him, as a writer, was that he was never a good "mere journalist." He was never honest enough. He was not a truthful or accurate reporter; he was a sensation-monger, inventing childishly fantastic stories of what he had seen and heard and done. He created a Hearst Sunday supplement world for himself and by taking the boat for Haiti and for the Congo he took that world with him. He could have written most of his books just as well if he had stayed in Greenwich Village; perhaps better, for actual experience with things frequently dulls and disillusions the imagination about them.

His tall tales of adventure, told with sloppy adjectives and braggadocio, is just the sort of thing that is not good journalism or even mere journalism: it is not journalism any more than a tabloid daily "true story" is either true or journalism or literature.

But Willie has been honest,

Continued on page 185



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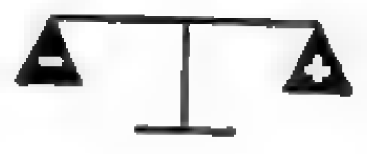
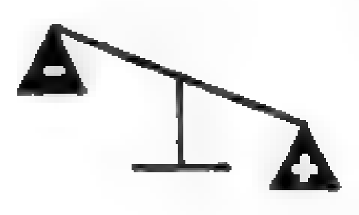
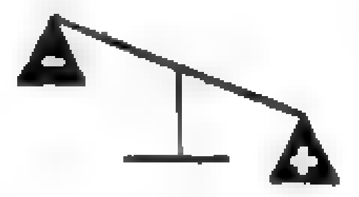
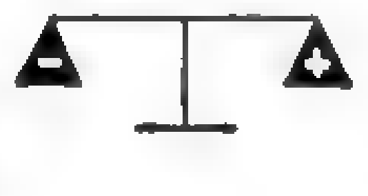
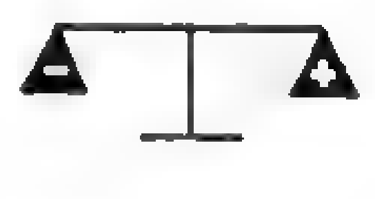
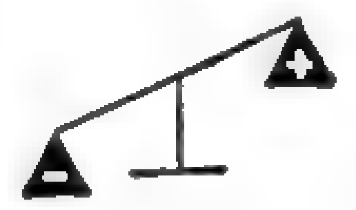
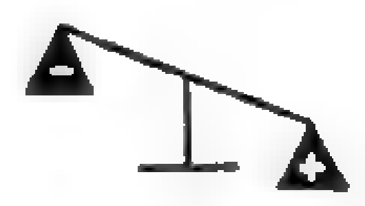
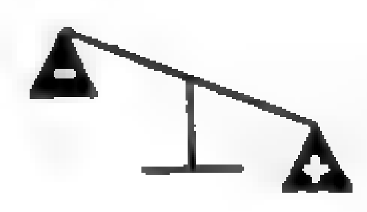
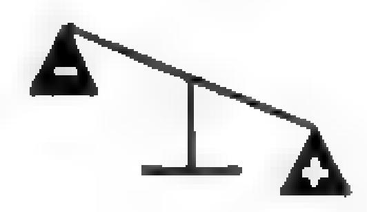
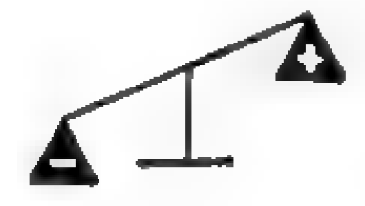
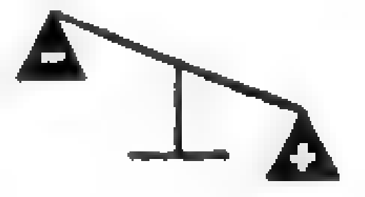
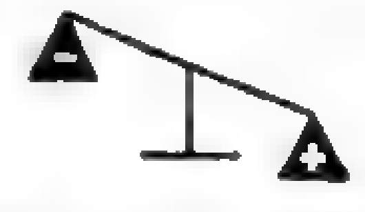
FICTION:					
THE FURYS *By James Hanley* (Author of *Boy*) Macmillan—$2.50	A novel of a working class family for the hardy, non-sensitive reader.	*Robert Van Gelder—N. Y. Times*—"It is built on careful detail, the scope is wide, the material is handled with complete honesty. I was not in the least stirred by it and believe that it will be a rare reader who is. Yet while it leaves little to wonder over, it holds much that will be recognized as exact truth." *Lewis Gannett—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"Not a pretty story, but it is Mr. Hanley at his best as a narrator."	*Kansas City Star*—"For accurate, painstaking description of lower middle-class family life in England, it represents something of an accomplishment." *San Francisco Chronicle*—"Has the power to make a lasting impression sheerly through the quietness of its tone, and, oddly, its incompleteness." *Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"The book is long and slow, but very powerful and it builds up to a moving climax through many interwoven incidents which are thoroughly believable."		Fair sale.
GRAND TOUR *By Patrick Balfour* Harcourt Brace—$3.75	A latterday *Innocents Abroad* for adventure and travel fans.	*Harry Hansen—N. Y. World Telegram*—"This week's book that gets the Mark Twain phrase, *Innocents Abroad*, is Patrick Balfour's story of a trip through Asia with a Rolls-Royce." *Lewis Gannett—N.Y. Herald-Tribune*—"He makes no false pretenses, and he has a pleasant, debonair English wit." *Van Gelder—N.Y. Times*—"The first thing of its kind since Peter Fleming's *Brazilian Adventure*."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"One of the very best books on travel that has come my way in a long time."		Deserves wide reading.
THE JURY *By Gerald Bullett* Knopf—$2.50	A novel presenting a real trial and analysing the emotions of the 12 jurors.	*Robert Van Gelder—N. Y. Times*—"It is at once a vehicle for expert character analysis, a vitally written study in human relations, and a mystery story and court room drama. Sometimes in the writing it approaches the level of a work of art, and it is always good reading." *Amy Loveman—Sat. Rev. of Lit.*—"Here is a book clever, but more than clever, ingenious, the tale of a murder trial which though it holds its tension taut to the end, revolves less about the mystery attaching to its crime than around the psychological reactions of its characters."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"Aside from the philosophy of the thing, Mr. Bullett has managed to tell a tremendously dramatic story—a powerful, almost melodramatic story."		Limited sale.
ONLY THE FEAR *By Lenore Marshall* Macmillan—$2.00	A first novel, "The Literary Exploitation of The Phenomenon of Split Personality."	*Harry Hansen—N. Y. World Telegram*—"Here is not only an absorbing topic for psychological study but a logical subject for the novelist." *Lewis Gannett—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"Mrs. Marshall writes a finely mannered, sensitive prose, rarely adapted to create and sustain her mood." *John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"Her style is like her personality, eager and glowing but held on a tight leash. This is a first novel, but it reads like a fourth or a fifth."	*Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"A brilliant first novel . . . Among the new fantasies for adults this is one of the best." *Fannie Butcher—Chicago Tribune*—"*Only the Fear* has some quality, but not enough to make the critics shout over Mrs. Marshall's genius." *John G. Neihardt—St. Louis Post Dispatch*—"Technically a masterpiece, a clinical examination of a morbid mind."		Fair sale.
PLAYTHINGS OF TIME *By Arnold Zweig* (Author of war novels) Viking—$2.50	Twelve short Stories.	*Robert Van Gelder—N. Y. Times*—"The great virtue of the Zweig stories is that they are honest. The weakness of them is that they are not particularly effective." *Samuel Nock—Saturday Review of Literature*—"The stories do not preach: they are simply stories of the little adventures of unexciting people which are, thanks to the narrative talent of the author, interesting despite their cosmic unimportance."	*Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"On the surface these tales are simple, flawless, charming—almost anecdotal in their slightness. But underneath one may read a much greater significance."		Good sale for a volume of short stories.
SELECTED SHORT STORIES OF SINCLAIR LEWIS Doubleday, Doran—$2.50	Short stories for the romanticists.	*Books—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"These stories are more interesting as a witness of the author's qualities than as achievements in themselves." *Howard Mumford Jones—Saturday Review of Literature*—"Here as in the novels, there is an infectious zest which carries the author triumphantly through rudimentary plots and facile characterization. Mr. Lewis is always amazingly alive."	*Chicago Daily Tribune*—"As a record of his work in fictional form this book has historic value, but as stories they are all pretty commonplace." *Chicago Daily News*—"Lewis has never proved himself a technician even in his big and powerful novels. In the short story his flaws are magnified."		Smaller sale than Sinclair Lewis' novels.
GENERAL:					
ALBERT AND THE BELGIANS *By Charles D'Ydewalle* Morrow—$3.00	A biography by a Belgian aristocrat.	*Robert Van Gelder—N. Y. Times*—"Some pretty fervent outpourings of respectful adoration for royalty have come out of England in this year of jubilee, but none of them can be compared in fervency with this study of Albert. Reading it, the years seem to fall away."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"Good rapid journalism and as accurate as so brief a narrative can be. It was written to paint Albert's portrait, and it does the job very successfully."		Worthy of a large sale.
MAN OF ARAN *By Pat Mullen* Illustrated with 16 stills from the films. Dutton—$3.00	Autobiographical, the story of the filming of the picture.	*John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"Anyone who has seen *Man of Aran* on the screen will want Pat's book. As for me, it has convinced me that I must see the picture." *Lewis Gannett—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"You can feel the salt spray in your face as you read this book."	*Sterling North—Ch'go Daily News*—"The dangers encountered in making that film are awe-inspiring, the tale of its production makes fascinating reading." *Rosamond Milner—Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.*—"The book is unpretentiously written and lively with incident—beautifully illustrated with scenes and figures from the film."		A best seller bet.
MOODS: Philosophic and Emotional, Cadenced and Declared. *By Theodore Dreiser* S & S—$3.00	"Primarily Philosophy and Secondarily Poetry".	*Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"There are 250 of these prose poems and they are exactly what they pretend to be—the more or less philosophical expression of various moods."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"In this curious arrangement of prose verse Mr. Dreiser does attain some fine heights."		Very limited audience.
THE NEW AMERICA AND THE NEW WORLD *By H. G. Wells* (Author of *The Outline of History* and *Experiment in Autobiography*) Macmillan—$1.00	An analysis of America's troubles.	*Harry Hansen—N. Y. World Telegram*—"I don't know how much money H. G. Wells was paid for these four magazine articles on American affairs now published under the title: *The New America, the New World*, but it must have been plenty. I also know that a good clipping bureau could have produced them at much less expense, merely by taking Mr. Wells' writings of the past and asking him what he wanted emphasized this time." *Lewis Gannett—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"It is the old Wells voice—high-pitched as ever, a trifle less ardently optimistic than formerly, a touch more pontifical and so less persuasive." *John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"Mr. Wells is all for 'planning,' but he never likes any one else's plans. They all seem to him 'partial.' Yet men must plan on the basis of their own interests and organisms, or go under while waiting for the Wellsian millennium."	*Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"On the subject of ways and means, Mr. Wells is, unfortunately, almost as vague as Huey Long, for whom he admits a mild admiration."		Fair sale.
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION: OUR ORIENTAL HERITAGE. *By Will Durant* S & S—$5.00	An "Adventure in Synthesis" (weighing 5 pounds) for all previous Durant readers.	*Robert Van Gelder—N. Y. Times*—"More deserving of both popularity and praise than any other thing that he has done." *Lewis Gannett—N.Y. Herald-Tribune*—"Durant has a gift for eloquent phrase, and his strange background—a Jesuit education, a Columbia doctorate, a career as an anarchist teacher—cast curiously mingled sidelights on his picture of the world." *Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"If the succeeding volumes (there will be four more) of this work approach this first one in merit and readability there is every reason to believe that it will outstrip the *Story of Philosophy* in popularity."	*Chaffee Hall—San Francisco Chronicle*—"There is no work of our time which so perfectly covers the entire history of the world. Few writers would undertake so great a task, and Durant is worthy of his publishers' comment, that he is comparable to the French Encyclopedists. He, himself, leaves an heritage to the future."		A likely best seller in spite of its size and price.
TEMPEST OVER MEXICO *By Rosa E. King* Little, Brown—$3.00	Adventure story.	*Lewis Gannett—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"*Tempest Over Mexico* is one of the most thrilling adventure stories that has yet come out of that eternally blood-stained land of beauty." *Robert Van Gelder—N. Y. Times*—"Her book may be particularly recommended to those thousands of readers who have found value in Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"It is an intimate, intensely personal narrative, of course. But, at the same time, it is a thoroughly interesting and informative piece of writing."		Deserving enormous sale.

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SERVING the FINE CARS
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THE extensive deluxe line of J. H. TONNEAU Windshields and Side Wings, Traditional custom quality, shatterproof glass, extension and folding types, chromium finish. Regardless of make, style, year, cost .. convertible, phaeton, or rumble seat .. we can fit your car.

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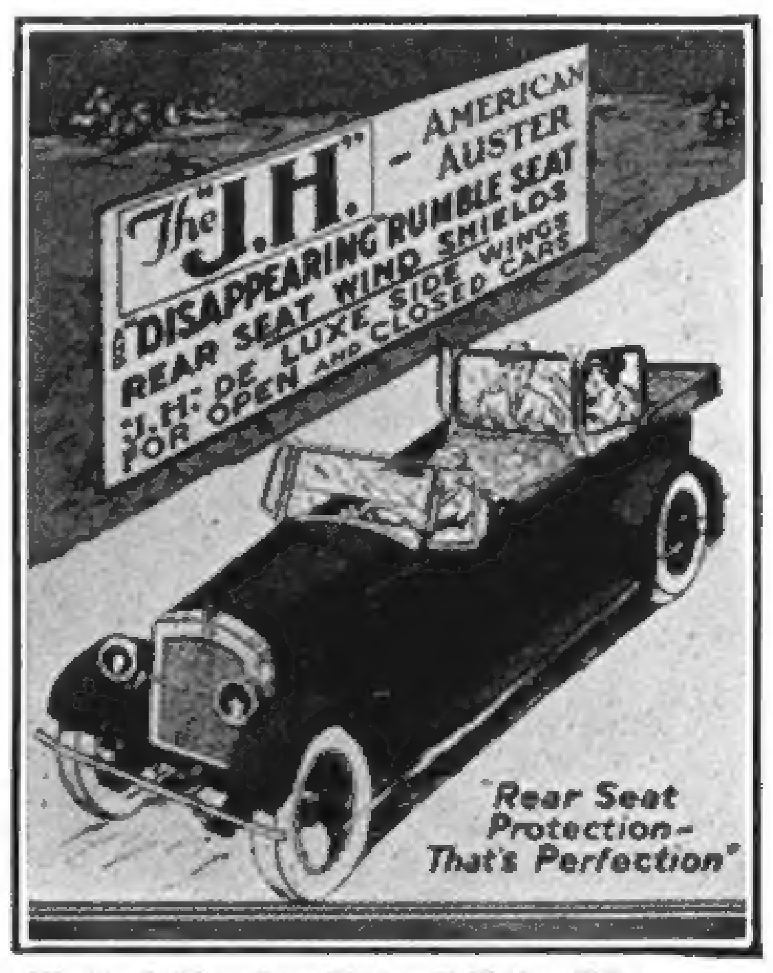

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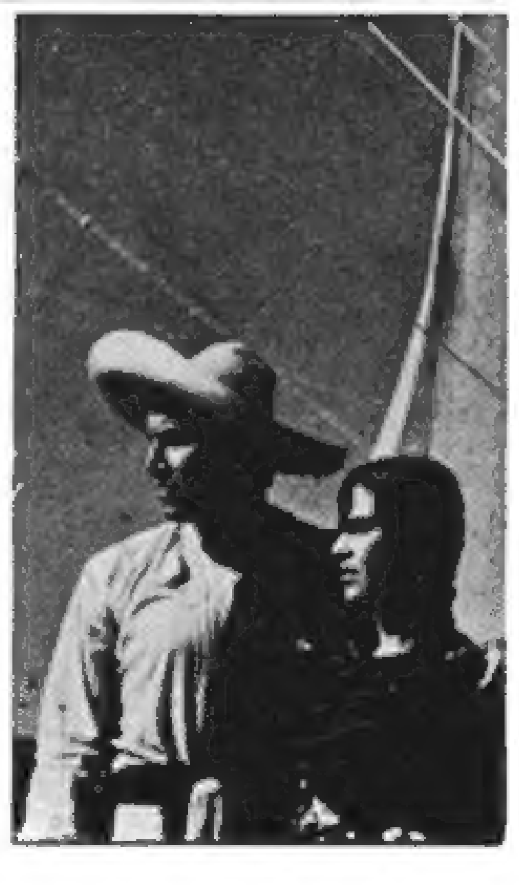
"DISAPPEARING RUMBLE SEAT
REAR SEAT WIND SHIELDS
"J.H." DE LUXE SIDE WINGS
FOR OPEN AND CLOSED CARS
"Rear Seat Protection— That's Perfection"

Protected by U. S. & Foreign Pats. & Pats. Pdg.
Ask your dealer or write
TONNEAU SHIELD DIVISION
GENERAL ACCESSORIES CO., INC.
225 West 57th St., Dept. E-2, New York, N. Y.



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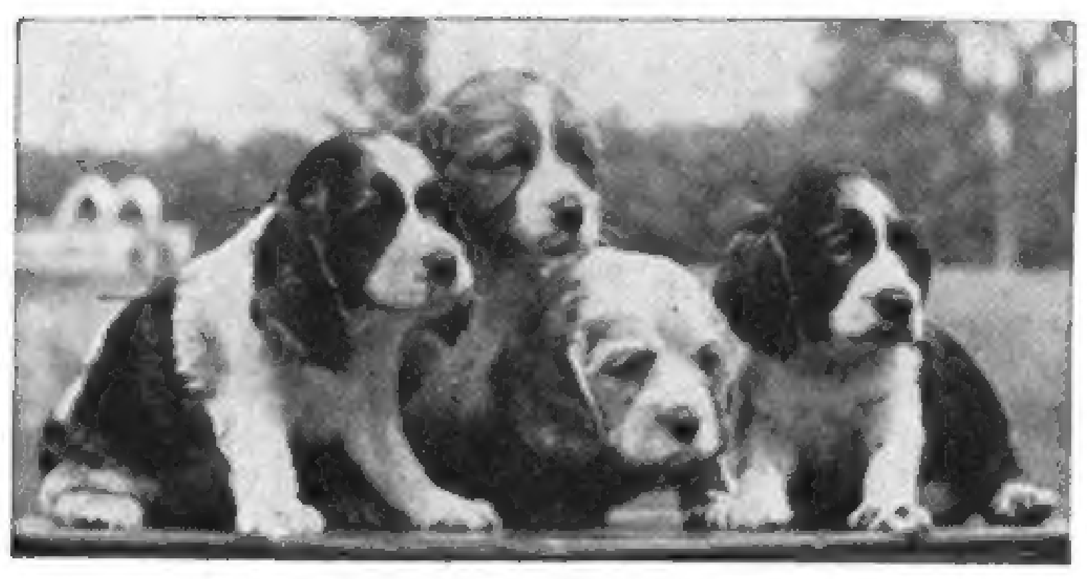
COCKER SPANIELS



All Puppies Sired by Champions
▪ DANADA KENNELS ▪
NAPERVILLE RD. WHEATON, ILL.

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of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

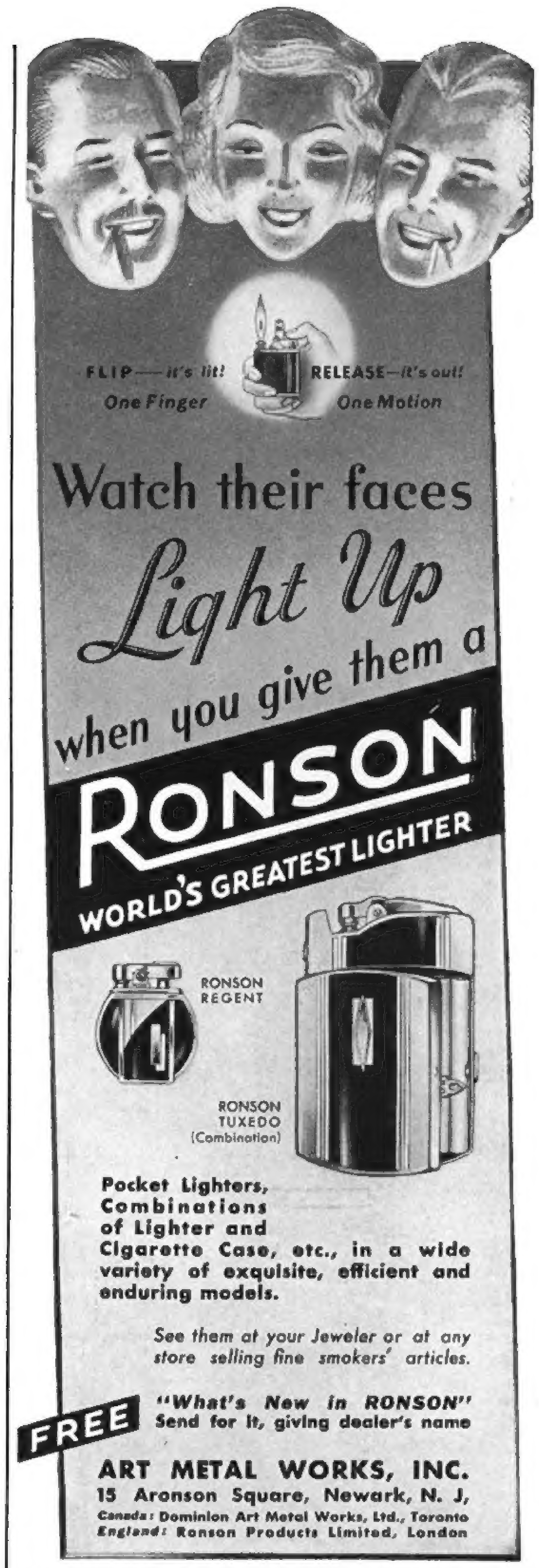
Continued from pages 98-183

even profound, in this book. As a result he has told in simple, clear-cut, straightforward fashion the only adventure story he has ever written which has anything more in it than rather tawdry entertainment. In this book he has become a good "mere journalist." He had been drunk for two solid years, drinking from a quart to two quarts of hard liquor a day in his comparatively sober periods and drinking vaster quantities when he really set his mind to it. He was disintegrating, doing no work—a bum, a nuisance and a responsibility to his friends. He had himself formally and legally committed as a mentally irresponsible person. On the legal papers his case was described as alcoholic insanity; and he wanted to be cured of it. He spent seven months in the institution and is now discharged as cured. In *Asylum* he tells what happened to him while he was committed—about the treatment, the patients, the doctors, the nurses. It is an astonishing document.

On What Strange Stuff by Elisa Bialk is a novel by a young Chicago writer whose star seems destined to outshoot that of Katharine Brush as a writer of brilliant, fast-moving, dramatic stories of city life which have the trappings of realism and the innards of romance. This is the story of seven young people and of what happened to them and their separate ambitions in the cruelly competitive conditions of "success" in Chicago. One should contrast this novel with *Lucy Gayheart* to see how the tempo of life in the artist and near-artist class in Chicago has accelerated since the days of which Miss Cather writes; how sentiment had declined as a motivating factor in young life in favor of a protective hard-boiled attitude; and yet how the tragedies of the weak, the poorly talented, the mistakenly ambitious ones are essentially the same. Some of the brittle, sensational quality of Maurine Watkin's *Chicago* and Hecht and MacArthur's *The Front Page* is in this story; and something more besides—studies of character and temperament exceptionally well done.

Kenneth Roberts is the only American writer since James Russell Lowell to tell the English off properly. He has done this in a book of miscellaneous essays misleadingly entitled, *For Authors Only*. A Rhodes scholar himself he has exploded with marvelous and precise detail the fallacies and pretentions of the English about their public schools, their manners, their accents, their sporting instincts, their higher educational systems, their social training. He has shown that the vicious caste system of England produces in the average Englishman of middle and upper middle-class a miracle of stupidity, ignorance, snobbishness, incompetence and bounderishness. He tells of an impostor who remained at the head of a department at Oxford for fifteen years as a great and learned specialist in a difficult science before he was exposed by accident. He had said he was from Cambridge and made claims for himself which would have got him thrown out on his ear as a madman in any jerk-water college in America; and yet not only was he accepted for what he claimed to be and allowed to run the department in a science about which he knew practically nothing, but during those fifteen years no one at Oxford ever thought of checking up on him at Cambridge. This book is infinitely amusing—and agreeably instructive.

Saturday Island by Hugh Brook is light entertainment of a superior sort. It is a fanciful piece about a middle-aged British barmaid and a thirteen year old boy and how they happened to pursue a Crusoe-like existence on a deserted island in the Caribbean. Full of whimsey of the kind that is not cloying . . . *Solomon, My Son!* (Bobbs, Merrill, $2.50) by John Erskine I wish I had thought about when I started to write this piece. I should have given more room to it. It is something of a fashion now among the more afraid-of-their-reputation reviewers to disparage the work of John Erskine largely, I suppose, because *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* was so highly praised and made so much money for the author and publisher. But Erskine is good in his knowing, light-scholarly, amusedly cynical manner; and his matter carries much more weight that the grace and ease he gives it would lead dullards to suspect. His latest novel sounds more authentic to me than the Old Testament account and Abishag will win your heart as thoroughly as any cutie in fiction. . . . *Redder Than the Rose* (Covici-Friede, $2) by Robert Forsythe is our old Communist friend, Kyle Crichton, book critic for *Life* in false-face having the time of his life, or else it is somebody who has not only lifted Crichton's style right out from under his nose but whole sentences and paragraphs from his work also. He lams into Alexander Woollcott, H. L. Mencken, the Vanderbilts, Ernest Hemingway, Noel Coward, the British royal family, the current theater, and other easy targets and says some pretty smart and lively, if not witty, altogether true or profound things about them. Good sledge hammer exercise by a writer who smiles while he performs it. . . . *The American Talleyrand* (Harpers, $3.50) by Holmes Alexander is an interesting and well-documented biography of Martin Van Buren, the clever, handsome and unprincipled man who rose from pot-boy to the presidency and whom Mr. Alexander credits with having introduced dirty politics into the American scheme of government. ⧺



FLIP—it's lit! One Finger
RELEASE—it's out! One Motion
Watch their faces Light Up when you give them a
RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
RONSON REGENT
RONSON TUXEDO (Combination)
FREE

Pocket Lighters, Combinations of Lighter and Cigarette Case, etc., in a wide variety of exquisite, efficient and enduring models.

See them at your Jeweler or at any store selling fine smokers' articles.

FREE "What's New in RONSON" Send for it, giving dealer's name

ART METAL WORKS, INC.
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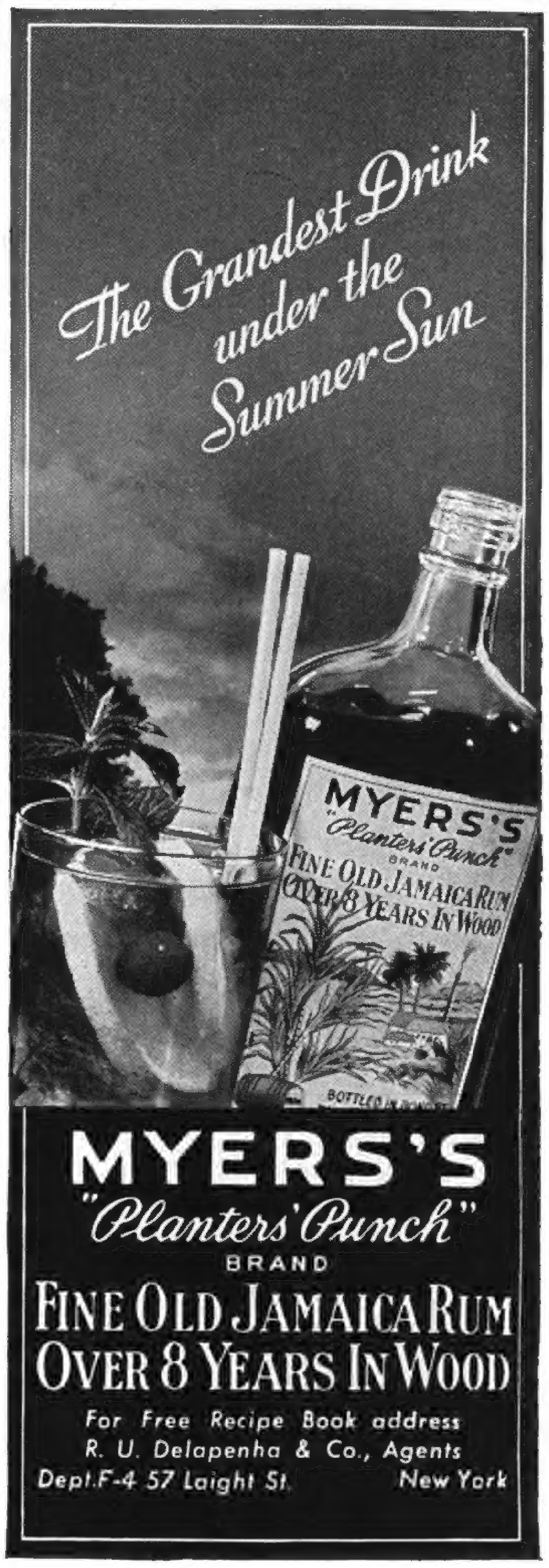

The Grandest Drink under the Summer Sun
MYERS'S "Planters' Punch" BRAND FINE OLD JAMAICA RUM OVER 8 YEARS IN WOOD

MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch"
BRAND
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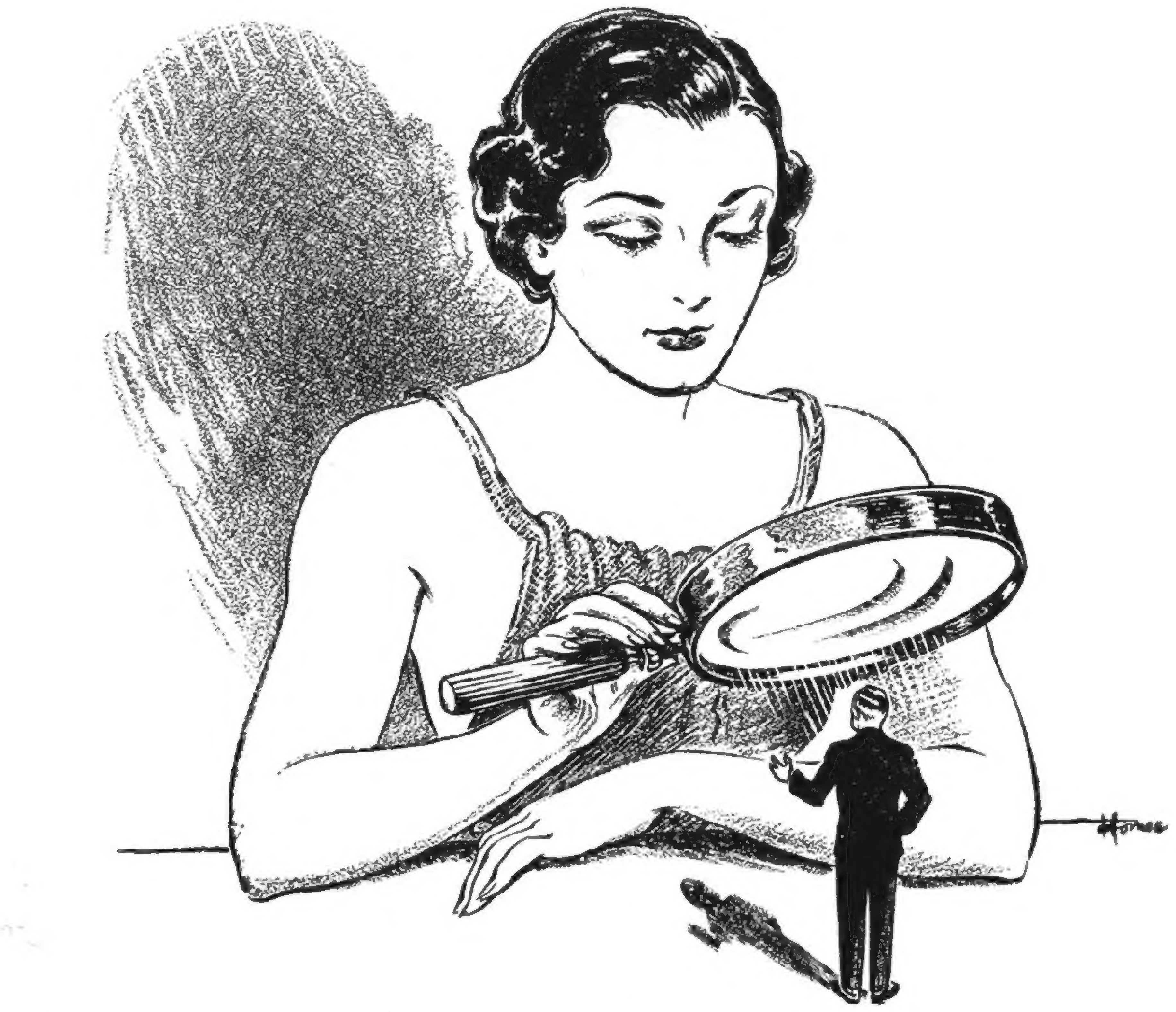
To the wife *of the* EXECUTIVE
Whose Signature Is Required on Advertising Contracts



Maybe the Women Are Right

Women say that men buy by *Price.*

From the feminine viewpoint, men have an astonishing weakness for judging a thing by the Price asked for it. Men, in their franker moments, will concede that there is a disturbing amount of truth in this appraisal. And one is tempted to wonder whether the matter ends there. Is this masculine weakness confined to personal purchases? Or, does it sometimes exert an unsuspected influence upon the more serious affairs of business?

One clever hostess introduced this subject at a dinner recently, with lively results.

Do you think that a man in buying something less tangible, such as advertising for example, might be swayed unconsciously by price?

(1) If the cost of posters were arbitrarily increased, might this form of advertising rise in his estimation along with the price? (2) If the cost of space in newspapers could be drastically reduced, might his estimation fall somewhat in proportion? (3) Might he, unknowingly, be prejudiced against a form of advertising which is inherently low in price?

As a matter of interesting fact, there is only one major medium which does *not* have to depend upon advertising income for its chief support. The reason for this one exception is found in the hundreds of millions of nickels paid as car fare, every month, by individuals all over the country.

This of course, directly influences the low cost of advertising in street cars.

But here is the important point: These millions of daily riders in the street cars, are the very people the manufacturer *must* reach, to sell his product. For, they are the *Earners,* who today hold squarely in their hands *the buying power of the nation.*

Right now, these *Earners* represent the sole source of *Volume sales.* And the main purpose of advertising is to build *Volume sales.*

What do you think?

Because of its surprisingly low cost, might a man devote less consideration to a particular form of advertising than is warranted by its capacity to perform?

Elsewhere he may reach "fractions" of these street car riders (*Volume buyers*) at higher costs. But only in street cars can he reach *all* of them at the low cost of Street Car Advertising.

In your opinion, which of these two factors might prove the greater handicap to an Executive in recognizing the foregoing facts about *Volume:* (a) Low price? (b) He seldom rides in street cars himself?

W. S. B.

STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO.
220 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK

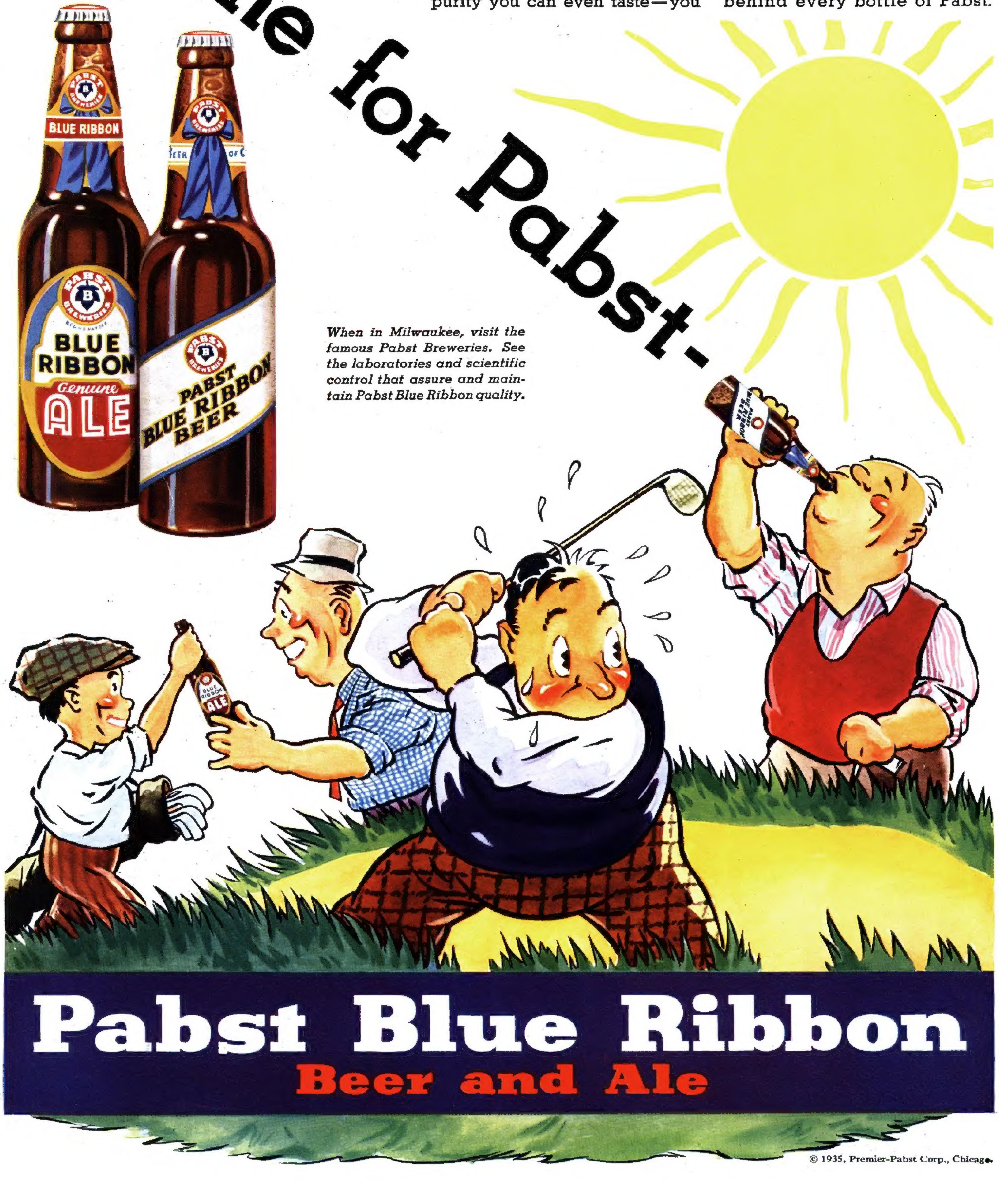
Interwoven
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

Copyright 1935 Interwoven Stocking Co.

It's time for Pabst-

When a fellow steps up to the tee—swings his club back—brings it down in perfect rhythm and sends a straight drive zooming down the fairways for 275 yards—you know you're watching a *golfer*...

...and when you drink beer or ale that has a delicious tang... a full-bodied wholesomeness—a purity you can even taste—you know you are drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon. Whether it be a refreshment at the ninth hole—a zestful beverage at lunch—a soothing relaxation at home; you'll be getting better than par in brews when you enjoy Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale. More than ninety years of brewing history stands behind every bottle of Pabst.



When in Milwaukee, visit the famous Pabst Breweries. See the laboratories and scientific control that assure and maintain Pabst Blue Ribbon quality.

Pabst Blue Ribbon
Beer and Ale

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